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COLLECTION
OF
HYMNS,
FOR
THE USE OF THE PEOPLE
CALLED
METHODISTS.



BY
THE REV. JOHN WESLEY, A. M.

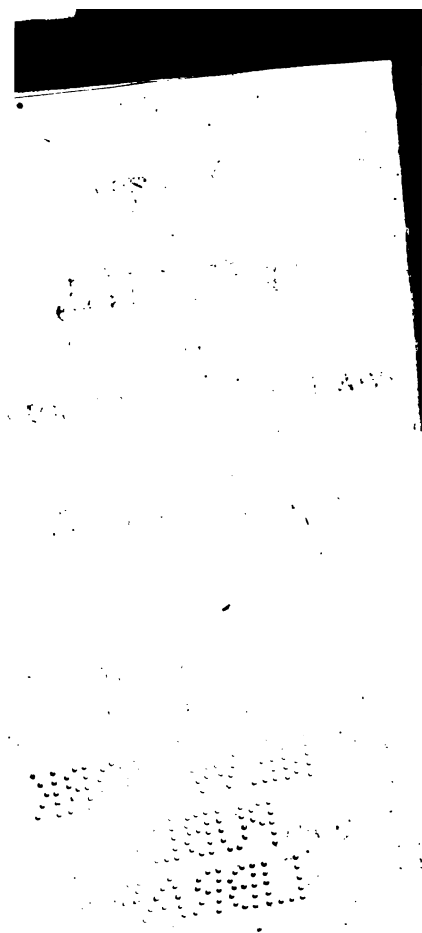
Late Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford.



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1820.

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PREFACE.

FOR many years I have been importuned to publish such a *Hymn Book* as might be generally used in all our Congregations throughout Great Britain and Ireland. I have hitherto withstood the importunity, as I believed such a Publication was needless, considering the various Hymn Books which my Brother and I have published within these forty years last past: so that it may be doubted whether any religious Community in the world has a greater variety of them.

But it has been answered, "Such a Publication is highly needful upon this very account; for the greater part of the people, being poor, are not able to purchase so many books. And those that have purchased them are, as it were, bewildered in the immense variety. A proper Collection of Hymns for general use, carefully made out of all these books, is, therefore, still wanting; and one comprised in so moderate a compass as to be neither cumbersome nor expensive."

It has been replied, "You have such a Collection already, (entitled *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*,) which I extracted several years ago, from a variety of Hymn Books." But it is objected, "This is in the other extreme: It is far too small; it does not, it cannot, in so narrow a compass, contain variety enough: not so much as we want, among whom singing makes so considerable a part of the public service. What we want, is, a Collection not too large, that it may be cheap and portable; nor too small, that it may contain a sufficient variety for all ordinary occasions."

Such a Hymn Book you have now before you. It is not so large as to be either cumbersome, or expensive: and it is large enough to contain such a variety of Hymns as will not soon be worn threadbare. It is large enough to contain all the important truths of our most holy Religion, whether speculative or practical: yea, to illustrate them all, and to prove them, both by Scripture and Reason. And this is done in a regular order. The Hymns are not carelessly jumbled together, but carefully arranged under proper heads, according to the experience of real Christians. So that this book is, in effect, a little body of experimental and practical divinity.

As but a small part of these Hymns is of my own composing,* I do not think it inconsistent with modesty to declare, that I am persuaded no such Hymn Book as this has yet been published in the English language. In what other publication of the kind have you so distinct and full an account of Scriptural Christianity? Such a declaration of the heights and depths of Religion, speculative and practical? So strong cautions against the most plausible errors; particularly those that are now most prevalent? And so clear directions for making your calling and election sure; for perfecting holiness in the fear of God?

May I be permitted to add a few words with regard to the *Poetry*? Then I will speak to those who are judges thereof, with all freedom and unreserve. To these I may say, without offence, 1. In these Hymns there is no doggerel; no botches: nothing put in to patch up the rhyme: no feeble expletives. 2. Here is nothing turgid or bombast, on the one hand, or low and creeping on the other. 3. Here are no *cant* expressions; no words without meaning. Those who impute this to us, know not what they say. We talk common sense, both in prose and verse, and use no words but in a fixt and determinate sense. 4. Here are, (allow me to say,) both the purity, the strength, and the elegance of the English language: and, at the same time, the utmost simplicity and plainness, suited to every capacity. Lastly, I desire men of taste to judge, (these are the only competent judges,) whether there be not in some of the following Hymns, the true Spirit

* The greater part was composed by the Rev. Charles Wesley.

of Poetry; such as cannot be acquired by art and labour; but must be the gift of Nature. By labour a man may become a tolerable imitator of Spenser, Shakespeare, or Milton, and may heap together pretty compound epithets, as *pale-eye'd*, *meek-eye'd*, and the like; but unless he be born a Poet, he will never attain the genuine *Spirit of Poetry*.

But to return. That which is of infinitely more moment than the Spirit of Poetry, is the Spirit of Piety. And, I trust, all persons of real judgment will find *this* breathing through the whole Collection. It is in this view chiefly, that I would recommend it to every truly pious reader, as a mean of raising or quickening the spirit of devotion; of confirming his faith; of enlivening his hope; and of kindling and increasing his love to God and man. When Poetry thus keeps its place, as the handmaid of Piety, it shall attain, not a poor perishable wreath, but a Crown that fadeth not away.

London,
October 30, 1779.

JOHN WESLEY.

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COLLECTION

HYMNS.

PART I.

CONTAINING INTRODUCTORY HYMNS.

SECTION I. *Exhorting Sinners.*

HYMN 1. C. M.

- 1 **O** FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise !
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace !
- 2 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honours of thy name.
- 3 Jesus ! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease :
'Tis music in the sinner's ears :
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 *He* breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
He sets the prisoner free ;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood avail'd for *me*.
- 5 He speaks,—and listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive ;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice ;
The humble poor believe.

- 6 Hear him, ye deaf ; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosen'd tongues employ ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy !
- 7 Look unto him, ye nations ; own
Your God, ye fallen race ;
Look, and be sav'd through faith alone,
Be justified by grace.
- 8 See all your sins on Jesus laid ;
The Lamb of God was slain,
His soul was once an offering made
For every soul of man.
- 9 Awake from guilty nature's sleep,
And Christ shall give you light ;
Cast all your sins into the deep,
And wash the Æthiop white.
- 10 With me, your chief, ye then shall know,
Shall feel your sins forgiven :
Anticipate your heaven below,
And own that love is heaven.

HYMN 2.

L. M.

- 1 **C**OME, sinners, to the gospel-feast ;
Let every soul be Jesu's guest ;
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden *all* mankind.
- 2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call ;
The invitation is to *ALL* :
Come, all the world ; come, sinner, *thou*,
All things in Christ are ready now.
- 3 Come, all ye souls by sin opprest,
Ye restless wanderers after rest ;
Ye poor, and maim'd, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

- 4** Come, and partake the gospel feast ;
 He sav'd from sin ; in Jesus rest :
 O taste the goodness of your God,
 And eat his flesh, and drink his blood.
- 5** Ye vagrant souls, on you I call ;
 (O that my voice could reach you all !)
 Ye all may now be justified ;
 Ye all may live ; for Christ hath died.
- 6** My message as from God receive ;
 Ye all may come to Christ, and live ;
 O let this love your hearts constrain,
 Nor suffer him to die in vain.
- 7** His love is mighty to compel ;
 His conquering love consent to feel ;
 Yield to his love's resistless power ;
 And fight against your God no more.
- 8** See him set forth before your eyes,
 That precious bleeding Sacrifice !
 His offered benefits embrace,
 And freely now be sav'd by grace.
- 9** This is the time ; no more delay ;
 This is the acceptable day ;
 Come in, this moment, at his call,
 And live for him, who died for all.

HYMN 3. 10's & 11's.

- 1** **O** ALL that pass by, To Jesus draw
 near ;
 He utters a cry, Ye sinners, give ear !
 From hell to retrieve you, He spreads out
 his hands ; [stands.
 Now, now, to receive you, He graciously
- 2** If any man thirst, And happy would be,
 The vilest and worst May come unto me ;
 May drink of my Spirit, Excepted is none,
 Lay claim to my merit, And take for his own

- 3 Whoever receives The life-giving word,
In Jesus believes, His God and his Lord,
In him a pure river Of life shall arise ;
~~Shall, in the believer,~~ Spring up to the skies.
- 4 My God and my Lord ! Thy call I obey ;
My soul on thy word Of promise I stay ;
Thy kind invitation I gladly embrace,
Athirst for salvation, Salvation by grace.
- 5 O hasten the hour, Send down from above
The Spirit of power, Of health, and of love :
Of filial fear, Of knowledge and grace :
Of wisdom and prayer, Of joy, and of praise :
- 6 The Spirit of faith, Of faith in thy blood,
Which saves us from wrath, And brings us
to God : [sin,
Removes the huge mountain Of indwelling
And opens a fountain That washes us clean.

HYMN 4. L. M.

- 1 **H**O ! every one that thirsts, draw nigh ;
('Tis God invites the fallen race ;)
Mercy and free salvation buy ;
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel-grace.
- 2 " Come to the living waters, come !
Sinners, obey your Maker's call ;
Return, ye weary wanderers, home,
And find my grace is free for all.
- 3 " See from the rock a fountain rise !
For you in healing streams it rolls ;
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye labouring, burden'd, sin-sick souls.
- 4 " Nothing ye in exchange shall give ;
Leave all you have and are behind ;
Frankly the gift of God receive,
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

- 5 "Why taste ye that which is not bread,
 Not eat ye that which ye must sustain?
 Outbroken, broken, broken ye feed;
 Ye spend your little all in vain.
- 6 "In search of empty joys below,
 Ye toil with unavailing strife;
 Whither, ah! whither would ye go!
 I have the words of endless life:
- 7 "Hearken to me with earnest care,
 And freely eat substantial food;
 The sweetness of my mercy share,
 And taste that I alone am good.
- 8 "I bid you all my goodness prove;
 My promises for all are free:
 Come, taste the manna of my love,
 And let your souls delight in me.
- 9 "Your willing ear and heart incline,
 My words believingly receive;
 Quicken'd your souls by faith divine,
 An everlasting life shall live."

HYMN 5. 10's & 11's.

- 1 **T**HY faithfulness, Lord, Each morn-
 we find,
 So true to thy word, So loving and kind
 Thy mercy so tender, To all the lost race
 The vilest offender May turn and find grace
- 2 The mercy I feel, To others I shew,
 I set to my seal That Jesus is true:
 Ye all may find favour, Who come at his call
 O come to my Saviour, His grace is for all
- 3 To save what was lost, From heaven he came
 Come, sinners, and trust in Jesus's name
 He offers you pardon, He bids you be free
 "If sin be your burden, O come unto me"

- 4 O let me commend My Saviour to you ;
 The publican's Friend, And Advocate too ;
 For *you* he is pleading His merits and death ;
 With God interceding For sinners beneath.
- 6 Then let us submit, His grace to receive ;
 Fall down at his feet, And gladly believe :
 We all are forgiven For Jesus's sake ;
 Our title to heaven, His merits we take.

HYMN 6. 8 lines 7's.

- 1 **S**INNERS, turn, why will ye die ?
 God, your Maker, asks you why ?
 God, who did your being give,
 Made you with himself to live :
 He the fatal cause demands,
 Asks the work of his own hands,
 Why, ye thankless creatures, why,
 Will ye cross his love, and die ?
- 2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die ?
 God, your Saviour, asks you why ?
 God, who did your souls retrieve,
 Died himself, that ye might live.
 Will you let him die in vain ?
 Crucify your Lord again ?
 Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why,
 Will ye slight his grace, and die ?
- 3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die ?
 God, the Spirit, asks you why ?
 He, who all your lives bath strove,
 Woo'd you to embrace his love :
 Will ye not his grace receive ?
 Will ye still refuse to live ?
*Why, you long-sought sinners, why,
 Will you grieve your God, and die ?*

and, already, dead within,
 initially dead in sin ;
 and to God, while here you breathe,
 at you after second death ?
 If you still in sin remain,
 ready of eternal pain ?
 ye dying sinners, why,
 why will ye for ever die ?

HYMN 7. 8 lines 7's.

LET the beasts their breath resign,
 A Strangers to the life divine ;
 so their God can never know,
 t their spirit downward go.
 u for higher ends were born :
 u may all to God return ;
 well with him above the sky :
 y will ye for ever die ?

u, on whom he favours showers,
 n, possess of nobler powers,
 n, of Reason's powers possess,
 u, with will and memory blest :
 n, with finer sense endu'd,
 atures capable of God ;
 blest of his creatures, why,
 y will ye for ever die ?

u, whom he ordain'd to be
 nscripts of the Deity ;
 u, whom he in life doth hold,
 u, for whom himself was sold :
 u, on whom he still doth wait,
 om he would again create ;
 de by him, and purchas'd, why,
 y will ye for ever die ?

- 4 You, who own his record true,
 You, his chosen people, you ;—
 You, who call the Saviour, Lord,
 You, who read his written word ;
 You, who see the gospel light,
 Claim a crown in Jesu's right ;
 Why will you, ye Christians, why,
 Will the house of Israel die ? ●

HYMN 8. 8 lines 7's.

- 1 **W**HAT could your Redeemer do,
 More than he hath done for you ?
 To procure your peace with God,
 Could he more than shed his blood ?
 After all his waste of love,
 All his drawings from above,
 Why will ye your Lord deny ?
 Why will ye resolve to die ?
- 2 Turn, he cries, ye sinners, turn ;
 By his life your God hath sworn ;
 He would have you turn and live,
 He would all the world receive.
 If your death were his delight,
 Would he you to life invite ?
 Would he ask, obtest, and cry,
 Why will ye resolve to die ?
- 3 Sinners, turn, while God is near :
 Dare not think him insincere :
 Now, even now, your Saviour stands,
 All day long he spreads his hands :
 Cries, " Ye will not happy be ?
 No, ye will not come to me :
 Me, who life to none deny ;
 Why will ye resolve to die ? "
- 4 *Can ye doubt if God is Love ?
 If to all his bowels move ?*

Will you not his *word* receive?
 Will you not his *oath* believe?
 See! the suffering God appears!
 Jesus weeps; believe his tears!
 Mingled with his blood, they cry,
 "Why will ye resolve to die?"

HYMN 9. L. M.

- S**INNERS, obey the gospel-word;
 Haste to the supper of my Lord;
 Be wise to know your gracious day;
 All things are ready, come away!
 Ready the Father is to own,
 And kiss his late returning son:
 Ready your loving Saviour stands,
 And spreads for you his bleeding hands.
- 3 Ready the Spirit of his love,
 Just now the stony to remove:
 To' apply and witness with the blood,
 And wash, and seal the sons of God.
- 4 Ready for you the angels wait,
 To triumph in your blest estate:
 Tuning their harps, they long to praise
 The wonders of redeeming grace.
- 5 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Are ready with their shining host:
 All heaven is ready to resound,
 "The dead's alive! the lost is found!"
- 6 Come, then, ye sinners to your Lord,
 In Christ to paradise restor'd;
 His proffer'd benefits embrace,
 The plenitude of gospel-grace.
- 7 A pardon written with his blood,
 The favour and the peace of God;

- The seeing eye, the feeling sense,
The mystic joys of penitence.
- 8 The godly fear, the pleasing smart,
The meltings of a broken heart ;
The tears that tell your sins forgiv'n ;
The sighs that waft your souls to heaven :
- 9 The guiltless shame, the sweet distress ;
The unutterable tenderness ;
The genuine meek humility ;
The wonder, " Why such love to me !"
- 10 The o'erwhelming power of saving grace,
The sight that veils the seraph's face ;
The speechless awe that dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love.

HYMN 10.

10's & 11's.

- 1 **Y**E thirsty for God, To Jesus give ear ;
And take, through his blood, A power
to draw near ;
His kind invitation, Ye sinners, embrace,
Accepting salvation, Salvation by grace.
- 2 Sent down from above, Who governs the
skies,
In vehement love To sinners he cries,
" Drink into my Spirit, Who happy would be,
" And all things inherit, By coming to me."
- 3 O Saviour of all, Thy word we believe,
And come at thy call, Thy grace to receive ;
The blessing is given, Wherever thou art :
The earnest of heaven, Is love in the heart.
- 4 To us, at thy feet, The Comforter give,
Who gasp to admit Thy Spirit and live ;
The weakest believers Acknowledge for
thine,
And fill us with rivers Of water living

HYMN 11. L. M.

- 1 **G**OD, the offended God most high,
Ambassadors to rebels sends ;
His messengers his place supply,
And Jesus begs us to be friends.
- 2 Us, in the stead of Christ, they pray,
Us, in the stead of God, entreat,
To cast our arms, our sins away,
And find forgiveness at his feet.
- 3 Our God in Christ, thine embassy,
And proffer'd mercy we embrace ;
And gladly reconcile to thee,
Thy condescending mercy praise.
- 4 Poor debtors, by our Lord's request,
A full acquittance we receive !
And criminals, with pardon blest,
We at our Judge's instance live.

SECTION II.

- 1.
- Describing the Pleasantness of Religion.*

HYMN 12. D. S. M.

- 1 **C**OME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known :
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround his throne :
Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God :
But servants of the Heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

- 2 The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas ;
This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love ;
He will send down his heavenly powers,
To carry us above.
- 3 There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin ;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in :
Yea, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.
- 4 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below :
Celestial fruit, on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow :
Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry ;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

HYMN 13.

8 lines 7's.

- 1 **H**APPY soul, that, free from harms,
Rests within his Shepherd's arms !
Who his quiet shall molest ?
Who shall violate his rest ?
Jesus doth his spirit bear,
Jesus takes his every care ;
He who found the wandering sheep,
Jesus still delights to keep.

- 2 O that I might so believe,
Stedfastly to Jesus cleave ;
On his only love rely,
Smile at the destroyer nigh ;
Free from sin and servile fear,
Have my Jesus ever near ;
All his care rejoice to prove ;
All his paradise of love.
- 3 Jesu, seek thy wandering sheep ;
Bring me back, and lead, and keep ;
Take on thee my every care ;
Bear me, on thy bosom bear ;
Let me know my Shepherd's voice,
More and more in thee rejoice :
More and more of thee receive ;
Ever in thy Spirit live.
- 4 Live, till all thy life I know,
Perfect like my Lord below ;
Gladly then from earth remove,
Gather'd to the fold above ;
O that I at last may stand
With the sheep at thy right hand !
Take the crown so freely given ;
Enter in by thee to heaven !

HYMN 14. L. M.

- 1 **H**APPY the man that finds the grace,
The blessing of God's chosen race,
The wisdom coming from above,
The faith that sweetly works by love.
- 2 Happy beyond description, he
Who knows "the Saviour died for me !"
The gift *unspeakable* obtains,
And heavenly understanding gains.

- 3 Wisdom divine ! Who tells the price
Of Wisdom's costly merchandise ?
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross compared to her.
- 4 Her hands are fill'd with length of days,
True riches, and immortal praise ;
Riches of Christ, on all bestow'd,
And honour that descends from God.
- 5 To purest joys she all invites,
Chaste, holy, spiritual delights :
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her flowery paths are peace.
- 6 Happy the man who wisdom gains ;
Thrice happy ! who his guest retains ;
He owns, and shall for ever own,
Wisdom, and Christ, and Heaven are one.

HYMN 15. C. M.

- 1 **H**APPY the souls to Jesus join'd,
And sav'd by grace alone ;
Walking in all his ways they find
Their heaven on earth begun.
- 2 The Church triumphant in thy love,
Their mighty joys we know ;
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And *we* in hymns below.
- 3 Thee, in thy glorious realm they praise,
And bow before thy throne !
We, in the kingdom of thy grace ;
The kingdoms are but one.
- 4 The holy to the holiest leads ;
From thence our spirits rise :
And he that in thy statutes treads
Shall meet thee in the skies.

PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANITY.

Part First.

- 1 **H**APPY the souls that first believ'
To Jesus and each other cleav'
Join'd by the Uction from above,
In mystic fellowship of love.
- 2 Meek, simple followers of the Lamb,
They liv'd, and spake, and thought the same
They joyfully conspir'd to raise
Their ceaseless sacrifice of praise.
- 3 With grace abundantly endu'd,
A pure, believing multitude ;
They all were of one heart and soul,
And only love inspir'd the whole.
- 4 O what an age of golden days !
O what a choice, peculiar race !
Wash'd in the Lamb's all-cleansing blood,
Anointed Kings and Priests to God !
- 5 Where shall I wander now to find
The successors they left behind ?
The faithful, whom I seek in vain,
Are 'minished from the sons of men.
- 6 Ye different sects, who all declare,
' Lo here is Christ, or Christ is there !
Your stronger proofs divinely give,
And shew us where the Christians live
- 7 Your claims, alas ! ye cannot prove ;
Ye want the genuine mark of love :
'Thou, only, Lord, thine own canst shew
For sure thou hast a church below.
- 8 The gates of hell cannot prevail ;
The church on earth can never fail ;

- Ah, join me to thy secret ones !
 Ah, gather all thy living stones !
- 9 Scatter'd o'er all the earth they lie,
 Till thou collect them with thine eye ;
 Draw by the music of thy Name,
 And charm into a beauteous frame.
- 10 For this the pleading Spirit groans,
 And cries in all thy banish'd ones ;
 Greatest of gifts, thy love impart,
 And make us of one mind and heart.
- 11 Join every soul that looks to thee,
 In bonds of perfect charity :
 Now, Lord, the glorious fulness give,
 And *all in all* for ever live !

HYMN 17.

L. M.

Part Second.

- 1 **J**ESUS, from whom all blessings flow,
 Great Builder of thy Church below,
 If now thy Spirit moves my breast,
 Hear, and fulfil thine own request !
- 2 The few that truly call thee Lord,
 And wait thy sanctifying word ;
 And thee their utinost Saviour own,
 Unite, and perfect them in one.
- 3 O let them all thy mind express,
 Stand forth thy chosen witnesses :
 Thy power unto salvation shew,
 And perfect holiness below.
- 4 In them let all mankind behold,
 How Christians liv'd in days of old ;
Mighty their envious foes to move,
A proverb of reproach—and love.

- 1 Call them into thy tremulous light,
Worthy to walk with thee in white!
Make up thy jewels, Lord, and shew
Thy glorious, spotless church below!
- 6 From every sinful wrinkle free,
Redeem'd from all iniquity;
The fellowship of saints make known,
And, O my God, may I be one!
- 7 O might my lot be cast with these;
The least of Jesu's witnesses!
O that my Lord would count me meet
To wash his dear disciples feet!
- 8 This only thing do I require:
Thou know'st 'tis all my heart's desire,
Freely what I receive to give,
The servant of thy church to live.
- 9 After my lowly Lord to go,
And wait upon thy saints below;
Enjoy the grace to angels given,
And serve the royal heirs of heaven.
- 10 Lord, if I now thy drawings feel,
And ask according to thy will;
Confirm the prayer, the seal impart,
And speak the answer to my heart.
- 11 Tell me, or thou shalt never go,
"Thy prayer is heard; it shall be so:"
The word hath pass'd thy lips, and I
Shall with thy people live and die.

HYMN 18. 8 lines 7's & 6's.

- 1 **M**AKER, Saviour of mankind,
Who hast on me bestow'd
An immortal soul, design'd
To be the house of God:

Come, and now reside in me,
 Never, never to remove:
 Make me just, and good, like thee,
 And full of power and love.

2 Bid me in thy image rise,
 A saint, a creature new :
 True, and merciful, and wise,
 And pure, and happy too :
 This thy primitive design,
 That I should in thee be blest ;
 Should, within the arms divine,
 For ever, ever rest.

3 Let thy will on me be done ;
 Fulfil my heart's desire,
 Thee to know, and love alone ;
 And rise in raptures higher :
 Thee, descending on a cloud,
 Till with ravish'd eyes I see :
 Then I shall be fill'd with God,
 To all eternity.

HYMN 19.

10's & 11's.

1 **R**EJOICE evermore, With angels abo
 In Jesus's power, In Jesus's love
 With glad exultation, Your triumph proclai
 Ascribing salvation 'To God and the Lamb

2 Thou, Lord, our relief In trouble hast bee
 Hast sav'd us from grief, Hast sav'd us fr
 sin ;

The power of thy Spirit Hath set our he
 free ;

And now we inherit All fulness in thee.

3 All fulness of peace, All fulness of joy,
And spiritual bliss, That never shall cloy
'o us it is given, In Jesus to know
kingdom of heaven, Of heaven below.

PLEASANTNESS OF RELIGION.

4 No longer we join, While sinners invite
Nor envy the swine Their brutish delight
Their joy is all sadness, Their mirth is all va
Their laughter is madness, Their pleasure
pain.

5 O might they at last, With sorrow return
The pleasures to taste For which they were born
Our Jesus receiving, Our happiness prove,
The joy of believing, The heaven of love!

HYMN 20.

6 lines 7's.

WEAR Y souls that wander wide,
From the central point of bliss,
Turn to Jesus crucified,
Fly to those dear wounds of his: [God
k into the purple flood: Rise into the life of
Find in Christ the way of peace,
Peace unspeakable, unknown:
By his pain he gives you ease,
Life by his expiring groan: [in all
exalted by his fall, Find in Christ your all
O believe the record true,
God to you his Son hath given!
e may now be happy too;
Find on earth the life of heaven;
ie life of heaven above, All the life of
glorious love.

is the universal bliss,
Bliss for every soul design'd!
It's original promise this,
God's great gift to all mankind: [nity:
Christ this moment be! Blest to all eter-

IN 21.

6 lines 6's & 2-8's.

E simple souls that stray,
Far from the path of peace,
Frequented way,
and happiness:

B

How long will ye your folly love,
 And throng the downward road,
 And hate the wisdom from above,
 And mock the sons of God ?

2 Madness and misery,
 Ye count our life beneath ;
 And nothing great can see,
 Or glorious in our death ;
 As born to suffer and to grieve,
 Beneath your feet we lie ;
 And utterly contemn'd we live,
 And unlamented die.

3 So wretched and obscure,
 The men whom ye despise,
 So foolish, weak, and poor :—
 Above your scorn we rise ;
 Our conscience in the Holy Ghost,
 Can witness better things :
 For He, whose blood is all our boast,
 Hath made us Priests and Kings.

4 Riches unsearchable
 In Jesu's love we know,
 And pleasures from the well
 Of life, our souls o'erflow :
 From Him the Spirit we receive,
 Of wisdom, grace, and power ;
 And always sorrowful we live,
 Rejoicing evermore.

5 Angels our servants are,
 And keep in all our ways,
 And in their hands they bear,
 The sacred sons of grace :
Our guardians to that heavenly bliss,
They all our steps attend,
And God himself our Father is,
And Jesus is our friend

- 6 With him we walk in white ;
 We in his image shine ;
 Our robes are robes of light,
 Our righteousness divine :
 On all the grov'ling kings of earth,
 With pity we look down,
 And claim, in virtue of our birth,
 A never-fading crown.

2. *Describing the Goodness of God.*

HYMN 22. C. M.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the Saviour of mankind,
 Nail'd to the shameful tree!
 How vast the love that him inclin'd
 To bleed and die for thee !
- 2 Hark, how he groans ! while nature shakes,
 And earth's strong pillars bend !
 The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
 The solid marbles rend.
- 3 'Tis done ! the precious ransom's paid,
 " Receive my soul," he cries !
 See where he bows his sacred head !
 He bows his head and dies !
- 4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
 And in full glory shine :
 O Lamb of God ! was ever pain,
 Was ever love like thine !

HYMN 23. L. M.

- 1 **E**XTENDED on a cursed tree, [blood,
 Besmeared with dust, and sweat, and
 See there, the King of Glory see !
 Sinks, and expires, the Son of God !
- 2 Who, *who*, my Saviour, this hath done ?
 Who could thy sacred body wound ?
 No guilt thy spotless heart hath known,
 No guile hath in thy lips been found.

- 3 I,—I alone have done the deed !
 'Tis I thy sacred flesh have torn,
 My sins have caus'd thee, Lord, to bleed ;
 Pointed the nail, and fix'd the thorn.
- 4 For me the burden to sustain,
 Too great, on thee, my Lord, was laid ;
 To heal me; thou hast borne my pain ;
 To bless me, thou a curse wast made.
- 5 In the devouring lion's teeth,
 Torn and forsook of all I lay ;
 Thou sprang'st into the jaws of death,
 From death to save the helpless prey.
- 6 My Saviour, how shall I proclaim,
 How pay the mighty debt I owe ?
 Let all I have, and all I am,
 Ceaseless to all thy glory show.
- 7 Too much to thee I cannot give ;
 Too much I cannot do for thee :
 Let all thy love, and all thy grief,
 Grav'n on my heart for ever be !
- 8 The meek, the still, the lowly mind,
 O may I learn from thee my God :
 And love, with softest pity join'd,
 For those that trample on thy blood !
- 9 Still let thy tears, thy groans, thy sighs,
 O'erflow my eyes, and heave my breast :
 Till loose from flesh and earth I rise,
 And ever in thy bosom rest.

HYMN 24. L. M.

- 1 **Y**E that pass by, behold the Man !
 The man of griefs condemn'd for you !
 The Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
 Weeping to Calvary pursue !

THE GOODNESS OF GOD.

- The ploughers make long furrows then
Till all his body is one wound,
3 Nor can he thus their hate assuage;
His innocence, to death pursu'd,
Must fully glut their utmost rage;
Hark! how they clamour for his blood
4 His sacred limbs they stretch, they tear
With nails they fasten to the wood!
His sacred limbs,—expos'd and bare,
Or only cover'd with his blood.
5 See there! his temples crown'd with thorns
His bleeding hands extended wide!
His streaming feet, transfixt and torn,
The fountain gushing from his side.
6 Where is the King of Glory now!
The everlasting Son of God!
The' Immortal hangs his languid brow
The Almighty faints beneath his load
7 Beneath *my* load he faints, and dies:
I fill'd his soul with pangs unknown:
I caus'd those mortal groans and cries:
I kill'd the Father's only Son!

HYMN 25. L. M.

- 1 **O** THOU dear suffering Son of God
How doth thy heart to sinners move
Help me to catch thy precious blood,
Help me to taste thy dying love!
2 Give me to feel thy agonies:
One drop of thy sad cup afford:
I fain with thee would sympathize,
And share the sufferings of my Lord
3 The earth could to her centre quake,
Convuls'd, while her Creator died:
O let my inmost nature shake,

- 5 Thy power I pant to prove,
 Rooted and fix'd in love ;
 Strengthen'd by thy Spirit's might,
 Wise to fathom things divine,
 What the length, and breadth, and heig
 What the depth of Love like thine.
- 6 Ah ! give me this to know,
 With all thy saints below :
 Swells my soul to compass thee :
 Gasps in thee to live and move ;
 Fill'd with all the Deity,
 All immers'd and lost in love !

HYMN 28.

6 lines' 8's.

- 1 **O** LOVE Divine ! what hast thou don
 The' immortal God hath died for n
 The Father's co-eternal Son
 Bore all my sins upon the tree :
 The' immortal God for me hath died !
 My Lord, my Love is crucify'd.
- 2 Behold him, all ye that pass by,
 The bleeding Prince of Life and Pea
 Come, see, ye worms, your Maker die,
 And say,—was ever grief like his !
 Come, feel with me his blood apply'd :
 My Lord, my Love is crucify'd.
- 3 Is crucify'd for me and you,
 To bring us rebels back to God ;
 Believe, believe the record true,
 Ye all are bought with Jesu's blood ;
 Pardon for *all* flows from his side ;
 My Lord, my Love is crucify'd.
- 4 Then let us sit beneath his cross,
 And *gladly* catch the healing stream :
All things for him account but loss,
And give us all our hearts to him.

THE GOODNESS OF GOD.

Of nothing think, or speak beside,
My Lord, my Love is crucify'd.

HYMN 29.

8 lines 7's.

1 **C**OME, ye weary sinners, come,
All who groan beneath your load;
Jesus calls his wanderers home;
Hasten to your pardoning God.
Come, ye guilty spirits oppress'd,
Answer to the Saviour's call,
"Come, and I will give you rest,
"Come, and I will save you all."

2 Jesus, full of truth and love,
We thy kindest word obey;
We thy kindest word obey;
Faithful let thy mercies prove:
Take our load of guilt away:
Fain we would on thee rely,
Cast on thee our every care:
To thine arms of mercy fly,
Find our lasting quiet there.

Burden'd with a world of grief,
Burden'd with our sinful load,
Burden'd with this unbelief;
Burden'd with the wrath of God:
We come to thee for ease,
O true and gracious as thou art,
Our groaning souls release,
Write forgiveness on our heart.

HYMN 30.

6 lines 8's.

1 **T**HERE shall my wond'ring soul
begin?
v shall I all to heaven aspire?
e redeem'd from death and sin,
and pluck'd from eternal fire;
all I equal triumphs raise
y great Deliverer

- 2 O how shall I the goodness tell,
 Father, which thou to me hast show'd?
 That I, a child of wrath and hell,
 I should be call'd a child of God!
 Should know, should feel my sins forgiven,
 Blest with this antepast of heaven!
- 3 And shall I slight my Father's love,
 Or basely fear his gifts to own?
 Unmindful of his favours prove?
 Shall I, the hallow'd cross to shun,
 Refuse his righteousness to' impart,
 By hiding it within my heart?
- 4 No: though the ancient dragon rage,
 And call forth all his host to war;
 Though earth's self-righteous sons engage,
 Them, and their god, alike I dare:
 Jesus, the sinner's Friend, proclaim;
 Jesus, to sinners still the same.
- 5 Outcasts of men, to you I call,
 Harlots, and publicans, and thieves:
 He spreads his arms to' embrace you all,
 Sinners alone, his grace receives:
 No need of him the righteous have;
 He came the lost to seek and save.
- 6 Come, O my guilty brethren, come,
 Groaning beneath your load of sin;
 His bleeding heart shall make you room;
 His open side shall take you in:
 He calls you now, invites you home,
 Come, O my guilty brethren, come.
- 7 For you the purple current flow'd
 In pardons from his wounded side;
 Languish'd for you the Son of God;
 For you the Prince of Glory died:
 Believe,—and all you sin's forgiven;
 Only believe, and yours is heaven!

HYMN 31. 6 lines 8's.

SEE, sinners, in the gospel-glass,
 The Friend and Saviour of mankind !
 Not one of all the apostate race,
 But may in him salvation find !
 His thoughts, and words, and actions prove,
 His life, and death,—that God is Love !
 Behold the Lamb of God, who bears
 The sins of all the world away !
 In servant's form he meekly wears,
 He sojourns in a house of clay ;
 His glory is no longer seen,
 But God with God, is man with men.
 See, where the God incarnate stands,
 And calls his wand'ring creatures home.
 He all day long spreads out his hands,
 Come, weary souls, to Jesus come !
 He all may hide you in his breast :
 Believe, and he will give you rest.
 Ah ! do not of my goodness doubt,
 " My saving grace for all is free ;
 I will in no wise cast him out,
 " That comes a sinner unto me ;
 I can to none myself deny,
 Why, sinners, will ye perish, why ? "

HYMN 32. 6 lines 8's.

SINNERS, believe the gospel-word,
 Jesus is come, your souls to save ;
 Jesus is come, your common Lord ;
 Pardon ye all through him may have.
 Lay now be sav'd, whoever will :
 This man receiveth sinners still.
 See, where the lame, the halt, the blind,
 The deaf, the dumb, the sick, the poor

- Flock to the Friend of human kind,
And freely all accept their cure!
To whom did he his help deny?
Whom, in his days of flesh pass by?
- 3 Did not his word the fiends expel,
The lepers cleanse, and raise the dead?
Did he not all their sickness heal,
And satisfy their every need?
Did he reject his helpless clay?
Or send them sorrowful away?
- 4 Nay, but his bowels yearn'd to see
The people hungry, scatter'd, faint:
Nay, but he utter'd over thee,
Jerusalem, a true complaint:
Jerusalem, who shed'st his blood,
That, with his tears, for thee hath flow'd.

HYMN 33.

6 lines 8's.

- 1 **W**OULD Jesus have the sinner die?
Why hangs he then on yonder tree?
What means that strange expiring cry?
(Sinners, he prays for you and me;)
“Forgive them, Father, O forgive,
“They know not that by *me* they live!
- 2 Adam descended from above,
Our loss of Eden to retrieve:
Great God of universal love,
If all the world through thee may live,
In us a quick'ning Spirit be,
And witness thou hast died for me.
- 3 Thou loving, all-atoning Lamb,
Thee, by thy painful agony,
Thy bloody sweat, thy grief and shame,
Thy cross and passion on the tree,
Thy precious death, and life,—I pray,
Take all, take all my sins away!

- 4 O let me kiss thy bleeding feet,
 And bathe and wash them with my tears ;
 The story of thy love repeat
 In every drooping sinner's ears !
 That ALL may hear the quick'ning sound ;
 Since I, even I, have mercy found !
- 5 O let thy love my heart constrain,
 Thy love for ever sinner free,
 That every fallen son of man
 May taste the grace that found out me ;
 That all mankind with me may prove,
 Thy sovereign, everlasting love.

HYMN 34. 4 lines 6's & 2-8's.

- 1 **L**ET earth and heaven agree,
 Angels and men be join'd,
 To celebrate with me,
 The Saviour of mankind ;
 To' adore the all-atoning Lamb,
 And bless the sound of Jesu's Name.
- 2 Jesus, transporting sound !
 The joy of earth and heaven ;
 No other help is found ;
 No other name is given,
 By which we can salvation have ;
 But Jesus came the world to save.
- 3 Jesus, harmonious Name !
 It charms the hosts above ;
 They evermore proclaim,
 And wonder at his love ;
 'Tis all their happiness to gaze,
 'Tis heaven to see our Jesu's face.
- 4 *His name the sinner hears,
 And is from sin set free .*

'Tis music in his ears,

'Tis life and victory :

New songs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart for joy.

- 5 Stung by the scorpion, sin,
My poor expiring soul
The balmy sound drinks in,
And is at once made whole :
See there my Lord upon the tree !
I hear, I feel he died for me.

- 6 O unexampled love !
O all-redeeming grace !
How swiftly didst thou move
To save a fallen race ;
What shall I do to make it known,
What thou for all mankind hast done !

- 7 O for a trumpet voice,
On all the world to call !
To bid their hearts rejoice
In him who died for all !
For all my Lord was crucified,
For all, for all my Saviour died !

HYMN 35. C. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, thou all-redeeming Lord,
Thy blessing we implore ;
Open the door to preach thy word,
The great, effectual door.
- 2 Gather the outcasts in, and save
From sin and Satan's power ;
And let them now acceptance have,
And know their gracious hour.
- 3 Lover of souls ! thou know'st to prize
What thou hast bought so dear :
Come, then, and in thy people's eyes,
With all thy wounds appear !

- 4 Appear, as when of old confest,
The suffering Son of God ;
And let them see in thy vest,
But newly dipt in blood.
- 5 The hardness from their hearts remove
Thou who for all hast died ;
Shew them the tokens of thy love,
Thy feet, thy hands, thy side.
- 6 Thy feet were nail'd to yonder tree,
To trample down their sin ;
Thy hands stretch'd out they all may see
To take thy murderers in.
- 7 Thy side an open fountain is,
Where all may freely go,
And drink the living streams of bliss,
And wash them white as snow.
- 8 Ready thou art the blood to' apply,
And prove the record true :
And all thy wounds to sinners cry,
" I suffer'd this for you !"

HYMN 36.

C.M.

- 1 **L**OVERS of pleasure more than God,
For you he suffer'd pain ;
Swearers, for you he spilt his blood,
And shall he bleed in vain ?
- 2 Misers; his life for you he paid,
Your basest crimes he bore :
Drunkards, your sins on him were laid
That you might sin no more.
- 3 The God of love, to earth he came,
That you might come to heaven,
Believe, believe in Jesu's Name,
And all your sin's forgiven.

- 4 Believe in him that died for thee!
And sure as he hath died,
Thy debt is paid, thy soul is free,
And thou art justified!

HYMN 37.

C. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, the Name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky;
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.
- 2 Jesus, the Name to sinners dear,
The Name to sinners given;
It scatters all their guilty fear;
It turns their hell to heaven.
- 3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Power into strengthless souls it speaks,
And life into the dead.
- 4 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace:
The arms of love that compass me,
Would all mankind embrace.
- 5 His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim:
'Tis all my business here below,
To cry,—“Behold the Lamb!”
- 6 Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his name;
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
“Behold, behold the Lamb!”

HYMN 38.

6 lines 8's.

- 1 **O** GOD, of good the 'unfathom'd Sea!
Who would not give his heart to thee?
Who would not love thee with his might!
O Jesus, Lover of mankind,
Who would not his whole soul and mind,
With all his strength, to thee unite?

- 2 Thou shin'st with everlasting rays ;
 Before the insufferable blaze,
 Angels with both wings veil their eyes ;
 Yet free as air thy bounty streams
 On all thy works, thy mercy's beams
 Diffusive, as thy sun's, arise.
- 3 Astonish'd at thy frowning brow,
 Earth, hell, and heaven's strong pillars bow :
 Terrible majesty is thine !
 Who then can that vast love express,
 Which bows thee down to me, who less
 Than nothing am, till thou art mine !
- 4 High thron'd on heaven's eternal hill,
 In number, weight, and measure still
 Thou sweetly order'st all that is :
 And yet thou deign'st to come to me,
 And guide my steps, that I with thee,
 Enthron'd may reign in endless bliss.
- 5 Fountain of Good ! all blessing flows
 From thee ; no want thy fulness knows :
 What but thyself canst thou desire ?
 Yes ; self-sufficient as thou art,
 Thou dost desire my worthless heart :
 This, only this dost thou require.
- 6 Primeval Beauty ! in thy sight,
 The first-born fairest sons of light,
 See all their brightest glories fade :
 What then to me thine eyes could turn,
 In sin conceiv'd, of woman born,
 A worm, a leaf, a blast, a shade !
- 7 Hell's armies tremble at thy nod,
 And, trembling, own the' Almighty God,
 Sov'reign of earth, hell, air, and sky !
 But *who is this* that comes from far,
 Whose garments roll'd in blood appear ?
 'Tis God made man, for man to die !

- 8 O God, of good the unfathom'd Sea !
 Who would not give his heart to thee ?
 Who would not love thee with his might ?
 O Jesus, lover of mankind,
 Who would not his whole soul and mind,
 With all his strength, to thee unite ?

HYMN 39.

L. M.

- 1 **F**ATHER, whose everlasting love,
 Thy only Son for sinners gave ;
 Whose grace to all did freely move,
 And sent him down a world to save :
- 2 Help us thy mercy to extol,
 Immense, unfathom'd, unconfin'd ;
 To praise the Lamb, who died for all,
 The general Saviour of mankind.
- 3 Thy undistinguishing regard
 Was cast on Adam's fallen race :
 For all thou hast in Christ prepar'd
 Sufficient, sovereign, saving grace.
- 4 A world, he suffer'd to redeem :
 For all he hath the' atonement made :
 For those that will not come to him,
 The ransom of his life was paid.
- 5 Why then, thou universal Love,
 Should any of thy grace despair ?
 To all, to all, thy bowels move,
 But straiten'd in our own we are.
- 6 Arise, O God, maintain thy cause !
 The fulness of the Gentiles call :
 Lift up the standard of thy cross,
 And all shall own thou diedst for all.

HYMN 40.

10's & 11's.

YE neighbours and friends, To Jesus
draw near :

His love condescends, By titles so dear,
To call and invite you, His triumph to prove,
And freely delight you In Jesus's love.

The Shepherd who died His sheep to redeem,
On every side Are gather'd to him,
The weary and burden'd, The reprobate race ;
And wait to be pardon'd Thro' Jesus's grace.

The blind are restor'd Thro' Jesus's Name ;
They see their dear Lord, And follow the
Lamb ;

The halt they are walking, And running their
The dumb, they are talking Of Jesus's grace.

The deaf hear his voice, And comforting
word,

He bids them rejoice In Jesus their Lord :

"Thy sins are forgiven, Accepted thou art ;"
They listen, and heaven Springs up in their
heart.

The lepers from all Their spots are made
clean :

The dead by his call Are rais'd from their
In Jesu's compassion The sick find a cure ;
And gospel-salvation Is preach'd to the poor.

To us and to them Is publish'd the word :
Then let us proclaim Our life-giving Lord,
Who now is reviving His work in our days,
And mightily striving To save us by grace.

Jesus, ride on, Till all are subdu'd ;
Thy mercy make known, And sprinkle thy
blood ;
Display thy salvation, And teach the new
every nation, And people and tongue.

3. *Describing Death.*

HYMN 41. C. M.

- 1 **O** GOD ! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home :
- 2 Under the shadow of thy throne
Still may we dwell secure ;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth receiv'd her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.
- 4 A thousand ages, in thy sight,
Are like an evening gone ;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.
- 5 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are carried downward by the flood,
And lost in following years.
- 6 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away ;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.
- 7 O God ! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come ;
Be thou our guide while life shall last
And our perpetual home.

HYMN 42. C. M.

- 1 **T**HREE we adore, eternal Name !
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms we be !

- 2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
 As days and months increase :
 And every beating pulse we tell
 Leaves but the number less.
- 3 The year rolls round, and steals away
 The breath that first it gave ;
 Whate'er we do, whate'er we be,
 We're travelling to the grave.
- 4 Dangers stand thick through all the ground,
 To push us to the tomb ;
 And fierce diseases wait around
 To hurry mortals home.
- 5 Great God ! on what a slender thread
 Hang everlasting things ;
 The' eternal states of all the dead
 Upon life's feeble strings !
- 6 Infinite joy, or endless woe,
 Attend on every breath ;
 And yet how unconcern'd we go
 Upon the brink of death.
- 7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense
 To walk this dangerous road !
 And if our souls be *hurried* hence,
 May they be found with God !

HYMN 43.

S. M.

- 1 **A**ND am I born to die ?
 To lay this body down ?
 And must my trembling spirit fly
 Into a world unknown ?
 A land of *deepest shade*,
Unpierc'd by human thought ;
The dreary regions of the dead !

- 2 Soon as from earth I go,
 What will become of me?
 Eternal happiness or woe
 Must then my portion be.
 Wak'd by the trumpet's sound,
 I from my grave shall rise,
 And see the Judge with glory crown'd,
 And see the flaming skies!
- 3 How shall I leave my tomb?
 With triumph or regret?
 A fearful, or a joyful doom,
 A curse, or blessing meet?
 Will angel bands convey
 Their brother to the bar?
 Or devils drag my soul away,
 To meet its sentence there?
- 4 Who can resolve the doubt,
 That tears my anxious breast?
 Shall I be with the damn'd cast out,
 Or number'd with the blest?
 I must from God be driv'n,
 Or with my Saviour dwell;
 Must come at his command to heaven,
 Or else—depart to hell.
- 5 O thou that wouldst not have
 One wretched sinner die;
 Who diedst thyself my soul to save
 From endless misery!
 Shew me the way to shun
 Thy dreadful wrath severe;
 That when thou comest on thy throne,
 I may with joy appear!
- 6 *Thou art thyself the way,
 Thyself in me reveal;
 So shall I spend my life's short day*

So shall I love my God,
 Because he first lov'd me,
 And praise thee in thy bright abode,
 To all eternity.

HYMN 44. 4 lines 8's & 2-6's.

- 1 **A**ND am I only born to die?
 And must I suddenly comply
 With nature's stern decree?
 What after death for me remains?
 Celestial joys, or hellish pains,
 To all eternity!
- 2 How then ought I on earth to live,
 While God prolongs the kind reprieve,
 And props the house of clay!
 My sole concern, my single care,
 To watch, and tremble, and prepare
 Against that fatal day!
- 3 No room for mirth or trifling here,
 For worldly hope, or worldly fear,
 If life so soon is gone:
 If now the Judge is at the door,
 And all mankind must stand before
 The' inexorable throne!
- 4 No matter which my thoughts employ,
 A moment's misery or joy;
 But, oh! when both shall end,
 Where shall I find my destin'd place?
 Shall I my everlasting days
 With fiends or angels spend?
- 5 Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
 But how I may escape the death
 That never, never dies;

How make mine own election sure :
And when I fail on earth, secure
A mansion in the skies !

- 6 Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray,
Be thou my Guide, be thou my Way
To glorious happiness !
Ah, write the pardon on my heart,
And whensoever I hence depart,
Let me depart in peace.

HYMN 45. L. M.

- 1 **S**HRINKING from the cold hand of
I too shall gather up my feet ; [death.
Shall soon resign this fleeting breath,
And die, my father's God to meet.
- 2 Number'd among thy people, I
Expect with joy thy face to see :
Because thou didst for sinners die,
Jesus, in death, remember me !
- 3 O that without a lingering groan
I may the welcome word receive :
My body with my charge lay down,
And cease at once to work and live !

HYMN 46. L. M.

- 1 **T**H E morning flow'rs display their sweets
And gay their silken leaves unfold,
As careless of the noontide heats,
As fearless of the evening cold.
- 2 Nipt by the wind's untimely blast,
Parch'd by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-liv'd beauties die away.
- 3 So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows
Fairer than spring the colours shine,
And sweeter than the virgin-rose.

- 1 Or worn by slowly-rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day,
The fading glory disappears,
The short-liv'd beauties die away.
- 2 Yet these, new-rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine,
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.
- 3 Let sickness blast, let Death devour,
If heaven must recompence our pains:
Perish the grass, and fade the flower,
If firm the Word of God remains.

'HYMN 46. 3 lines 5's & 1-12's.

- 1 **C**OME, let us anew Our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear.
- 2 His adorable will, Let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope, and the labour of love.

- 3 Our life is a dream, Our time as a stream
Glides swiftly away;
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.
- 4 The arrow is flown, The moment is gone:
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.
- 5 O that each in the day Of his coming may say,

"I have fought my way through;

"I have finish'd the work thou didst give me
to do."

- 6 O that each from his Lord May receive the
glad word,

"Well and faithfully done;

"Enter into my joy, and sit down with
these."

- 2 Our brother the haven hath gain'd,
 Out-flying the tempest and wind;
 His rest he hath sooner obtain'd,
 And left his companions behind;
 Still toss'd on a sea of distress,
 Hard sailing to make the blast shore,
 Where all is assurance and peace,
 And sorrow and sin are no more.
- 3 There all the ship's company meet,
 Who sail'd with the Saviour beneath;
 With shouting each other they greet,
 And triumph o'er sorrow and death:
 The voyage of life's at an end,
 The mortal affliction is past;
 The age that in heaven they spend,
 For ever and ever shall last.

HYMN 50. 8 Lines 7's.

- 1 **B**LESSING, honour, thanks, and praise,
 Pay we, gracious God, to thee:
 Thou, in thine abundant grace,
 Givest us the victory:
 True and faithful to thy word,
 Thou hast glorify'd thy Son,
 Jesus Christ, our dying Lord,
 He for us the fight hath won.
- 2 Lo! the prisoner is releas'd,
 Lighten'd of his fleshly load;
 Where the weary are at rest,
 He is gather'd into God!
 Lo! the pain of life is past,
 All his warfare now is o'er;
 Death and hell behind are cast,
 Grief and suffering are no more.

3 Yes, the Christian's course is run,
 Ended is the glorious strife;
 Fought the fight, the work is done,
 Death is swallow'd up of life!
 Borne by angels on their wings,
 Far from earth the spirit flies:
 Finds his God, and sits, and sings,
 Triumphant in Paradise.

4 Join we then with one accord,
 In the new, the joyful song:
 Absent from our loving Lord
 We shall not continue long:
 We shall quit the house of clay,
 We a better lot shall share;
 We shall see the realms of day,
 Meet our happy brother there.

5 Let the world bewail their dead,
 Fondly of their loss complain:
 Brother, friend, by Jesus freed,
 Death to thee, to us, is gain:
 Thou art enter'd into joy:
 Let the unbelievers mourn:
 We in songs our lives employ,
 Till we all to God return.

HYMN 51. 8 lines 7's.

1 **H**ARK! a Voice divides the sky,
 Happy are the faithful dead!
 In the Lord who sweetly die,
 They from all their toils are freed!
 Them the Spirit hath declar'd
 Blest, unutterably blest:
Jesus is their great Reward.

- 2 Follow'd by their works they go,
Where their Head is gone before ;
Reconcil'd by grace below,
Grace hath open'd Mercy's door ;
Justified through faith alone,
Here they knew their sins forgiven ;
Here they laid their burden down,
Hallow'd, and made meet for heav'n.
- 3 Who can now lament the lot
Of a saint in Christ deceas'd ?
Let the world, who know us not,
Call us hopeless and unblest :
When from flesh the spirit freed,
Hastens homeward to return,
Mortals cry, " A man is dead !"
Angels sing, " A child is born !"
- 4 Born into the world above,
They our happy brother greet ;
Bear him to the throne of Love,
Place him at the Saviour's feet :
Jesus smiles, and says, " Well done,
" Good and faithful servant thou !
" Enter, and receive thy crown,
" Reign with me triumphant now."
- 5 Angels catch the' approving sound,
Bow, and bless the just award ;
Hail the heir with glory crown'd,
Now rejoicing with his Lord :
Fuller joys ordain'd to know,
Waiting for the general doom,
When the' archangel's trump shall blow,
" Rise, ye dead, to indiment come."

HYMN 52. 2 lines 6's & 4-7's.

1 **A** GAIN we lift our voice,
 And shout our solemn joys!
 Cause of highest raptures this,
 Raptures that shall never fail!
 See a soul escap'd to bliss,
 Keep the Christian Festival!

2 **Our friend in grief and strife**
To that celestial home;
He hath left his mortal habit,
He hath all the terrors ofred;
Found the rest we toil to find,
Landed in the arms of God.

3 **And shall we mourn to see**
Our fellow-prisoner free?
Free from doubts, and griefs, and fears,
In the haven of the skies:
Can we wish to see the throne
Wip'd for ever from his eyes?

4 **Not thus companions, no**
We gladly let them go,
From a suffering church beneath,
To a reigning church above;
Thou hast more than conquer'd death;
Thou art crown'd with life and love.

5 **Thou, in thy youthful prime,**
Hast leapt the bounds of time:
Suddenly from earth releas'd,
Lo! art now, rejoice for thee;
Taken to an happy rest,
Comest into eternity.

- 6 Thither may we repair,
That glorious bliss to share !
We shall see the welcome day,
We shall to the summons bow :
Come, Redeemer, come away :
Now prepare, and take us now !

HYMN 53. 8 lines 8's.

On the Death of a Widow.

- 1 **G**IVE glory to Jesus our Head,
With all that encompass his throne ;
A widow, a widow indeed,
A mother in Israel is gone !
The winter of trouble is past ;
The storms of affliction are o'er ;
Her struggle is ended at last,
And sorrow and death are no more.
- 2 The soul has o'ertaken her mate,
And caught him again in the sky :
Advanc'd to her holy estate,
And pleasure that never shall die :
Where glorify'd spirits, by sight,
Converse in their happy abode ;
As stars in the firmament bright,
And pure as the angels of God.
- 3 Behold ! what a triumph is there,
Where all in his praises agree ;
His beautiful character bear,
And shine with the glory they see !
The glory of God and the Lamb,
(While all in the ecstasy join,)
Darts into their spiritual frame,
And gives the enjoyment divine.
- 4 In loud hallelujahs they sing,
And harmony echoes his praise !
When, lo ! the celestial King
Pours out the full light of his face ;

DESCRIBING JUDGMENT.

57

Ye that are now mourning for him,
 And weeping for his death;
 Ye that are now mourning for him,
 And weeping for his death;
 Ye that are now mourning for him,
 And weeping for his death;

Ye that are now mourning for him,
 And weeping for his death;
 Ye that are now mourning for him,
 And weeping for his death;
 Ye that are now mourning for him,
 And weeping for his death;

HYMN 54. 8 lines 7's & 6's.

LEARKEN to the solemn voice,
 The awful midnight cry!
 Awaiting souls, rejoice, rejoice,
 And see the Bridegroom nigh!
 O! he comes to keep his word,
 Light and joy his looks impart:
 Go ye forth to meet your Lord,
 And meet him in your heart.

Ye who faint beneath the load,
 Of sin, your heads lift up;
 Ye your great redeeming God,
 He comes, and bids you hope;
 In the midnight of your grief,
 Jesus doth his mourners cheer;
 O! he brings you sure relief,
 Believe, and feel him here.

Ye whose loins are girt, stand forth,
 Whose lamps are burning bright;
 Worthy in your Saviour's worth,
 To walk with him in white;
 Jesus bids your hearts be clean;
 Bids you all his promise prove;
 Jesus comes to cast out sin,
 And perfect you in love.

- 4 Wait ye all in patient hope,
 Till Christ, the Judge, shall come;
 We shall soon be all caught up
 To meet the general doom :
 In an hour to us unknown,
 As a thief in deepest night,
 Christ shall suddenly come down,
 With all his saints in light.
- 5 Happy he whom Christ shall find
 Watching to see him come ;
 Him the Judge of all mankind,
 Shall bear triumphant home :
 Who can answer to his word ?
 Which of you dares meet his day ?
 " Rise, and come to judgment ! "—Lord,
 We rise, and come away.

HYMN 55. D. S. M.

- 1 **T**HOU Judge of quick and dead,
 Before whose bar severe,
 With holy joy, or guilty dread,
 We all shall soon appear ;
 Our caution'd souls prepare
 For that tremendous day ;
 And fill us now with watchful care,
 And stir us up to pray.
- 2 To pray, and wait the hour,
 That awful hour unknown ;
 When rob'd in majesty and power,
 Thou shalt from heaven come down ;
 The' immortal Son of Man,
 To judge the human race ;
 With all thy Father's dazzling train,
 With all thy glorious grace.

3 To dethrone our earthly joys;
 To smother our profane songs;
 For ever let the Archangelic voice
 Be sounding in our ears;
 The solemn midnight cry,
 "Ye dead, the Judge is come!"
 "Arise, and meet him in the sky,
 And meet your instant doom!"

4 O may we thus be found,
 Obedient to his word:
 Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
 And looking for our Lord!
 O may we all insure
 A lot among the blest;
 And watch a moment to secure
 An everlasting rest!

HYMN 55. 4 lines 8's.

1 **H**E comes! he comes! the Judge severe!
 The seventh trumpet speaks him near:
 His lightning's flash; his thunders roll;
 How welcome to the faithful soul!

2 From heaven angelic voices sound;
 See the Almighty Jesus crown'd!
 Girt with omnipotence and grace;
 And glory decks the Saviour's face!

3 Descending on his azure throne,
 He claims the kingdoms for his own;
 The kingdoms all obey his word,
 And hail him their triumphant Lord!

4 Shout, all ye people of the sky!
 And all the spirits of the Most High:
 Our Lord, who now his right obtains,
 For ever and for ever reigns.

HYMN 57.

L. M.

- 1 **T**HE great Archangel's tramp shall sound,
 (While twice ten thousand thunders roar,)
 - Tear up the graves, and cleave the ground,
 - And make the greedy sea restore.
- 2 The greedy sea shall yield her dead,
 The earth no more her slain conceal ;
 Sinners shall lift their guilty head,
 And shrink to see a yawning hell.
- 3 But we, who now our Lord confess,
 And faithful to the end endure,
 Shall stand in Jesu's righteousness :
 Stand, as the Rock of Ages sure.
- 4 We, while the stars from heaven shall fall,
 And mountains are on mountains hurl'd,
 Shall stand unmov'd amidst them all,
 And smile to see a burning world.
- 5 The earth and all the works therein,
 Dissolve, by raging flames destroy'd ;
 While we survey the awful scene,
 And mount above the fiery void.
- 6 By faith we now transcend the skies,
 And on that ruin'd world look down :
 By love above all height we rise,
 And share the everlasting throne.

HYMN 58.

8 lines 7's & 6's.

- 1 **J**ESUS, faithful to his word,
 Shall with a shout descend ;
 All heaven's host their glorious Lord,
 Shall joyfully attend.
 Christ shall come with dreadful noise,
Lightnings swift, and thunders loud ;
 With the great Archangel's voice,
 And with the tramp of God.

First the dead in Christ shall rise ;
 Then we that yet remain,
 Shall be caught up to the skies,
 And see our Lord again.
 We shall meet him in the air,
 All wrapt up to heaven shall be ;
 Find, and love, and praise him there,
 To all eternity.

Who can tell the happiness,
 This glorious hope affords ?
 Joy unutter'd we possess
 In these reviving words :
 Happy while on earth we breathe ;
 Mightier bliss ordain'd to know ;
 Trampling down sin, hell, and death,
 To the third heaven we go.

HYMN 59. 6 Lines 4-5's & 2-6's.

THOU God of glorious majesty,
 To thee, against myself, to thee,
 A worm of earth, I cry ;
 An half-awaken'd child of man ;
 An heir of endless bliss or pain ;
 A sinner born to die !

Lo ! on a narrow neck of land,
 'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
 Secure, insensible ;
 A point of time, a moment's space,
 Removes me to that heavenly place,
 Or shuts me up in hell.

O God, ~~mine~~ *without* soul convert !
 And deeply on my thoughtful heart
 Eternal things impress :

Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.

- 4 Before me place in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come,
To judge the nations at thy bar :
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom ?

- 5 Be this my one great business here,
With serious industry and fear,
Eternal bliss to' insure :
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

- 6 Then, Saviour, then, my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with thee above ;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

HYMN 60. 8 lines 8's & 7's.

- 1 **R**IGHTEOUS God ! whose vengeful
phials

All our fears and thoughts exceed ;
Big with woes and fiery trials,
Hanging, bursting o'er our head :
While thou visitest the nations,
Thy selected people spare ;
Arm our caution'd souls with patience,
Fill our humbled hearts with prayer.

- 2 If thy dreadful controversy
With all flesh is now begun ;
In thy wrath remember mercy :
Mercy first and last be shown :

ad thy cause with sword and fire,
hake us till the curse remove ;
thou com'st, the world's desire,
conquering all with sovereign love.

ery fresh alarming token
fore confirms the faithful word ;
ure (for its Lord hath spoken,)
ust be suddenly restor'd :
in this national confusion ;
rom this ruin'd earth and skies ;
the times of restitution ;
ee the new creation rise !

ish, then, this world of shadows ;
pass the former things away ;

shy appear, appear to glad us
With the dawn of endless day :
conclude this mortal story,
throw this universe aside !
ne, eternal King of Glory,
low descend, and take thy bride !

HYMN 61. 7's & 8's.

TAND th' omnipotent decree ;
Jehovah's will be done !

re's end we wait to see,
and hear her final groan :
this earth dissolve, and blend
a death the wicked and the just ;
those ponderous orbs descend,
and grind us into dust.

ts secure the righteous man,
his Redeemer's beck,
no longer, and rise again,
mount above the tomb.

- Lo! the heavenly spirit towers,
 Like flames o'er nature's funeral pyre;
 Triumphs in immortal powers,
 And claps his wings of fire!
- 3 Nothing bath the just to lose,
 By worlds on worlds destroy'd;
 Far beneath his feet he views,
 With smiles, the flaming void:
 Sees this universe renew'd,
 The grand millennial reign begun:
 Shouts, with all the sons of God,
 Around the' eternal throne!
- 4 Resting in this glorious hope,
 To be at last restor'd,
 Yield we now our bodies up,
 To earthquake, plague, or sword:
 Listening for the call divine,
 The latest trumpet of the seven:
 Soon our soul and dust shall join,
 And both fly up to heaven.

HYMN 62.

6 lines 4-8's & 2-6's.

- 1 **H**OW happy are the little flock,
 Who, safe beneath their Guardian-
 rock,
 In all commotions rest!
 When wars' and tumults' waves run high,
 Unmov'd above the storm they lie,
 They lodge in Jesu's breast.
- 2 Such happiness, O Lord, have we,
 By mercy gather'd into thee,
 Before the floods descend:
 And while the bursting cloud comes down,
 We mark the vengeful day begun,
 And calmly wait the end.

DESCRIBING JUDGMENT.

he plague, and dearth, and din of war,
 ur Saviour's swift approach declare,

And bid our hearts arise :
 arth's basis shook, confirms our hope ;
 s cities' fall but lifts us up,
 To meet thee in the skies.

hy tokens we with joy confess ;
 he war proclaims the Prince of Peace ;

The earthquake speaks thy power :
 he famine all thy fulness brings :
 he plague presents thy healing wings,
 And nature's final hour.

Whatever ills the world befall,
 pledge of endless good we call ;

A sign of Jesus near :
 his chariot will not delay,
 We hear the rumbling wheels, and pray,
 Triumphant Lord, appear !

appear with clouds on Sion's hill,
 he word and mystery to fulfil,

Thy confessors to approve :
 hy members on thy throne to place,
 nd stamp thy name on every face,
 In glorious heavenly love !

HYMN 63. L. M.

WOE to the men on earth who dwell,
 Nor dread the Almighty's frown ;
 When God doth all his wrath reveal,
 And shower his judgments down.

sinners, expect those heaviest showers :
 To meet your God prepare !

For lo ! the seventh angel pours
 His phial on the air.

And from their seats the mountains leap ;
 The mountains are not found ;

- Transported far into the deep,
And in the ocean drown'd.
- 4 Who then shall live, and face the throne,
And face the Judge severe?
When heaven and earth are fled and gone,
O where shall I appear?
- 5 Now, only now, against that hour,
We may a place provide;
Beyond the grave, beyond the power
Of hell, our spirits hide:
- 6 Firm in the all-destroying shock,
May view the final scene;
For, lo! the everlasting Rock
Is cleft to take us in.

HYMN 64. C. M.

- 1 **B**Y faith we find the place above,
The Rock that rent in twain;
Beneath the shade of dying love,
And in the cleft remain.
- 2 Jesus, to thy dear wounds we flee;
We sink into thy side;
Assur'd that all who trust in thee,
Shall evermore abide.
- 3 Then let the thund'ring trumpet sound;
The latest lightnings glare;
The mountains melt; the solid ground
Dissolve as liquid air:
- 4 The huge celestial bodies roll,
Amidst the general fire;
And shrivel as a parchment scroll,
And all in smoke expire!
- 5 Yet still the Lord, the Saviour, reigns,
When nature is destroy'd;
~~And no created thing remains,~~
~~Throughout the flaming end.~~

Sublime upon his azure throne,
 He speaks the' Almighty Word:
 His *fiat* is obey'd! 'tis done;
 And paradise restor'd.
 So be it! let this system end,
 This ruinous earth and skies;
 The New Jerusalem descend,
 The New Creation rise.

**Thy power omnipotent; Thy love
 Thy brightest anarchy!
 And when thou dost in glory come,
 My Lord; remember me!**

HYMN 65. 6 lines 4-6's & 2-8's.

YE virgin souls arise;
 With all the dead awake!
 Unto salvation wise,
 Oil in your vessels take:
 Upstarting at the midnight cry,
 "Behold the heavenly Bridegroom nigh."
 He comes, he comes, to call
 The nations to his bar;
 And raise to glory all
 Who fit for glory are;
 Made ready for your full reward,
 Go forth with joy to meet your Lord,
 Go meet him in the sky,
 Your everlasting friend:
 Your Head to glorify,
 With all his saints ascend:
 To part in heart, obtain the grace
 To see, without a veil, his face!
 Ye that have here receiv'd
 The *unction* from above;
 And in his Spirit liv'd,
 Reflect in his love

Jesus shall claim you for his bride;
Rejoice with all the sanctified!

- 5 The everlasting doors
Shall soon the saints receive;
Above you angel powers
In glorious joy to live;
Far from a world of grief and sin,
With God eternally shut in.

- 6 Then let us wait to hear
The trumpet's welcome sound;
To see our Lord appear,
Watching let us be found;
When Jesus doth the heavens bow,
Be found—as Lord, thou find'st us now!

HYMN 66. P. M.

- 1 **L**O! He comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain!
Thousand, thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah! God appears on earth to reign.
- 2 Every eye shall now behold him,
Rob'd in dreadful majesty:
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree;
Deeply wailing, shall the true Messiah see.
- 3 The dear tokens of his passion,
Still his dazzling body bears;
Cause of endless exultation
To his ransom'd worshippers; [scars!
With what rapture gaze we on those glorious
- 4 Yea! Amen! let all adore thee,
High on thy eternal throne;
Saviour, take the power and glory;
Claim the kingdom for thine own!
Jah! Jehovah! everlasting God! come down.

5. Describing Heaven.

HYMN 67.

8 lines 2-6's & 4-7

1 **H**OW weak the thoughts and vain
 Of self-deluded men!
 Men who, fix'd to earth alone,
 Think their houses shall endure;
 Fondly call their lands their own,
 To their distant heirs secure.

How happy then are we,
 Who build, O Lord, on thee!
 What can our foundation shock?
 Though the shatter'd earth remove;
 stands our city on a rock,
 On the rock of heavenly Love.

house we call our own,
 Which cannot be o'erthrown:
 the general ruin sure,
 storms and earthquakes it defies;
 it immovably secure;
 built eternal in the skies.

on Immanuel's land,
 see the fabric stand;
 a tottering world remove,
 our steadfast mansion there:
 heritage above
 not pass from heir to heir.

maranthine bowers
 ably ours;
 infinite reward;
 permanent abode;
 clouded world prepar'd
 by the Blood of God.

- 6 O might we quickly find
 The place for us design'd!
 See the long-expected day
 Of our full redemption here!
 Let the shadows flee away;
 Let the new-made world appear!
- 7 High on thy great white throne,
 O King of Saints, come down!
 In the New Jerusalem,
 Now triumphantly descend;
 Let the final trump proclaim
 Joys begun which ne'er shall end.

HYMN 68. 6 lines, 4-8's & 2-6's

- 1 **H**OW happy is the pilgrim's lot;
 How free from every anxious thought
 From worldly hope and fear!
 Confin'd to neither court nor cell,
 His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
 He only sojourns here.
- 2 This happiness in part is mine,
 Already sav'd from low design,
 From every creature-love;
 Blest with the scorn of finite good,
 My soul is lighten'd of its load,
 And seeks the things above.
- 3 The things eternal I pursue;
 A happiness beyond the view
 Of those that basely pant
 For things by nature felt and seen;
 Their honours, wealth, and pleasures me
 I neither have nor want.

4 I have no babes to hold me here ;
But children more securely dear
For mine I humbly claim :
Better than daughters or than sons,
Temples divine, of living stones,
Inscrib'd with Jesu's name.

5 No foot of land do I possess ;
No cottage in this wilderness ;
A poor way-faring man,
I lodge awhile in tents below ;
Or gladly wander to and fro,
Till I my Canaan gain.

6 Nothing on earth I call my own ;
A stranger to the world unknown,
I all their goods despise ;
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a city out of sight,
A city in the skies.

7 There is my house and portion fair ;
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home ;
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come.

8 I come, thy servant, Lord, replies ;
I come to meet thee in the skies,
And claim my heavenly rest !
Now let the pilgrim's journey end !
Now, O my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
Receive me to thy breast.

HYMN 69. 6 lines 8's.

- 1 **T**HOU, Lord, on whom I still depend
 Shalt keep me faithful to the end;
 I trust thy truth, and love, and power,
 Shall save me to my latest hour;
 And when I lay this body down,
 Reward with an immortal crown.
- 2 Jesus, in thy great name I go,
 To conquer death, my final foe:
 And when I quit this cumb'rous clay,
 And soar on angels' wings away,
 My soul the second death defies,
 And reigns eternal in the skies.
- 3 Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
 What Christ hath for his saints prepar'd
 Who conquer thro' their Saviour's might
 Who sink into perfection's height,
 And trample death beneath their feet,
 And gladly die their Lord to meet.
- 4 Dost thou desire to know or see,
 What thy mysterious name shall be?
 Contending for thy heavenly home,
 Thy latest foe in death o'ercome;
 Till then thou searchest out in vain,
 What only conquest can explain.

HYMN 70. 8 lines 8's.

- 1 **I** LONG to behold him array'd
 With glory and light from above;
 The King in his beauty display'd,
 His beauty of holiest love:
 I languish and sigh to be there,
 Where Jesus hath fix'd his abode:
 O when shall we meet in the air,
 And fly to the mountain of God?

- 2 With him I on Sion shall stand,
 (For Jesus hath spoken the word,)
 The breadth of Immanuel's land
 Survey by the light of my Lord ;
 But when on thy bosom reclin'd,
 Thy face I am strengthen'd to see,
 My fulness of rapture I find,
 My heaven of heavens in thee.
- 3 How happy the people that dwell
 Secure in the city above ;
 No pain the inhabitants feel ;
 No sickness or sorrow shall prove.
 Physician of souls, unto me
 Forgiveness and holiness give ;
 And then from the body set free,
 And then to the city receive.

HYMN 71. 6 lines 8's.

- 1 **L**EADER of faithful souls, and Guide
 Of all that travel to the sky ;
 Come, and with us, even us, abide,
 Who would on thee alone rely ;
 On thee alone our spirits stay,
 While held in life's uneven way.
- 2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
 This earth, we know, is not our place ;
 But hasten through the vale of woe,
 And restless to behold thy face ;
 Swift to our heavenly country move,
 Our everlasting home above.
- 3 We have no 'biding city here ;
 But *seek a city out of sight,*
Thither our steady course we bring.

DESCRIBING HEAVEN.

Jerusalem, the saints' abode,
whose founder is the living God.

Patience the appointed race to run,
This weary world we cast behind;
From strength to strength we travel on,
The New Jerusalem to find:
Our labour this, our only aim,
To find the New Jerusalem.

Through thee, who all our sins hast borne,
Freely and graciously forgiven,
With songs to Zion we return,
Contending for our native heaven;
That palace of our glorious King,
We find it nearer while we sing.

6 Rais'd by the breath of Love Divine,
We urge our way with strength renew'd
The church of the first-born to join,
We travel to the mount of God;
With joy upon our heads arise,
And meet our Captain in the skies.

HYMN 72.

6 lines 8's.

1 SAVIOUR, on me the grace bestow
To trample on my mortal foe;
Conqueror of death, with thee to rise,
And claim my station in the skies;
Fixt as the throne, which ne'er can move,
A pillar in thy church above.

2 As beautiful as useful there,
May I that weight of glory bear,
With all who finally o'ercome;
Supporters of the heavenly dome:
Of perfect holiness possest,
In thy presence blest.

on me the Name Divine,
by Father's nature shine;
re visibly exprest,
pouring from my breast;
my bright humanity,
n'd into the God I see!

g with the city's name,
only New Jerusalem,
e victor's title give,
my glorious saints to live,
their happiness to know,
of heaven below.

u hadst all thy foes o'ercome,
to thy glorious home,
it receive the full reward,
ght share it with my Lord;
thy own new name obtain,
with thee for ever reign.

MN. 73. 8 lines 8's.

with our sorrow and fear,
soon shall recover our home;
of saints shall appear;
of eternity come.

h we shall quickly remove,
unt to our native abode,
of our Father above,
ace of angels and God.

ning is all at an end,
ais'd by the life-giving Word,
e new city descend,
as a bride for her Lord:
o holy and clean,
w can breathe in the air;
of affliction or sin,
w of evil is there!

- 3 By faith we already behold
 That lovely Jerusalem here ;
 Her walls are of jasper and gold,
 As crystal her buildings are clear :
 Immovably founded in grace,
 She stands, as she ever hath stood,
 And brightly her Builder displays,
 And flames with the glory of God.
- 4 No need of the sun in that day,
 Which never is follow'd by night,
 Where Jesus's beauties display
 A pure and a permanent light :
 The Lamb is their Light and their Sun,
 And, lo ! by reflection they shine ;
 With Jesus ineffably one,
 And bright in effulgence divine !
- 5 The saints in his presence receive
 Their great and eternal reward ;
 In Jesus, in heaven they live ;
 They reign in the smile of their Lord
 The flame of angelical love
 Is kindled at Jesus's face ;
 And all the enjoyment above
 Consists in the rapturous gaze.

HYMN 74. S. M.

- 1 **W**E know, by faith we know,
 If this vile house of clay,
 This tabernacle sink below,
 In ruinous decay ;
 We have a house above,
Not made with mortal hands ;
And firm, as our Redeemer's love,
That heavenly fabric stands.

- 2** It stands securely high,
Indissolubly sure !
Our glorious mansion in the sky
Shall evermore endure :
O were we enter'd there,
To perfect heaven restor'd !
O were we all caught up to share
The triumph of our Lord !
- 3** For this in faith we call ;
For this we weep and pray :
O might the tabernacle fall :
O might we 'scape away !
Full of immortal hope,
We urge the restless strife,
And hasten to be swallow'd up
Of everlasting life.
- 4** Absent, alas ! from God,
We in the body mourn ;
And pine to quit this mean abode,
And languish to return.
Jesus, regard our vows,
And change our faith to sight ;
And clothe us with our nobler house
Of empyrean light !
- 5** O let us put on thee
In perfect holiness !
And rise prepar'd thy face to see,
Thy bright, unclouded face :
Thy grace with glory crown,
Who hast the earnest given ;
And then triumphantly come down.

HYMN 75. 8 lines 7's.

- 1 **L**IFT your eyes of faith and see
 Saints and angels join'd in one,
 What a countless company
 Stand before yon dazzling throne !
 Each before his Saviour stands,
 All in milk-white robes array'd ;
 Palms they carry in their hands,
 Crowns of glory on their head.
- 2 Saints, begin the endless song,
 Cry aloud in heavenly lays ;
 Glory doth to God belong ;
 God, the glorious Saviour, praise :
 All salvation from him came ;
 Him, who reigns enthron'd on high :
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb,
 Let the morning-stars reply.
- 3 Angel-powers the throne surround,
 Next the saints in glory they ;
 Lull'd with the transporting sound,
 They their silent homage pay ;
 Prostrate on their face, before
 God and his Messiah fall ;
 Then in hymns of praise adore,
 Shout the Lamb that died for all !
- 4 Be it so, they all reply ;
 Him let all our orders praise ;
 Him that did for sinners die,
 Saviour of the favour'd race ;
 Render we our God his right,
 Glory, wisdom, thanks, and power ;
 Honour, majesty, and might ;
 Praise him, praise him evermore !

HYMN 76. 8 lines 7's.

WHO are these array'd in white.

Foremost of the sons of light ;
 Nearest the eternal throne ?
 These are they that bore the cross,
 Nobly for their Master stood ;
 Sufferers in his righteous cause ;
 Followers of the dying God.

2 Out of great distress they came :
 Wash'd their robes by faith below,
 In the blood of yonder Lamb,
 Blood that washes white as snow ;
 Therefore are they next the throne,
 Serve their Maker day and night :
 God resides among his own,
 God doth in his saints delight.

3 More than conquerors at last,
 Here they find their trials o'er ;
 They have all their sufferings past,
 Hunger now and thirst no more :
 No excessive heat they feel
 From the sun's directer ray ;
 In a milder clime they dwell,
 Region of eternal day.

4 He that on the throne doth reign,
 Them the Lamb shall always feed ;
 With the tree of life sustain ;
 To the living fountains lead ;
 He shall all their sorrows chase,
 All their wants at once remove ;
 Wipe the tears from every face ;
 Fill up every soul with love.

HYMN 77.

8 lines 8's.

1 **T**HE Church in her militant state
Is weary, and cannot forbear ;
The saints in an agony wait.

The Spirit invites in the bride,
 Her heavenly Lord to descend ;
 And place her enthron'd at his side,
 In glory that never shall end.

- 2 The news of his coming I hear,
 And join in the catholic cry :
 O Jesus, in triumph appear ;
 Appear in the clouds of the sky !
 Whom only I languish to love,
 In fulness of majesty come ;
 And give me a mansion above ;
 And take to my heavenly home.

HYMN 78. 8 lines 7's.

- 1 **T**HE thirsty are call'd to their Lord
 His glorious appearing to see ;
 And, drawn by the power of his word,
 The promise, I know is for me :
 I thirst for the streams of thy grace,
 I gasp for the Spirit of Love ;
 I long for a glimpse of thy face,
 And then to behold it above.
- 2 Thy call I exult to obey,
 And come in the spirit of prayer,
 Thy joy in that happiest day,
 Thy kingdom of glory to share ;
 To drink the pure river of bliss,
 With life everlasting o'erflow'd ;
 Implung'd in the crystal abyss,
 And lost in the ocean of God.

HYMN 79. 8 lines 8's.

- 1 **A** FOUNTAIN of Life and of Grace
 In Christ, our Redeemer, we see
 For us, who his offers embrace ;
 For all it is open and free.

himself doth invite
 of his pleasures unknown ;
 of immortal delight,
 from his heavenly throne,
 in him we believe,
 of his Spirit we take ;
 ly forgiven, receive
 ercy for Jesus's sake :
 a pure drop of his love ;
 e of eternity know ;
 happiness prove,
 tness a heaven below.

6. *Describing Hell.*

YMN 80. C. M.

RIBLE thought ! shall I alone,
 so may be sav'd—shall I—
 as ! whom I have known,
 gh sin for ever die ?

my old companions dear,
 whom I once did live,
 God's right hand appear,
 ing to receive :

—amidst a ghastly band,
 'd to the judgment-seat,
 e left with horror stand,
 urnal doom to meet ?

—I still may turn and live ;
 ll his wrath delays :
 ouchsafes a kind reprieve,
 fers me his grace.

ept his offers now,
 ery sin doth cost

Perform my oft-repeated vow,
And render him my heart.

- 6 I will improve what I receive,
The grace through Jesus given ;
Sure, if with God on earth I live,
To live with him in heaven.

SECTION III.

Praying for a Blessing.

HYMN 81. 6 lines 8's.

- 1 **F**ATHER of omnipresent grace !
We seem agreed to seek thy face ;
But every soul assembled here
Doth naked in thy sight appear :
Thou know'st who only bows the knee ;
And who in heart approaches thee.
- 2 Thy Spirit hath the difference made
Betwixt the living and the dead ;
Thou now dost into some inspire
The pure benevolent desire :
O that ev'n *now* thy powerful call
May quicken and convert us all !
- 3 The sinners suddenly convince ;
O'erwhelm beneath their load of sins :
To-day, while it is call'd to-day,
Awake, and stir them up to pray ;
Their dire captivity to own,
And from the iron furnace groan.
- 4 Then, then acknowledge and set free
The people bought, O Lord, by thee :
The sheep for whom their Shepherd bled ;
For whom we in thy Spirit plead :
Let all in thee redemption find,
And not a soul be left behind.

HYMN 82. L. M.

- 1 **S**HEPHERD of souls, with pitying eye,
The thousands of our Israel see :
To thee in their behalf we cry,
Ourselves but newly found in thee.
- 2 See where o'er desert wastes they err,
And neither food nor feeder have ;
Nor fold, nor place of refuge near ;
For no man cares their souls to save.
- 3 Wild as the untaught Indian's brood,
The Christian savages remain ;
Strangers, yea enemies to God,
They make thee spill thy Blood in vain.
- 4 Thy people, Lord, are sold for nought ;
Nor know they their Redeemer nigh ;
They perish, whom thyself hast bought ;
Their souls for lack of knowledge die.
- 5 The pit its mouth hath open'd wide,
To swallow up its careless prey :
Why should *they* die, when *thou* hast died ?
Hast died to bear their sins away ?
- 6 Why should the foe thy purchase seize ?
Remember, Lord, thy dying groans :
The meed of all thy sufferings these ;
O claim them for thy ransom'd ones.
- 7 Extend to these thy pardoning grace :
To these be thy salvation show'd :
O add them to thy chosen race !
O sprinkle all their hearts with blood !
- 8 Still let the publicans draw near :
Open the door of faith and heav'n ;
And grant their hearts thy word to hear,
And witness all their sins forgiv'n.

HYMN 83. C. M.

- 1 **T**HOU Son of God, whose flaming
Our inmost thoughts perceive ;
Accept the evening sacrifice
Which now to thee we give.
- 2 We bow before thy gracious throne,
And think ourselves sincere ;
But shew us, Lord, is every one
Thy *real* worshipper ?
- 3 Is here a soul that knows thee not,
Nor feels his want of thee ?
A stranger to the blood which bought
His pardon on the tree ?
- 4 Convince him now of unbelief ;
His desperate state explain :
And fill his heart with sacred grief,
And penitential pain.
- 5 Speak with that voice which wakes the
And bid the sleeper " Rise !"
And bid his guilty conscience dread
The death that never dies.
- 6 Extort the cry, " What must be done
" To save a wretch like me ?
" How shall a trembling sinner shun
" That endless misery ?
- 7 " I must this instant now begin
" Out of my sleep to' awake ;
" And turn to God, and every sin
" Continually forsake :
- 8 " I must for faith incessant cry,
" And wrestle, Lord, with thee :
" *I must be born again, or die*
" *To all eternity.*"

HYMN 84. C. M.

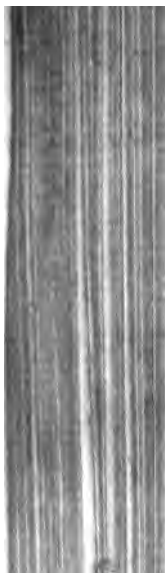
- 1 **C**OME, O thou all-victorious Lord,
Thy power to us make known ;
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break these hearts of stone.
- 2 O that we all might now begin
Our foolishness to mourn ;
And turn at once from every sin,
And to our Saviour turn.
- 3 Give us ourselves and thee to know,
In this our gracious day ;
Repentance unto life bestow,
And take our sins away.
- 4 Conclude us first in unbelief,
And freely then release ;
Fill every soul with sacred grief,
And then with sacred peace.
- 5 Impoverish, Lord, and then relieve,
And then enrich the poor ;
The knowledge of our sickness give ;
The knowledge of our cure.
- 6 That blessed sense of guilt impart,
And then remove the load ;
Trouble, and wash the troubled heart
In the' atoning Blood.
- 7 Our desperate state through sin declare,
And speak our sins forgiven ;
By perfect holiness prepare,
And take us up to heaven.

HYMN 85.

S. M.

- 1 **S**PIRIT of Faith, come down,
 Reveal the things of God ;
And make to us the Godhead known,
 And witness with the blood.
 'Tis thine the blood to' apply,
 And give us eyes to see ;
Who did for *every* sinner die,
 Hath surely died for *me*.
- 2 No man can truly say
 That Jesus is the Lord ;
Unless thou take the veil away,
 And breathe the living word ;
 Then, only then, we feel
 Our interest in his blood ;
And cry, with joy unspeakable,
 " Thou art *my* Lord, *my* God !"
- 3 O that the world might know
 The all-atoning Lamb !
Spirit of faith, descend, and show
 The virtue of his name ;
 The grace which all may find,
 The saving power impart ;
And testify to all mankind,
 And speak in every heart !
- 4 Inspire the living faith,
 Which whosoe'er receives,
The witness in himself he hath,
 And consciously believes :
 The faith that conquers all,
 And doth the mountain move :
And saves, whoe'er on Jesus call,
 And perfects them in love.

akers of your hope :
lay of Pentecost ;
ye shall all receive ;
the Holy Ghost,
that ask shall give.
y freely take
for Jesu's sake ;
man hath died ;
hath ris'n again :
glorified :
ath receiv'd for men.
them from the skies,
enemies ;
he now hath led
ur captivity :
be free indeed,
son, shall make us free.
on all he pours,
ceasing showers ;
s from above ;
his joy and peace ;
ort, perfect love,
g righteousness.
rom him receive
o turn and live ;
ery soul is free :
ear the' effectual call ;
at of Life may see ;
el, he died for ALL.
n in showers of love,
ns from above ;
ss, ye skies, pour down ;
h, and take it in !
rit for your own,
he said from



- 7 Father, behold we claim
 'The gift in Jesu's Name !
 Him, the promis'd Comforter,
 Into all our spirits pour ;
 Let him fix his mansion here,
 Come, and never leave us more !

Before Reading the Scriptures.

HYMN 87. C. M.

- 1 **C**OME, Holy Ghost, our hearts in
 Let us thine influence prove ;
 Source of the old prophetic fire,
 Fountain of Light and Love.
- 2 Come, Holy Ghost, (for mov'd by thee
 The prophets wrote and spoke :)
 Unlock the Truth, thyself the Key,
 Unseal the sacred Book.
- 3 Expand thy wings, celestial Dove,
 Brood o'er our nature's night:
 On our disorder'd spirits move,
 And let there now be light.
- 4 God, through himself, we then shall know
 If thou within us shine ;
 And sound, with all thy saints below,
 The depths of love divine.

HYMN 88. C. M.

- 1 **F**ATHER of all, in whom alone
 We live, and move, and breathe
 One bright, celestial ray dart down,
 And cheer thy sons beneath.
- 2 While in thy word we search for thee,
 (We search with trembling awe,)
 Open our eyes and let us see
 The wonders of thy law.
- 3 Now let our darkness comprehend
 The light that shines so clear ;
 Now the revealing Spirit send,
 And give us ears to hear.

- 4 Before us make thy goodness pass,
Which here by faith we know ;
Let us in Jesus see thy face,
And die to all below.

HYMN 89. 6 lines 8's.

- 1 **I**NSPIRER of the ancient Seers,
Who wrote from thee the sacred page,
The same through all succeeding years ;
To us, in our degenerate age,
The Spirit of thy Word impart,
And breathe the Life into our heart.
- 2 While now thine oracles we read,
With earnest prayer and strong desire,
O let thy Spirit from thee proceed,
Our souls to' awaken and inspire ;
Our weakness help, our darkness chase,
And guide us by the Light of Grace.
- 3 Whene'er in error's paths we rove,
The living God through sin forsake ;
Our conscience by thy Word reprove,
Convince, and bring the wanderers back ;
Deep wounded by the Spirit's sword,
And then by Gilead's balm restor'd.
- 4 The sacred lessons of thy grace,
Transmitted through thy Word, repeat,
And train us up in all thy ways,
To make us in thy will complete :
Fulfil thy love's redeeming plan,
And bring us to a perfect man.
- 5 Furnish'd out of thy treasury,
O may we always ready stand,
To help the souls redeem'd by thee,
In what their various states demand :
To teach, convince, correct, reprove,
And build them up in holiest love.

HYMN 90.

L. M.

- 1 **T**HUS saith the Lord of earth and heaven,
 The King of Israel and his God,
 Who hath for ALL a ransom giv'n,
 And bought a guilty world with blood :
 " I am *from* all eternity ;
 To all eternity I am :
 There is none other God but Me,
 JEHOVAH is my glorious Name.
- 2 " The Rise and End, the First and Last,
 The Alpha and Omega I ;
 Who could like Me, ordain the past,
 Or who the things to come desery ?
 Foolish is all their strife, and vain,
 To' invade the property divine ;
 'Tis mine the work undone to' explain,
 To call the future now is mine.
- 3 " Fear not, my own peculiar race,
 I have to thee my counsel shew'd,
 The word of sure prophetic grace,
 And told thee all the mind of God.
 Ye are my witnesses, to you
 My name and nature are made known,
 Ye only can your seal set to,
 That I am God, and God alone."

PART II. CONVINCING.

SECTION. I. *Describing Formal Religion.*

HYMN 91.

C. M.

- 1 **L**ONG have I seem'd to serve thee, Lord,
 With unavailing pain :
Fasted and pray'd, and read thy Word,

with the assembly join,
 at thine altar drew ;
 thy godliness was mine,
 which I never knew.

Not the outward law ;
 nor its deep design ;
 its breadth I never saw,
 its light of love divine.

But thee thus, at length I see,
 I hop'd and strove ;
 are *outward* things to thee,
 they spring from love ?

A perfect law requires
 in the *inward* parts ;
 consent, our whole desires,
 undivided hearts.

Means have made my boast ;
 mine an idol made ;
 but in the letter lost,
 substance in the shade.

Not I now, or what my hope ?
 nor can my weakness do ?
 Thee, my soul looks up :
 thou must make it new.

HYMN 92. C. M.

1. For thy loving-kindness, Lord,
 thy temple wait :
 find thee in thy word,
 by thy table meet.

2. Thine own appointed ways,
 to learn thy will :
 and before thy face,
 for thee say, " Be still !"

12 DESCRIBING FORMAL RELIGION.

- 3 " Be still ! and know that I am God !"
'Tis all I live to know ;
To feel the virtue of thy blood,
And spread its praise below !
- 4 I wait my vigour to renew,
Thine image to retrieve !
The veil of outward things pass through
And gasp in thee to live.
- 5 I work ; and own the labour vain ;
And thus from works I cease :
I strive ; and see my fruitless pain,
Till God create my peace.
- 6 Fruitless, till thou thyself impart,
Must all my efforts prove !
They cannot change a sinful heart ;
They cannot purchase love.
- 7 I do the thing thy laws enjoin,
And then the strife give o'er ;
To thee I then the whole resign,
I trust in means no more.
- 8 I trust in him, who stands between
The Father's wrath and me ;
Jesu, thou great eternal Mean,
I look for all from thee !

HYMN 93. S. M.

- 1 **M**Y gracious, loving Lord,
To thee what shall I say ?
Well may I tremble at thy word,
And scarce presume to pray.
Ten thousand wants have I ;
Alas ! I all things want ;
But thou hast bid me always cry,
And never, never faint.

And was! drawn near;
And mock'd thee to thy face:
With all pollutions stain'd,
Thy hallow'd courts I trod:
name and temple I profan'd,
And dar'd to call thee God.

Nigh with my lips I drew;
My lips were all unclean:
with my heart I never knew;
My heart was full of sin:
Far from the living Lord,
As far as hell from heaven;
purity I still abhorr'd,
Nor look'd to be forgiven.

By nature I obey'd;
By own desires pursu'd:
ill a den of thieves I made
The hallow'd house of God.
The worship he approves,
To him I would not pay:
Vain ends, and creature-loves,
I stole my heart away.

sin and nakedness

94 DESCRIBING FORMAL RELIGION.

The Pharisee within
 Still undisturb'd remain'd :
 The strong man, arm'd with **guilt of sin,**
 Safe in his palace reign'd.

7 But, Oh ! the jealous God
 In my behalf came down ;
 Jesus himself the stronger shew'd,
 And claim'd me for his own.
 My spirit he alarm'd,
 And brought into distress ;
 He shook and bound the strong man, arm'd
 In his self-righteousness.

8 Faded my virtuous show,
 My form without the power :
 The sin-convincing Spirit blew,
 And blasted every flower :
 My mouth was stopt, and shame
 Cover'd my guilty face :
 I fell on the atoning Lamb,
 And I was sav'd by grace.

HYMN 94. C. M.

1 **T**HE men who slight thy faithful word
 In their own lies confide ;
 They are the temple of the Lord,
 And heathens all beside !

2 The temple of the Lord are these,
 The only church and true :
 Who live in pomp, and wealth, and ease,
 And Jesus never knew !

3 O would'st thou, Lord, reveal their sins !
 And turn their joy to grief !
 The world, the Christian world convince
 Of damning unbelief.

4 *The formalists confound, convert,
 And to thy people join :
 And break, and fill the broken heart*

lay, as yesterday the same :
e our humble hearts aspire,
ask the gift unspeakable :
se in us the kindled fire,
s the work of faith fulfil.

h we know thee strong to save :
e us, a present Saviour thou !)
'er we hope, by faith we have,
ire and past subsisting now.

i that in thy name believes,
nal life with thee is given ;
mself he all receives,
on, and holiness, and heaven.

ings unknown to feeble sense,
een by reason's glimmering ray,
rong, commanding evidence,
r heavenly origin display.

ends its realizing light,
clouds disperse. the shadows fly :

- 2 We who in Christ believe,
That he for us hath died,
We all his unknown peace receive,
And feel his blood apply'd ;
Exults our rising soul,
Disburthen'd of her load,
And swells, unutterably full
Of glory, and of God.
- 3 His love, surpassing far
The love of all beneath,
We find within our hearts, and dare
The pointless darts of death
Stronger than death and hell,
The mystic power we prove ;
And, conquerors of the world, we dwell
In heaven, who dwell in Love.
- 4 We by his Spirit prove
And know the things of God ;
The things which freely of his love
He hath on us bestow'd :
His Spirit to us he gave,
And dwells in us we know :
The witness in ourselves we have,
And all its fruits we shew.
- 5 The meek and lowly heart
That in our Saviour was,
To us his Spirit doth impart,
And signs us with his cross ;
Our nature's turn'd, our mind
Transform'd in all its powers ;
And both the Witnesses are join'd,
The Spirit of God with ours.
- 6 Whate'er our pardoning Lord
Commands, we gladly do :
And guided by his sacred Word,
We all his steps pursue :

CRIBING INWARD RELIGION.

try our design,
 give our God to please ;
 e, with filial fear divine,
 perfect holiness.

97. 4 lines 8's, and 2-6's:

Great mysterious God unknown,
 whose love hath gently led me on,
 from my infant days :
 lost soul expose to view,
 ne if I even knew
 justifying grace.

only known thy fear,
 w'd, with a heart sincere,
 drawings from above ;
 y, the farther grace bestow,
 y sprinkled conscience know
 sweet forgiving love.

thy love I would not stop,
 to the gospel-hope,
 sense of sin forgiven :
 not, Lord, my soul deceive,
 the inward witness live,
 antepast of heaven.

o witness were in me,
 not testify of thee,
 how reconcil'd ?

Id I not with faith draw nigh,
 by Aha, Father, cry,
 know myself thy child ?

obstructs thy pard'ning love,
 righteousness, remove,
 glory to display ;
 at unbelief convince,
 absolve me from my sins,
 take them all away.

- 6 Father, in me reveal thy Son,
And to my inmost soul make known
How merciful thou art :
The secret of thy love reveal,
And by thine hallowing Spirit dwell
For ever in my heart.

HYMN 98. 8 lines 7's, 6's, & 1-8.

- 1 **U**PRIGHT both in heart and will,
We by our God were made ;
But we turn'd from good to ill,
And o'er the creature stray'd :
Multiply'd our wandering thought,
Which first was fix'd on God alone,
In ten thousand objects sought
The bliss we lost in one.
- 2 From our own inventions vain
Of fancied happiness,
Draw us to thyself again,
And bid our wanderings cease ;
Jesus, speak our souls restor'd,
By Love's divine simplicity ;
Re-united to our Lord,
And wholly lost in thee !

PART III. SECTION I.

Praying for Repentance.

HYMN 99. 6 lines 8's.

- 1 **F**ATHER of Lights, from whom proceeds
Whate'er thy every creature needs ;
Whose goodness providently nigh,
Feeds the young ravens when they cry :
To thee I look, my heart prepare ;
Suggest, and hearken to my prayer.

- 2 Since by thy light myself I see,
Naked, and poor, and void of thee ;
Thy eyes must all my thoughts survey,
Preventing what my lips would say ;
Thou seest my wants, for help they call,
And, ere I speak, thou know'st them all.
- 3 Thou know'st the baseness of my mind,
Wayward, and impotent, and blind !
Thou know'st how unsubdu'd my will,
Averse from good, and prone to ill ;
Thou know'st how wide my passions rove,
Nor check'd by fear, nor charm'd by love !
- 4 Fain would I know as known by thee,
And feel the indigence I see ;
Fain would I all my vileness own,
And deep beneath the burden groan :
Abhor the pride that lurks within,
Detest and loathe myself and sin.
- 5 Ah, give me, Lord, myself to feel !
My total misery reveal :
A give me, Lord, (I still would say,)
A heart to mourn, a heart to pray :
My business this, my only care,
My life, my every breath be prayer !

HYMN 100. D. L. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, my Advocate above,
My Friend before the throne of Love
If now for me prevails thy prayer,
If now I find thee pleading there ;
If thou the secret wish convey,
And sweetly prompt my heart to pray ;
Hear, and my weak petitions join,
Almighty Advocate, to thine.
- 2 *Fain would I know my utmost ill,
And groan my nature's weight to feel !*

To feel the clouds that round me roll;
 The night that hangs upon my soul;
 The darkness of my carnal mind;
 My will perverse, my passions blind,
 Scattered o'er all the earth abroad,
 Immeasurably far from God.

- 3 Jesu, my heart's desire obtain;
 My earnest suit present, and gain:
 My fulness of corruption show,
 The knowledge of myself bestow;
 A deeper displacence at sin;
 A sharper sense of guilt within;
 A stronger struggling to get free;
 A keener appetite for thee!
- 4 O Sovereign Love, to thee I cry;
 Give me thyself, or else I die;
 Save me from death; from hell set free!
 Death, hell are but the want of thee.
 Quickened by thy imparted flame;
 Sav'd, when possess'd of thee, I am;
 My Life; my only heaven thou art;
 O might I feel thee in my heart.

HYMN 101. 6 lines 7's.

- 1 SAVIOUR, Prince of Israel's race,
 Save me!—from thy lofty throne
 Give the sweet relenting grace,
 Soften this obdurate stone!
 Stone to flesh, O God convert;
 Cast a look, and break my heart!
- 2 By thy Spirit, Lord, reprove;
 All mine inmost sins reveal;
 Sins against thy light and love,
 Let me see, and let me feel:
*Sins that crucify'd my God,
 Spilt again thy precious blood.*

Jesus, seek thy wandering sheep,
Make me restless to return ;
Bid me look on thee, and weep ;
Bitterly as Peter mourn ;
Till I say, by grace restor'd,
“ Now, thou know'st, I love thee, Lord.”
Might I in thy sight appear
As the publican distrest ;
Stand, not daring to draw near ;
Smite on my unworthy breast ;
Groan the sinner's only plea,
“ God, be merciful to me !”
O remember me for good,
Passing through the mortal vale :
Shew me the atoning blood,
When my strength and spirits fail ;
Give my gasping soul to see
Jesus crucify'd for me.

HYMN 102. S. M.

O THAT I could repent,
With all my idols part ;
And to thy gracious eye present
A humble contrite heart :
A heart with grief opprest
For having griev'd my God,
A troubled heart, that cannot rest,
Till sprinkled with thy blood.
Jesus, on me bestow
The penitent desire :
With true sincerity of woe
My aching breast inspire ;
With softening pity look,
And melt my hardness down :
Strike with thy love's resistless stroke,
And break this heart of stone !

HYMN 103. S. M.

- 1 **O** THAT I could revere
My much-offended God;
O that I could but stand in fear
Of thy afflicting rod!
If mercy cannot draw,
Thou by thy threatening move;
And keep an abject soul in awe,
That will not yield to love.
- 2 Shew me the naked sword,
Impending o'er my head;
O let me tremble at thy word,
And to my ways take heed;
With sacred horror fly
From ev'ry sinful snare;
Nor ever, in my Judge's eye,
My Judge's anger dare.
- 3 Thou great, tremendous God,
The conscious awe impart;
The grace be now on me bestow'd,
The tender fleshly heart:
For Jesu's sake alone,
The stony heart remove:
And melt at last, O melt me down,
Into the mould of Love.

HYMN 104. C. M.

- 1 **O** FOR that tenderness of heart,
Which bows before the Lord;
Acknowledging how just thou art,
And trembling at thy word!
O for those humble, contrite tears
Which from repentance flow;
That consciousness of guilt, which fears
The long-suspended blow!
- 2 Saviour, to me, in pity, give
The sensible distress:

The pledge thou wilt, at last, receive,
 And bid me die in peace :
 Wilt from the dreadful day remove,
 Before the evil come ;
 My spirit hide with saints above ;
 My body in the tomb.

HYMN 105. S. M.

O THAT I could repent ;
 O that I could believe !
 Thou, by thy voice, the marble rent ;
 The rock in thunder cleave !
 Thou, by thy two-edg'd sword,
 My soul and spirit part ;
 Strike with the hammer of thy word,
 And break my stubborn heart !
 Saviour, and Prince of Peace,
 The double grace bestow ;
 Unloose the bands of wickedness,
 And let the captive go :
 Grant me my sins to feel,
 And then the load remove ;
 Wound, and pour in, my wounds to heal,
 The balm of pardoning love.
 For thy own meekness's sake,
 The cursed thing remove ;
 And into thy protection take
 The prisoner of thy love :
 In every trying hour,
 Stand by my feeble soul ;
 And screen me from my nature's power,
 Till thou hast made me whole.
 This is thy will, I know,
 That I should holy be ;
 Should let my sins this moment go,
 This moment turn to thee :

The judge thou wilt, at last, receive,
And before thee a power;
Wilt thou the living day receive,
Before the end come;
My spirit shall with mine be;
My body in the tomb.

HYMN 100. S. M.

- 1 **O** THOU I would receive;
O that I could believe!
Thou, by thy word, the noblest part;
The rock is under thee!
Thou, by thy word, the noblest part;
My soul and spirit part;
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break my sinners heart!
- 2 Saviour, and Father of Peace,
The double grace bestow;
Unloose the bands of wickedness,
And let the captive go;
Grant me thy word, O Lord,
And give me grace to do;
Thy word, O Lord, my strength and shield,
My righteousness and law.

O might I now embrace
 Thy all-sufficient power;
 And never more to sin give place;
 And never grieve thee more!

HYMN 106. 8 lines 7's, 6's, & 1-8.

- 1 **J**ESUS, let thy pitying eye
 Call back a wandering sheep :
 False to thee, like Peter, I
 Would fain, like Peter, weep ;
 Let me be by grace restor'd,
 On me be all long-suffering shewn ;
 Turn and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.
- 2 Saviour, Prince, enthron'd above,
 Repentance to impart,
 Give me, through thy dying love,
 The humble, contrite heart :
 Give what I have long implor'd,
 A portion of thy grief unknown ; Turn, &c.
- 3 For thine own compassion's sake,
 The gracious wonder shew ;
 Cast my sins behind thy back,
 And wash me white as snow ;
 If thy bowels now are stirr'd ;
 If now I would myself bemoan : Turn, &c.
- 4 See me, Saviour, from above ;
 Nor suffer me to die :
 Life, and happiness, and love,
 Drop from thy gracious eye ;
 Speak the reconciling word,
 And let thy mercy melt me down ; Turn, &c.
- 5 Look, as when thine eye pursu'd
 The first apostate man ;
 Saw him weltering in his blood,
 And bade him rise again ;

Speak my paradise restor'd,
 Redeem me by thy grace alone : Turn, &c.

Look, as when thy pity saw
 Thine own in a strange land,
 Forc'd to' obey the tyrant's law,
 And feel his heavy hand :
 Speak the soul-redeeming word,
 And out of Egypt call thy son : Turn, &c.

Look, as when thy grace beheld
 The harlot in distress ;
 Dried her tears, her pardon seal'd,
 And bade her go in peace :
 Vile, like her, and self-abhorr'd,
 At thy feet for mercy groan : Turn &c.

Look, as when thy languid eye
 Was clos'd, that we might live ;
 " Father," (at the point to die,
 My Saviour gasp'd,) " forgive !"
 Surely, with that dying word,
 He turns, and looks, and cries, " 'Tis
 done !"
 O my bleeding, loving Lord,
 Thou break'st my heart of stone !

HYMN 107. L. M.

THE Spirit of the Lord our God,
 (Spirit of Power, and Health & Love.)
 The Father hath on Christ bestow'd,
 And sent him from his throne above :
 Prophet and Priest, and King of Peace.
 Anointed to declare his will ;
 To minister his pardoning grace,
 And every sin-sick soul to heal.

- 3 Sinners, obey the heavenly call,
Your prison-door stand open wide;
Go forth, for he hath ransom'd all;
For every soul of man hath died.
- 4 'Tis his the drooping soul to raise,
To rescue all by sin oppress;
To clothe them with the robes of praise,
And give their weary spirits rest.
- 5 To help their grovelling unbelief;
Beauty for ashes to confer;
The oil of joy for abject grief;
Triumphant joy for sad despair.
- 6 To make them trees of righteousness,
The planting of the Lord below;
To spread the honour of his grace,
And on to full perfection grow.

SECTION II.

For Mourners convinced of Sin.

HYMN 108.

C. M.

- 1 **E**NSLAV'D to sense, to pleasure prone
Fond of created good:
Father, our helplessness we own,
And trembling taste our food.
- 2 Trembling we taste; for, ah! no more
To thee the creatures lead:
Chang'd, they exert a baneful power,
And poison while they feed.
- 3 Curs'd for the sake of wretched man,
They now engross him whole;
With pleasing force on earth detain,
And sensualize his soul.

CONVINCED OF SIN.

ling on earth we still must lie,
l Christ the curse repeal :
Christ, descending from on high,
ected nature heal.

1, then, our heavenly Adam, come,
y healing influence give ;
w our food, reverse our doom,
d bid us eat and live.

bondage of corruption break ;
r this our spirits groan ;
only will we fain would seek ;
save us from our own.

the full stream of nature's tide ;
t all our actions tend
lea our source : thy love the guide ;
y glory be the end.

i then a scale to heaven shall be ;
ase shall point out the road :
creatures all shall lead to thee,
d all we taste be God.

MN 109. 8 lines 7's, 6's, & 1-8.

/RETCHED, helpless, and distress,

Ah, whither shall I fly!

gasping after rest,
annot find it nigh :
d, sick, and poor, and blind,
st bound in sin and misery,
id of sinners, let me find
y help, my all in thee!

all unclean, unclean,
y purity I want,
whole heart is sick of sin,
! my whole head is faint:

Full of putrefying sores,
Of bruises, and of wounds, my soul
Looks to Jesus, help implores,
And gasps to be made whole.

- 3 In the wilderness I stray,
My foolish heart is blind;
Nothing do I know; the way
Of peace I cannot find:
Jesus, Lord, restore my sight,
And take, O take the veil away;
Turn my darkness into light,
My midnight into day.

- 4 Naked of thine image, Lord,
Forsaken and alone;
Unrenew'd and unrestor'd,
I have not thee put on:
Over me thy mantle spread,
Send down thy likeness from above;
Let thy goodness be display'd,
And wrap me in thy love.

- 5 Poor, alas, thou know'st I am,
And would be poorer still;
See my wretchedness and shame,
And all my vileness feel:
No good thing in me resides,
My soul is all an aching void,
Till thy Spirit here abides,
And I am fill'd with God.

- 6 Jesus, full of truth and grace,
In thee is all I want;
Be the wanderer's resting-place,
A cordial to the faint:
Make me rich, for I am poor;
In thee may I my Eden find;
To the dying, health restore,
And eye-sight to the blind.

- 7 Clothe me with thy holiness,
 Thy meek humility;
 Put on me thy glorious dress,
 Endue my soul with thee:
 Let thine image be restor'd,
 Thy name and nature let me prove;
 With thy fulness fill me, Lord,
 And perfect me in love.

HYMN 110. *8 Anst 7's, 6's, & 1-8.*

- 1 **J**ESUS, Friend of sinners, hear,
 Yet once again I pray;
 From my debt of sin set clear,
 For I have nought to pay:
 Speak, O speak the kind release;
 A poor backsliding soul restore:
 Love me freely, seal my peace,
 And bid me sin no more.
- 2 For my selfishness and pride
 Thou hast withdrawn thy grace;
 Left me long to wander wide,
 An outcast from thy face;
 But I now my sins confess,
 And mercy, mercy I implore: Love, &c.
- 3 Though my sins as mountains rise,
 And swell and reach to heaven,
 Mercy is above the skies,
 I may be still forgiven;
 Infinite my sins increase,
 But greater is thy mercy's store: Love, &c.
- 4 Sin's deceitfulness hath spread
 A hardness o'er my heart;
 But if thou thy Spirit shed,
 The stony shall depart:

Shed thy love, thy tenderness,
And let me feel thy softening power : Love, &c.

5 From the oppressive power of sin,
My struggling spirit free :
Perfect righteousness bring in,
Unspotted purity :
Speak, and all this war shall cease,
And sin shall give its raging o'er : Love, &c.

6 For this only thing I pray,
And this will I require,
Take the power of sin away,
Fill me with chaste desire ;
Perfect me in holiness ;
Thine image to my soul restore :
Love me freely, seal my peace,
And bid me sin no more.

HYMN 111. L. M.

- 1 **T**HUS saith the Lord ! Who seek the
Lamb,
Who follow after righteousness :
Look to the Rock from whence ye came,
The father of the faithful race.
- 2 Children of faithful *Abraham*, these,
Who dare expect salvation here :
The Lord shall give them gospel-peace,
And all his hopeless mourners cheer :
- 3 Shall soon his fallen *Sion* raise,
Her waste and des'late places build ;
Pour our the Spirit of his grace,
And make her wilds a fruitful field.
- 4 The barren souls shall be restor'd ;
The desert all renew'd shall rise :
Bloom as the garden of the Lord,
A fair terrestrial paradise.

ss and joy shall there be found ;
psgiving, and the voice of praise :
ice of melody shall sound,
every heart be fill'd with grace.
shall soon from him proceed,
ing, life-infusing Word :
uth that makes you free indeed,
eternal Spirit of your Lord.

roy he will cause to rest,
re all may see their sins forgiven :
ne, no more by guilt oppress,
less the light that leads to heaven.

112. 8 lines 7's, 6's, & 1-8.

Good Samaritan. Luke x. 30.

Oh is me ! what tongue can tell
My sad afflicted state !
My anguish can reveal,
My woes relate !
Among thieves I am,
They have robb'd me of my God ;
My glory into shame,
Left me in my blood.

Good Samaritan !
Thou art all my hope ;
Thou canst succour man,
Raise the fallen up :
Hear to my dying cry ;
Thou wilt compassionately see ;
Thou wilt not pass not by,
Thou wilt give help to thee.

Thou wilt journey 'st where I am,
Thou wilt move all thy bowels move :

Pity is with thee the sinner's friend,
 And all thy heart is love to him;
 Stoop to a poor sinner, stoop,
 And let thy healing grace abound;
 Heal my bruises, and bind up
 My spirit's every wound.

- 4 Saviour of my soul, draw nigh,
 In mercy haste to me;
 At the point of death I lie,
 And cannot come to thee;
 Now thy kind relief afford,
 The wine and oil of grace pour in;
 Good Physician, speak the word,
 And heal my soul of sin.

- 5 Pity to my dying cries
 Hath drawn thee from above;
 Hovering over me with eyes
 Of tenderness and love;
 Now, e'en now I see thy face;
 The balm of Gilead I receive:
 Thou hast sav'd me by thy grace,
 And bade the sinner live.

- 6 Surely now the bitterness
 Of second death is past;
 O my Life, my Righteousness,
 On thee my soul I cast;
 Thou hast brought me to thine inn,
 And I am of thy promise sure;
 Thou shalt cleanse me from all sin,
 And all my sickness cure.

- 7 Perfect, then, the work begun,
 And make the sinner whole;
 All thy will on me be done,
 My body, spirit, soul.

N 113. 6 lines 8's.

U, whom fain my soul would
e!

would gladly die to know ;
unbelief remove,
me, all thy goodness show :
elf in me reveal,
name, thy nature tell.

een with me, Lord, so long,
my Lord, have I not known!
with a faltering tongue ;
e in a feeble groan,
tell me who thou art !
hy name into my heart.

talkest by the way
an abject worm as me,
y of grace display :
e eyes that I may see :
understand thy word,
ry out—" It is the Lord !"

N 114. 6 lines 8's.

in whom the weary find
late, but permanent repose ;
the sin-sick mind,
y wants, assuage my woes ;
oul on thee be cast,
ce-tyranny be past.



- 2 Loos'd from my God, and far remov'd,
 Long have I wander'd to and fro;
 O'er earth in endless circles rov'd,
 Nor found whereon to rest below:
 Back to my God at last I fly;
 For, O, the waters still are high.
- 3 Selfish pursuits, and nature's maze,
 The things of earth for thee I leave;
 Put forth thy hand, thy hand of grace;
 Into the ark of love receive!
 Take this poor fluttering soul to rest,
 And lodge it, Saviour, in thy breast!
- 4 Fill with inviolable peace;
 'Stablish and keep my settled heart:
 In thee may all my wanderings cease,
 From thee no more may I depart:
 Thy utmost goodness call'd to prove,
 Lov'd with an everlasting love!

HYMN 115. 7's, 6's, & 1-8.

- 1 **L**ET the world their virtue boast,
 Their works of righteousness;
 I, a wretch undone and lost,
 Am freely sav'd by grace:
 Other title I disclaim;
 This, only this, is all my plea:
 I the chief of sinners am,
 But Jesus died for me.
- 2 Happy they whose joys abound,
 Like Jordan's swelling stream;
 Who their heaven in Christ have found,
 And give the praise to him:
 Meanest follower of the Lamb,
 His steps I at a distance see;
*I the chief sinners am,
 But Jesus died for me.*

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all is free ;

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e ;

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my plea,

lines 7's.

ying eye :

rows end :

ly ?

Friend ?

id ;

blind.

- 2 Didst thou ever see a soul
More in want of help than mine !
Then refuse to make me whole ;
Then withhold the balm divine ;
But, if I—do need thee most,
Come, and seek, and save the sin.
- 3 Haste, O haste to my relief ;
From the iron furnace take ;
Rid me of my sin and grief,
For thy love and mercy's sake ;
Set my heart at liberty,
Shew forth all thy power in me.
- 4 Me, the vilest of the race,
Most unholy, most unclean ;
Me, the farthest from thy face,
Full of misery and sin ;
Me with arms of love receive !
Me, of sinners chief, forgive.
- 5 Jesus, on thine only name,
For salvation I depend !
In thy gracious hands I am,
Save me, save me to the end ;
Let the utmost grace be given ;
Save me quite from hell to heaven.

HYMN 117. C. M.

- 1 **G**OD is in this and every place
But, O how dark and void
To me !—'Tis one great wilderness
This earth without my God.
- 2 Empty of him who all things fills,
Till he his light impart ;
*Till he his glorious self reveals,
The veil is on my heart.*

INCE OF SIN.

14

st and know'st my grief!
n, unknown,
s unbelief,
y the stone.

a gracious eye,
ht blessing give ;
he point to die,
ce and live.

y the Father's love,
eart abroad ;
of sin remove,
o God.

Psalm 4:8 & 2-6

faith, to thee I cry,
would'st not have me die,
e truth and live :
to see thy face ;
rt the saving grace ;
nall give.

ief I groan,
e a God unknown,
e veil remove ;
able impart,
une upon my heart,
at thy love.

is only thine,
is all divine :
ee we call,
est bestow,
to to feel and know
st died for ALL.

- 4 Thou bid'st us knock and enter in,
Come unto thee, and rest from sin,
The blessing seek and find:
Thou bid'st us ask thy grace, and
Thou canst, thou would'st this morn
Both me and all mankind.
- 5 Be it according to thy word;
Now let me find my pardoning Lord
Let what I ask be given:
The bar of unbelief remove,
Open the door of faith and love,
And take me into heaven!

HYMN 119.

C. M.

Before Private Prayer.

- 1 **F**ATHER of Jesus Christ, my
I humbly seek thy face;
Encourag'd by the Saviour's word
To ask thy pardoning grace.
- 2 Entering into my closet, I
The busy world exclude;
In secret prayer for mercy cry,
And groan to be renew'd.
- 3 Far from the paths of men, to thee
I solemnly retire;
See, thou who dost in secret see,
And grant my heart's desire.
- 4 Thy grace I languish to receive,
The Spirit of love and power,
Blameless before thy face to live,
To live and sin no more.
- 5 Fain would I all thy goodness feel
And know my sins forgiven!
*And do on earth thy perfect will,
As angels do in heaven.*

glorify thy Son,
 'till what I require :
 'till the gift send down,
 'till me by fire.

flame of love within,
 'till day to heaven ascend ;
 'till the work of grace begin,
 'till hall in glory end.

N 120. 6 lines 8's.

PORT, ye ministers of grace ;
 'till fort my people, saith your God !
 'till all see his smiling face ;
 'till en sceptre, not his rod ;
 'till when now the cloud's remov'd,
 'till hasten'd whom he lov'd.

'till n tears, in joy shall reap ;
 'till d shall comfort all that mourn :
 'till go on their way and weep,

'till they doubtless shall return ;
 'till their sheaves with vast increase,
 'till their fruit to holiness.

N 121. 6 lines 8's.

ND thy wings, celestial Dove,
 'till brooding o'er my nature's night,
 'till the ray of heavenly Love,
 'till in my dark soul be light ;
 'till in my dark soul be light ;
 'till in my dark soul be light ;

'till in my dark soul be light ;
 'till in my dark soul be light ;
 'till in my dark soul be light ;
 'till in my dark soul be light ;
 'till in my dark soul be light ;
 'till in my dark soul be light ;

- 3 Father of everlasting grace,
 Be mindful of thy changeless word
 We worship t'ward that Hely Place
 In which thou dost thy name recor
 Dost make thy gracious nature know
 That living temple of thy Son.
- 4 Thou dost with sweet complacence see
 The temple fill'd with light divine ;
 And art thou not well pleas'd with me,
 Who, turning to that heavenly Shri
 Through Jesus to thy throne apply,
 Through Jesus for acceptance cry?
- 5 With all who for redemption groan,
 Father, in Jesu's name we pray !
 And still we cry and wrestle on,
 Till mercy take our sins away :
 Hear from thy dwelling-place in heav
 And now pronounce our sins forgiven.

HYMN 122. 4 lines 8's & 2-6's

- 1 **O** THOU who hast our sorrows b
 Help us to look on thee, and m
 On thee whom we have slain ;
 Have pierc'd a thousand, thousand tin
 And by reiterated crimes
 Renew'd thy sacred pain.
- 2 Vouchsafe us eyes of faith to see
 The man transfix'd on Calvary !
 To know thee who thou art ;
 The One Eternal God and True ;
 And let the sight affect, subdue,
 And break my stubborn heart.
- 3 Lover of souls, to rescue mine,
 Reveal the charity divine,
 That suffer'd in my stead !

That made thy soul a sacrifice,
 And quench'd in death those flaming eyes.
 And bow'd that sacred head.

The veil of unbelief remove,
 And by thy manifested love,
 And by thy sprinkled blood,
 Destroy the love of sin in me,
 And get thyself the victory,
 And bring me back to God.

Now let thy dying love constrain
 My soul to love its God again,
 Its God to Glorify !
 And, lo ! I come thy cross to share,
 And thy sacrificial prayer,
 And with my Saviour die !

HYMN 123. C. M.

[ET there deem'd give thanks and praise
 To a forgiving God !
 My feeble voice I cannot raise,
 'Till wash'd in Jesu's blood :

'Till at thy coming from above,
 My mountain-sin depart,
 And fear gives place to filial love,
 And peace o'erflows my heart.

'Prisoner of Hope, I still attend
 The' appearance of my Lord,
 These endless doubts and fears to end,
 And speak my soul restor'd :

Restor'd by reconciling grace ;
 With present pardon blest ;
 And fitted by true holiness
 For my eternal rest.

- 5 The peace which man can ne'er concei
 The love and joy unknown,
 Now, Father, to thy servant give,
 And claim me for thine own.
- 6 My God, through Jesus pacify'd ;
 My God, thyself declare ;
 And draw me to his open side,
 And plunge the sinner there !

HYMN 124. 4 lines 8's & 2-6's.

- 1 **O** THAT I first of love possess'd,
 With my Redeemer's presence bl
 Might his salvation see !
 Before thou dost my soul require,
 Allow me, Lord, my heart's desire,
 And shew thyself to me.
- 2 Appear my sanctuary from sin :
 Open thine arms, and take me in ;
 In thy own presence hide ;
 Hide in the place where Moses stood,
 And shew me now the face of God,
 My Jesus pacify'd.
- 3 What but thy manifested grace,
 Can guilt, and fear, and sorrow chase,
 The cause of grief destroy ?—
 Thy mercy makes salvation sure ;
 Makes all my heart and nature pure,
 And fills with hallow'd joy.
- 4 Come, quickly, Lord, the veil remove !
 Pass as a God of pardoning love
 Before my ravish'd eyes ;
 And when I in thy person see
 Jehovah's glorious majesty,
 I find my paradise.

HYMN 125. C. M.

THAT I could my Lord receive,
 Who did the world redeem !
 gave his life that I might live
 He conceal'd in him !

t I could the blessing prove,
 heart's extreme desire ;
 happy in my Saviour's love,
 I in his arms expire !

y I ask to seal my peace,
 at, kept by mercy's power,
 from every evil cease,
 I never grieve thee more !

if thy gracious will it be,
 en now my sins remove ;
 set my soul at liberty,
 thy victorious love.

swer to ten thousand prayers,
 ou pardoning God descend !
 ber me with salvation's heirs,
 sins and troubles end !

ing I ask or want beside,
 all in earth or heaven :
 et me feel thy blood apply'd,
 and live and die forgiven.

HYMN 126. C. M.

ESUS, my hiding-place, to Thee
 I know not how to fly ;
 have I struggled to be free,
 found deliverance nigh.

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Aras 1000

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Aras

Whoe'er to thee themselves approve,
 Must take the path thy word hath shew'd :
 Justice pursue, and mercy love,
 And humbly walk by faith with God.
 But though my life henceforth be thine,
 Present for past can ne'er atone :
 Though I to thee the whole resign,
 I only give thee back thine own.
 What have I then wherein to trust ;
 I nothing have, I nothing am ;
 Excluded is my every boast ;
 My glory swallow'd up in shame.
 Guilty I stand before thy face ;
 On me I feel thy wrath abide ;
 'Tis just the sentence should take place,
 'Tis just ;—but, O, thy Son hath died !
 Jesus, the Lamb of God, hath bled,
 He bore our sins upon the tree ;
 Beneath our curse he bow'd his head ;
 'Tis finish'd ! he hath died for me !

As where before thy throne he stands,
 And pours the all-prevailing prayer !
 Comes to his side, and lifts his hands,
 And shews that I am graven there !
 He ever lives for me to pray ;
 He prays that I with him may reign :
 Listen, to what my Lord doth say !
 Jesus, thou canst not pray in vain.

HYMN 128. C. M.

WITH glorious clouds encompass'd
 round,
 Whom angels dimly see,
 Till the Unsearchable be found,
 Or God appear to me ?

- 2 Full oft, in fruitless fond desire,
I to the desert ran ;
But could not from myself retire,
Or 'scape the inner man.
- 3 O who shall bid this self depart,
This world of sin exclude ?
Employ, and make my peaceful heart
An holy solitude !
- 4 'Tis not the desert, or the cell,
Can hide me from my pain ;
I carry with me my own hell,
While pride and wrath remain.
- 5 Baffled, o'ercome, I yield at last,
I yield to *self*-despair ;
My unavailing strife is past,
And void returns my prayer.
- 6 A vile, unworthy worm, my eyes
I feebly lift to heaven ;
Let Him who sees me from the skies,
Speak all my sins forgiven.

HYMN 127. L. M.

- 1 **W**HEREWITH, O Lord, shall I draw
near,
And bow myself before thy face ?
How in thy purer eyes appear ?
What shall I bring to gain thy grace ?
- 2 Will gifts delight the Lord Most High ?
Will multiply'd oblations please ?
Thousands of rams his favour buy ;
Or slaughter'd hecatombs appease ?
- 3 Can these avert the wrath of God ?
Can these wash out my guilty stain ?
Rivers of oil, and seas of blood,
Alas ! they all must flow in vain.

OF SIN.

elves approve,
 y word hath shew'd:
 ercy love,
 y faith with God.
 enceforth be thine,
 a ne'er atone:
 whole resign,
 uck thine own.

herein to trust;
 nothing am;
 ry boast;
 'd up in shame.

re thy face;
 wrath abide;
 ce should take place,
 O, thy Son hath died!
 of God, hath bled,
 s upon the tree;
 e he bow'd his head;
 e hath died for me!

thy throne he stands,
 all-prevailing prayer!
 e, and lifts his hands,
 at I am graven there!

for me to pray;
 t I with him may reign:
 my Lord doth say!
 canst not pray in vain.

N 128.

C. M.

glorious clouds encompass'd
 round,
 els dimly see,
 earchable be found,
 ear to me?

- 2 Will he forsake his throne above,
Himself to worms impart?
Answer, thou Man of Grief and Love,
And speak it to my heart!
- 3 In manifested love explain
Thy wonderful design:
What meant the suffering Son of Man;
The streaming blood divine?
- 4 Didst thou not in our flesh appear,
And live and die below,
That I might now perceive thee near,
And my Redeemer know?
- 5 Come, then, and to my soul reveal
The heights and depths of grace:
The wounds which all my sorrows heal
That dear disfigur'd face.
- 6 Before my eyes of faith confest,
Stand forth a slaughter'd Lamb:
And wrap me in thy crimson vest,
And tell me all thy name.
- 7 Jehovah in thy Person shew,
Jehovah crucify'd!
And then the pardoning God I know,
And feel the blood apply'd.
- 8 I view the Lamb in his own light,
Whom angels dimly see;
And gaze, transported at the sight,
To all eternity.

HYMN 129. L. M.

- 1 **A** DAM descended from above!
Saviour and head of all mankind;
The covenant of redeeming love
In thee let every sinner find.

t paid
er ow'd :
ent made,
th thy blood.
Divine,
;
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save.

appear,
ays to see :
rrows cheer,
oner free.

ess sit,
ef;
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og grief.

to know,
n away ;
shew
y.

lines 8's.

ble, unknown,
yself from me ;
an,
r from thee ;
mourn,
turn.

only light,
le fear,
gulf of night,
l to cheer,
ve,
ous love.

- 3 A hidden God indeed thou art ;
 Thy absence I this moment feel :
 Yet must I own it from my heart,
 Conceal'd, thou art a Saviour still :
 And though thy face I cannot see,
 I know thine eye is fix'd on me.
- 4 My Saviour, thou, though not reveal'd,
 Yet will I thee my Saviour call :
 Adore thy hand, from sin withheld ;
 Thy hand shall save me from my fall :
 Now, Lord, throughout my darkness shine,
 And shew thyself for ever mine.

HYMN 131. L. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, I despair myself to heal ;
 I see my sin, but cannot feel :
 I cannot, till thy Spirit blow,
 And bid the' obedient waters flow.
- 2 'Tis thine a heart of flesh to give :
 Thy gifts I only can receive ;
 Here then to thee I all resign,
 To draw, redeem, and seal—are thine.
- 3 With simple faith on thee I call ;
 My Light, my Life, my Lord, my all :
 I wait the moving of the pool ;
 I wait the Word that speaks me whole.
- 4 Speak, gracious Lord, my sickness cure ;
 Make my infected nature pure :
 Peace, righteousness, and joy impart,
 And pour thyself into my heart !

HYMN 132. L. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, the sinner's friend, to thee,
 Lost, and undone, for aid I flee :
 Weary of earth, myself, and sin ;
 Open thine arms, and take me in.

Pity, and heal my sin-sick soul ;
 'Tis thou alone canst make me whole ;
 Fallen, till in me thine image shine,
 And lost I am, till thou art mine.

Awake, the Woman's conquering Seed,
 Awake, and bruise the serpent's head !
 Tread down thy foes, with power control
 The beast and devil in my soul.

The mansion for thyself prepare,
 Dispose my heart by entering there ;
 'Tis this alone can make me clean ;
 'Tis this alone can cast out sin.

At last I own it cannot be
 That I should fit myself for thee :
 Here then to thee I all resign ;
 Thine is the work, and only thine.

What shall I say thy grace to move ?
 Lord, I am sin—but thou art love :
 I give up every plea beside,
 " Lord, I am lost, but thou hast died."

HYMN 133.

L. M.

JESU, whose glory's streaming rays,
 Tho' duteous to thy high command,
 Not seraphs view with open face,
 But veil'd before thy presence stand !

How shall weak eyes of flesh, weigh'd down
 With sin, and dim with error's night,
 Dare to behold thy awful throne,
 Or view thy unapproached light ?

*Restore my sight : let thy free grace
 An entrance to the holiest give ;*

Open mine eyes of faith :—thy face
So shall I see ; yet seeing, live.

- 4 Thy golden sceptre from above
Reach forth ; lo ! my whole heart I b
Say to my soul, “ Thou art my love ;
My chosen ’midst ten thousand, thou
- 5 O Jesus, full of grace ! the sighs
Of a sick heart, with pity view !
Hark ! how my silence speaks ;—and c
“ Mercy, thou God of mercy, shew.
- 6 I know thou canst not but be good !
How should’st thou, Lord, thy grace
strain ?
Thou, Lord, whose blood so freely flow
To save me from all guilt and pain.

HYMN 134. 6 lines 8’s.

- 1 **J**ESUS, if still the same thou art,
If all thy promises are sure,
Set up thy kingdom in my heart,
And make me rich, for I am poor :
To me be all thy treasures given,
The kingdom of an inward heaven.
- 2 Thou hast pronounc’d the mourner blest
And, lo ! for thee I ever mourn,
I cannot—no, I will not rest,
Till thou, my only Rest, return ;
Till thou, the Prince of Peace, appear,
And I receive the Comforter.
- 3 Where is the blessedness, bestow’d
On all that hunger after thee ?
I hunger now, I thirst for God,
See, the poor fainting sinner see,
And satisfy with endless peace,
And fill me with thy righteousness.

- 4 Ah, Lord,—if thou art in that sigh,
Then hear thyself within me pray;
Hear in my heart thy Spirit's cry;
Mark what my labouring soul would say;
Answer the deep, unutter'd groan,
And shew that thou and I are one.
- 5 Shine on thy work, disperse the gloom;
Light in thy light I then shall see;
Say to my soul, "Thy light is come;
"Glory divine is risen on thee:
"Thy warfare's past; thy mourning's o'er;
"Look up, for thou shalt weep no more."
- 6 Lord, I believe the promise sure,
And trust thou wilt not long delay:
Hungry, and sorrowful, and poor,
Upon thy Word myself I stay;
Into thy hands my all resign,
And wait till all thou art is mine.

HYMN 135. C. M.

FIRST PART.

- 1 **J**ESU, if still thou art to-day,
As yesterday, the same,
Present to heal, in me display
The virtue of thy Name.
- 2 If still thou goest about to do,
Thy needy creatures good,
On me, that I thy praise may shew,
Be all thy wonders shew'd.
- 3 Now, Lord, to whom for help I call,
Thy miracles repeat;—
With pitying eyes behold me fall
A leper at thy feet.
- 4 Loathsome, and vile, and self-abberr'd,
I sink beneath my sin;

- But if thou wilt, a gracious word
Of thine, can make me clean.
- 5 Thou seest me deaf to thy command,
Open, O Lord, my ear ;
Bid me stretch out my wither'd hand,
And lift it up in prayer.
- 6 Silent, (alas ! thou know'st how long,)
My voice I cannot raise :
But, O ! when thou shalt loose my tongue
The dumb shall sing thy praise.
- 7 Lame at the pool, I still am found :
Give, and my strength employ ;
Light as a hart I then shall bound ;
The lame shall leap for joy.
- 8 Blind from my birth to guilt and thee,
And dark I am within :
The love of God I cannot see,
The sinfulness of sin.
- 9 But thou, they say, art passing by ;
O let me find thee near ;
Jesu, in mercy hear my cry,
Thou Son of David, hear !
- 10 Behold me waiting in the way,
For thee, the heavenly Light ;
Command me to be brought, and say,
" Sinner, receive thy sight !"

HYMN 136.

C. M.

SECOND PART.

- 1 **W**HILE dead in trespasses I lie,
Thy quick'ning Spirit give ;
Call me, thou Son of God, that I
May hear thy voice, and live.
- 2 While full of anguish and disease,
My weak, distemper'd soul
Thy love compassionately sees,
O let it make me whole !

3 Cast out thy foes, and let them still
To Jesu's Name submit;
Clothe with thy righteousness, and heal,
And place me at thy feet.

4 To Jesu's Name, if all things now
A trembling homage pay;
O let my stubborn spirit bow,
My stiff-neck'd will obey!

5 Impotent, dumb, and deaf, and blind,
And sick, and poor I am:
But sure a remedy to find
For all in Jesu's Name.

6 I know in thee all falseness dwells,
And all for wretched men:
Fill every want thy spirit feels,
And break off every chain.

7 If thou impart thyself to me,
No other good I need:
If thou, the Son, shalt make me free,
I shall be free indeed.

8 I cannot rest, till in thy blood
I full redemption have;
But thou, through whom I come to God,
Canst to the utmost save.

9 From sin, the guilt, the power, the pain,
Thou wilt redeem my soul:
Lord, I believe, and not in vain:
My faith shall make me whole.

10 I too, with thee, shall walk in white,
With all thy saints shall prove,
What is the length, and breadth, and height,
And depth of perfect love.

HYMN 137. S. M.

- 1 **W**HEN shall thy love constrain,
And force me to thy breast?
When shall my soul return again
To her eternal rest.
- 2 Ah! what avails my strife,
My wandering to and fro?
Thou hast the words of endless life:
Ah! whither should I go?
- 3 Thy condescending grace
To me did freely move;
It calls me still to seek thy face,
And stoops to ask my love.
- 4 Lord, at thy feet I fall;
I groan to be ~~set~~ free;
I fain would now obey the call,
And give up all for thee.
- 5 To rescue me from woe,
Thou didst with all things part;
Didst lead a suffering life below,
To gain my worthless heart.
- 6 My worthless heart to gain,
The God of all that breathe,
Was found in fashion as a man,
And died a cursed death.
- 7 And can I yet delay,
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away,
For Jesus to receive?
- 8 Nay, but I yield, I yield,
I can hold out no more:
I sink, by dying love compell'd,
And own Thee conqueror.

h late, I all forsake,
friends, my all resign ;
us Redeemer, take, O take,
seal me ever thine.

and possess me whole,
hence again remove :
and fix my wavering soul
in all thy weight of love.

e desire be this,
only love to know ;
k and taste no other bliss,
other good below.
fe, my Portion thou,
u all-sufficient art ;
ope, my heavenly Treasure, now
er and keep my heart.

HYMN 138. C. M.

Part First.

AT thou wouldst the heavens rent,
majesty come down ;
ut thine arm omnipotent,
ize me for thine own.

and let thy lightnings burn
able of thy foe ;
o'erturn, o'erturn, o'erturn,
ake the mountains flow !

impetuous spirit guide,
rb my headstrong will ;
y canst drive back the tide,
d the sun stand still.

ugh I cannot break my chain,
throw off my load ;
s impossible to men,
ible to God.

- 5 Is there a thing too hard for thee,
Almighty Lord of all ;
Whose threatening looks dry up the sea,
And make the mountains fall ?
- 6 Who, who shall in thy presence stand,
And match Omnipotence ?
Ungrasp the hold of thy right hand,
Or pluck the sinner thence ?
- 7 Sworn to destroy, let earth assail ;
Nearer to save thou art :
Stronger than all the powers of hell,
And greater than my heart.
- 8 Lo ! to the hills I lift mine eye ;
Thy promis'd aid I claim :
Father of Mercies, glorify
Thy favourite Jesu's Name.
- 9 Salvation in that Name is found,
Balm of my grief and care ;
A medicine for my every wound,
All, all I want is there.

HYMN 139. C. M.

Part Second.

- 1 **J**ESU ! Redeemer, Saviour, Lord,
The weary sinner's Friend ;
Come to my help, pronounce the word,
And bid my troubles end.
- 2 Deliv'rance to my soul proclaim,
And life and liberty ;
Shed forth the virtue of thy Name,
And Jesus prove to me !
- 3 Faith to be heal'd, thou know'st I have ;
For thou that faith hast given :
Thou canst, thou wilt the sinner save,
And make me meet for heaven.

- 4 Thou canst o'ercome this heart of mine ;
 Thou wilt victorious prove ;
 For everlasting strength is thine,
 And everlasting love.
- 5 Thy powerful Spirit shall subdue
 Unconquerable sin ;
 Cleanse this foul heart, and make it new,
 And write thy law within.
- 6 Bound down with twice ten thousand ties,
 Yet let me hear thy call ;
 My soul in confidence shall rise,
 Shall rise and break through all.
- 7 Speak, and the deaf shall hear thy voice,
 The blind his sight receive ;
 The dumb in songs of praise rejoice ;
 The heart of stone believe.
- 8 The Ethiop then shall change his skin ;
 The dead shall feel thy power ;
 The loathsome leper shall be clean,
 And I shall sin no more.

HYMN 140. 6 lines 8's.

Wrestling Jacob. Part First.

- 1 **C**OME, O thou Traveller, unknown,
 Whom still I hold, but cannot see!
 My company before is gone,
 And I am left alone with thee :
 With thee all night I mean to stay,
 And wrestle till the break of day.
- 2 I need not tell thee who I am ;
 My misery and sin declare ;
 Thyself hath call'd me by my name,
Look on thy hands, and read it there :
But who, I ask thee, who art Thou ?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

- 3 In vain thou strugglest to get free,
 I never will unloose my hold ;
 Art thou the Man that died for me ?
 The secret of thy love unfold :
 Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
 Till I thy Name, thy Nature know.
- 4 Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
 Thy new, unutterable Name ?
 Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell :
 To know it now, resolv'd I am :
 Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
 Till I thy Name, thy Nature know.
- 5 What though my shrinking flesh complain,
 And murmur to contend so long ;
 I rise superior to my pain ;
 When I am weak, then I am strong !
 And when my all of strength shall fail,
 I shall with the God-Man prevail.

HYMN 141.

Part Second.

- 1 **Y**IELD to me now, for I am weak ;
 But confident in self-despair ;
 Speak to my heart, in blessings speak ;
 Be conquer'd by my instant prayer :
 Speak, or thou never hence shalt move,
 And tell me if thy Name be Love.
- 2 'Tis Love: 'tis Love: thou diedst for me ;
 I hear thy whisper in my heart ;
 The morning breaks, the shadows flee,
 Pure, universal Love thou art :
 To me, to all, thy bowels move,
 Thy Nature and thy Name is Love.
- 3 *My prayer hath power with God ; the grace*
Unspeakable I now receive ;

Through faith I see thee face to face ;
 I see thee face to face, and live !
 In vain I have not wept and strove ;
 Thy Nature and thy Name is Love.

4 I know thee, Saviour, who thou art,
 Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend :
 Nor wilt thou with the night depart,
 But stay and love me to the end :
 Thy mercies never shall remove,
 Thy Nature and thy Name is Love.

5 The Sun of Righteousness on me
 Hath rose, with healing in his wings ;
 Wither'd my nature's strength : from thee
 My soul its life and succour brings ;
 My help is all laid up above ;
 Thy Nature and thy Name is Love.

6 Contented now upon my thigh
 I halt, till life's short journey end ;
 All helplessness, all weakness, I
 On thee alone for strength depend ;
 Nor have I power from thee to move ;
 Thy Nature and thy Name is Love.

7 Lame as I am, I take the prey ;
 Hell, earth, and sin, with ease o'ercome ;
 I leap for joy, pursue my way,
 And, as a bounding hart, fly home ;
 Through all eternity to prove
 Thy Nature and thy Name is Love.

HYMN 142. 8 lines all 7's.

1 **D**ROOPING soul, shake off thy fears ;
 Fearful soul, be strong, be bold ;
 Tarry till thy Lord appears,
 Never, never quit thy hold !
 Mourn not at his delay,
 Dure not set thy God a time:

- Calmly for his coming stay,
Leave it, leave it all to him.
- 2 Fainting soul, be bold, be strong ;
Wait the coming of thy Lord ;
Though it seem to tarry long,
True and faithful is his Word !
On his Word my soul I cast,
(He cannot himself deny,)
Surely it shall speak at last ;
It shall speak, and shall not lie.
- 3 Every one that seeks, shall find ;
Every one that asks, shall have
Christ, the Saviour of mankind,
Willing, able, all to save :
I shall his salvation see ;
I in faith on Jesus call ;
I from sin shall be set free,
Perfectly set free from all.
- 4 Lord, my time is in thine hand,
Weak and helpless as I am ;
Surely thou canst make me stand ;
I believe in Jesu's Name :
Saviour in temptation thou,
Thou hast sav'd me heretofore ;
Thou from sin dost save me now ;
Thou shalt save me evermore.

HYMN 143. 8 lines all 7's.

- 1 **J**ESU, Lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high :
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past ;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stay'd;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head,
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind:
Just and holy is thy Name;
I am all unrighteousness:
False and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart,

Rise to all eternity.

HYMN 144. 6 lines 4-8's & 2-6's.

1 **T**HOU, Jesu, thee, the sinner's Friend,
I follow on to apprehend,
Renew the glorious strife;
Divinely confident and bold,
With faith's strong arm on thee lay hold,
Thee, my eternal life.

2 *Thy heart, I know, thy tender heart
Doth in my sorrow feel its part,
And at my tears relent!*

My powerful sighs thou canst not bear,
Nor stand the violence of my prayer,
My prayer omnipotent.

- 3 Give me the grace, the love I claim;
Thy Spirit now demands thy Name !
Thou know'st the Spirit's will ;
He helps my soul's infirmity,
And strongly intercedes for me,
With groans unspeakable.

- 4 Answer, O Lord, thy Spirit's groan !
O make to me thy Nature known,
Thy hidden Name impart !
(Thy Name and Nature are the same,)
Tell me thy Nature, and thy Name,
And write it on my heart.

- 5 Prisoner of hope, to thee I turn,
And, calmly confident, I mourn,
And pray, and weep for thee ;
Tell me thy love, thy secret tell,
Thy mystic Name in me reveal,
Reveal thyself in me.

- 6 Descend, pass by me, and proclaim,
O Lord of Hosts, thy glorious Name,
" The Lord, the gracious Lord ;
" Long-suffering, merciful, and kind,
" The God who always bears in mind
" His everlasting Word."

- 7 Plenteous he is in truth and grace ;
He wills that all the fallen race
Should turn, repent, and live :
His pardoning grace for all is free :
Transgression, sin, iniquity,
He freely doth forgive.

ercy he doth for thousands keep :
 e goes and seeks the one lost sheep,
 And brings his wanderer home :
 nd every soul that sheep might be ;
 ome then, my Lord, and gather me,
 My Jesus, quickly come.

ake me into thy people's rest,
 come, and with my sole request,
 My one desire comply :
 ake me partaker of my hope,
 hen bid me get me quickly up,
 And on thy bosom die.

HYMN 145. 6 lines 4-8's & 2-6's.

) JESUS, let me bless thy Name !
 All sin, alas ! thou know'st I am,
 But thou all pity art :
 urn into flesh my heart of stone :
 uch power belongs to thee alone ;
 Turn into flesh my heart.

poor, unloving wretch, to thee
 or help against myself I flee !
 Thou only canst remove
 he hind'rances out of the way,
 nd soften my unyielding clay,
 And mould it into love.

let thy Spirit shed abroad
 he love, the perfect love of God,
 In this cold heart of mine :
 ight he now descend, and rest,
 nd dwell for ever in my breast,
 And make it all divine.

hat shall I do my suit to gain ?
 Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
 I plead what thou hast done :

Didst thou not die the death for me?
 Jesus, remember Calvary,
 And break my heart of stone.

- 5 Take the dear purchase of thy Blood,
 My Friend and Advocate with God,
 My Ransom and my Peace:
 Surety, who all my debt hast paid,
 For all my sins atonement made,
 The Lord my Righteousness.

HYMN 146. 6 lines 4-8's & 2-6's.

- 1 **S**TILL, Lord, I languish for thy grace
 Reveal the beauties of thy face,
 The middle wall remove:
 Appear, and banish my complaint;
 Come, and supply my only want,
 Fill all my soul with love!
- 2 O! conquer this rebellious will:
 Willing thou art, and ready still,
 Thy help is always nigh:
 The stony from my heart remove,
 And give me, Lord, O give me love,
 Or at thy feet I die.
- 3 To thee I lift my mournful eye:
 Why am I thus?—O, tell me why
 I cannot love my God?
 The hind'rance must be all in me;
 It cannot in my Saviour be;
 Witness that streaming blood!
- 4 It cost thy blood my heart to win;
 To buy me from the power of sin,
 And make me love again:
 Come, then, my Lord, thy right assert
 Take to thyself my ransom'd heart;
 Nor bleed, nor die in vain!

Open the intercourse between
My longing soul and thee,
Never to be broke off again
To all eternity.

HYMN 170. 6 lines 8's.

O 'TIS enough, my God, my God !
Here let me give my wanderings o'er ;
No longer trample on thy blood,
And grieve thy gentleness no more ;
No more thy lingering anger move,
Or sin against thy light and love,
O Lord, if mercy is with thee,
Now let it all on me be shewn !
On me, the chief of sinners, me,
Who humbly for thy mercy groan :
Me to thy Father's grace restore ;
Nor let me ever grieve thee more !
Fountain of unexhausted love,
Of infinite compassion, hear :
My Saviour and my Prince above,
Once more in my behalf appear ;
Repentance, faith, and pardon give,
O, let me turn again and live !

HYMN 171. 6 lines 8's.

O GOD, if thou art love indeed !
Let it once more be prov'd in me,
That I thy mercy's praise may spread,
For every child of Adam free ;
O, let me now the gift embrace ;
O, let me now be sav'd by grace.
If all long-suffering thou hast shewn
On me, that others may believe,
Now make thy loving-kindness known,
Now the all-conquering Spirit give ;
part of victory and pow'r,
that I may never grieve thee more

- 3 Grant my importunate request ;
 It is not my desire, but thine ;
 Since thou wouldst have the sinner blest,
 Now let me in thine image shine :
 Nor ever from thy footsteps move,
 But more than conquer through thy love
- 4 Be it according to thy will !
 Set my imprison'd spirit free ;
 (The counsel of thy grace fulfil ;)
 Into thy glorious liberty,
 My spirit, soul, and flesh restore,
 And I shall never grieve thee more.

HYMN 172. S. M.

- 1 **O** UNEXHAUSTED Grace !
 O Love unspeakable !
 I am not gone to my own place ;
 I am not yet in hell !
 Earth doth not open yet,
 My soul to swallow up ;
 And, hanging o'er the the burning pit,
 I still am forc'd to hope.
- 2 I hope at last to find
 The kingdom from above ;
 The settled peace, the constant mind,
 The everlasting love ;
 The sanctifying grace,
 That makes me meet for home :
 I hope to see thy glorious face,
 Where sin can never come.
- 3 What shall I do to keep
 The blessed hope I feel ?
 Still let me pray, and watch, and weep,
 And serve thy pleasure still ;
 O may I never grieve
 My kind long-suffering Lord,
 But steadfastly to Jesus cleave,
 And answer all his Word

Himself is here their great reward,
Their future and their present heaven.

HYMN 150. C. M.

THOU hidden God, for whom I groan,
Till thou thyself declare;
God, inaccessible, unknown,
Regard a sinner's prayer!
A sinner wett'ring in his blood,
Unpurged and unforgiv'n;
Far distant from the living God,
As far as hell from heaven.
An unregenerate child of man,
To thee for faith I call:
Pity thy fallen creature's pain,
And raise me from my fall,
The darkness which through thee I feel,
Thou only canst remove;
Thy own eternal power reveal,
Thy everlasting love.

**Thou hast in unbelief shut up,
That grace may let me go;
In hope, believing against hope,
I wait the truth to know.
Thou wilt in me reveal thy name,
Thou wilt thy light afford;
Bound and oppress, yet thine I am,
The prisoner of the Lord.
I would not to thy foe submit;
I hate the tyrant's chain;
Send forth the prisoners from the pit,
Nor let me cry in vain!
Shew me the blood that bought my peace,
The covenant blood apply,
And all my griefs at once shall cease,
And all my sins shall die.**

- 5 Now, Lord, if thou art power, descend :
 The mountain, sin, remove ;
 My unbelief and troubles end,
 If thou art Truth and Love.
 Speak, Jesus, speak, into my heart,
 What thou for me hast done ;
 A ray of living faith impart,
 And God is all my own.

HYMN 151. 6 lines, 2-6's & 4-7's.

- 1 **O**UT of the deep I cry,
 Just at the point to die ;
 Hastening to infernal pain,
 Jesus, Lord, I cry to thee ;
 Help a feeble child of man ;
 Shew forth all thy power in me.
- 2 On thee I ever call,
 Saviour and Friend of all ;
 Well thou know'st my desperate case ;
 Thou my curse and sin remove ;
 Save me by thy richest grace,
 Manifest thy pardoning love.
- 3 How shall a sinner find
 The Saviour of mankind ?
 Canst thou not accept the prayer ?
 Not bestow the grace I claim ?
 Where are thy old mercies ? Where
 All the power of Jesu's Name ?
- 4 What shall I say to move
 The bowels of thy love ?
 Are they not already mov'd ?
 Have I in thy death no part ?
 Am I not already lov'd ?
 Ask the yearnings of thy heart.
- 5 I will not let thee go
 Till I thv mercy know ;

Let me hear the welcome sound,
 Speak, if still thou canst forgive ;
 Speak, and let the lost be found ;
 Speak, and let the dying live.

- 6 Thy love is all my plea ;
 Thy passion speaks for me :
 By thy pangs and bloody sweat ;
 By thy depth of grief unknown,
 Save me, gasping at thy feet ;
 Save, O save thy ransom'd one !

- 7 What hast thou done for me !
 O, think on Calvary !
 By thy mortal groans and sighs,
 By thy precious death I pray ;
 Hear my dying spirit's cries,
 Take, O take my sins away !

HYMN 152. S. M.

- 1 **A**H ! whither should I go,
 Burden'd, and sick, and faint ;
 To whom should I my troubles shew,
 And pour out my complaint ?
 My Saviour bids me come,
 Ah ! why do I delay ?
 He calls the weary sinner home,
 And yet from him I stay !
- 2 What is it keeps me back,
 From which I cannot part ?
 Which will not let the Saviour take
 Possession of my heart ?
 Some cursed thing unknown,
 Must surely lurk within ;
 Some idol, which I will not own,
 Some *secret bosom sin*,
- 3 *Jesus, the hind'rance shew,*
Which I have fear'd to see ;

Yet let me now consent to know
 What keeps me back from thee,
 Searcher of hearts, in mine
 Thy trying power display ;
 Into its darkest corners shine,
 And take the veil away.

- 4 I now believe in thee
 Compassion reigns alone ;
 According to my faith, to me
 O let it, Lord, be done :
 In me is all the bar,
 Which thou wouldst fain remove ;
 Remove it, and I shall declare
 That God is only love.

HYMN 153. S. M.

- 1 **L**O! in thy hand I lay,
 And wait thy will to prove ;
 My Potter, stamp on me, thy clay,
 Thy only stamp of love !
 Be this my whole desire :
 I know that it is thine :
 Then kindle in my soul a fire,
 Which shall for ever shine.
- 2 Thy gracious readiness
 To save mankind assert ;
 Thy image, love—thy name impress,
 Thy nature on my heart.
 Father of mercies, hear !
 Into my soul come down :
 Let it throughout my life appear
 That I have Christ put on.
- 3 O plant in me thy mind ;
 O fix me in thy home !
 So shall I cry to all mankind,

Jesus is full of grace ;
 To all his bowels move ;
 Behold in me, ye fallen race,
 That God is only Love.

HYMN 154. 6 lines 8's.

- 1 **F**AIN would I leave the world below,
 Of pain and sin the dark abode ;
 Where shadowy joy, or solid woe,
 Allures, or tears me from my God !
 Doubtful and insecure of bliss,
 Since faith alone confirms me his.
- 2 Till then, to sorrow born, I sigh,
 And gasp, and languish after home !
 Upward I send my streaming eye,
 Expecting till the Bridegroom come :
 Come quickly, Lord ! thy own receive ;
 Now let me see thy face, and live.
- 3 Absent from thee, my exil'd soul

Deep in a fleshly dungeon groans :
 Around me clouds of darkness roll,
 And lab'ring silence speaks my moans.
 Come quickly, Lord ! thy face display,
 And seek my darkness into day.

- 4 Sorrow, and sin, and death are o'er,
 If thou reverse the creature's doom ;
 Sad Rachel weeps her loss no more,
 If thou, the God, the Saviour, come ;
 Of thee possess, in thee we prove
 The light, the life, the heaven of love.

HYMN 155. L. M.

- 1 **G**OD of my life, what just return
 Can sinful dust and ashes give !
 I only live my sin to mourn ;
 To let my God I only live.

- 2 To thee, benign and saving Power,
I consecrate my lengthen'd days ;
While mark'd with blessings, every hour
Shall speak thy co-extended praise.
- 3 Be all my added life employ'd
Thine image in my soul to see :
Fill with thyself the mighty void :
Enlarge my heart to compass thee.
- 4 O give me, Saviour, give me more:
Thy mercies to my soul reveal :
Alas ! I *see* their endless store ;
But, O, I cannot, cannot *feel*.
- 5 The blessing of thy love bestow,
For this my cries shall never fail ;
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
I will not, till my suit prevail.
- 6 I'll weary thee with my complaint ;
Here at thy feet for ever lie ;
With longing, sick ; with groaning, faint ;
O give me love, or else I die.
- 7 Come then, my Hope, my Life, my Lord,
And fix in me thy lasting home :
Be mindful of thy gracious word ;
Thou, with thy promis'd Father, come.
- 8 Prepare, and then possess my heart ;
O take me, seize me from above ;
Thee may I love, for God thou art ;
Thee may I feel ; for God is love.

HYMN 156. 6 lines 7's.

- 1 **O** DISCLOSE thy lovely face,
 Quicken all my drooping powers :
 Gasps my fainting soul for grace,
 As a thirsty land for showers :
 Haste, my Lord, no more delay ;
 Come, my Saviour, come away.
- 2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
 Unaccompanied by thee :
 Joyless is the day's return,
 Till thy mercy's beams I see ;
 Till thou inward life impart,
 Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.
- 3 Visit, then, this soul of mine,
 Pierce the gloom of sin and grief :
 Fill me, Radiance divine ;
 Scatter all my unbelief :
 More and more thyself display,
 Shining to the perfect day.

HYMN 157. L. M.

- 1 **M**Y sufferings all to thee are known,
 Tempted in every point like me ;
 Regard my grief, regard thy own ;
 Jesus, remember Calvary !
- 2 O call to mind thy earnest prayers ;
 Thy agony and sweat of blood :
 Thy strong and bitter cries and tears ;
 Thy mortal groan, " My God ! my God ! "
- 3 For whom didst thou the cross endure ?
 Who nail'd thy body to the tree ?
 Did not thy death my life procure ?
 O let thy bowels answer me !

- 4 Art thou not touch'd with human woe?
Hath pity left the Son of Man?
Dost thou not all my sorrows know,
And claim a share in all my pain?
- 5 Have I not heard, have I not known,
That thou, the everlasting Lord,
Whom heaven and earth their Maker own,
Art always faithful to thy Word?
- 6 Thou wilt not break a bruised reed,
Or quench the smallest spark of grace,
Till through the soul thy power is spread,
Thy all-victorious righteousness.
- 7 The day of small and feeble things,
I know thou never will despise;
I know, with healing in his wings,
The Sun of Righteousness shall rise.
- 8 With labour faint, thou wilt not fail,
Or, wearied, give the sinner o'er,
Till in this earth thy judgments dwell,
And, born of God, I sin no more.

HYMN 158. 8 lines 7's.

- 1 **O** MY God, what must I do?
Thou alone the way canst shew;
Thou canst save me in this hour;
I have neither will nor power:
God, if over all thou art,
Greater than my sinful heart,
Let thy power on me be shewn,
'Take away the heart of stone.

*Take away my darling sin,
Make me willing to be clean:*

ke me willing to receive
 thy goodness waits to give :
 ce me, Lord, with all to part ;
 r these idols from my heart ;
 v thy love Almighty shew,
 ke even me a creature new.

us, mighty to renew,
 rk in me to will and do :
 n my nature's rapid tide ;
 n the torrent of my pride ;
 p the whirlwind of my will ;
 ak, and bid the sun stand still :
 v thy love Almighty shew,
 ke even me a creature new.

n of God, thy strength put on :
 v the heavens, and come down ;
 mine unbelief o'erthrow,
 y the' aspiring mountains low ;
 quier thy worst foe in me,
 t thyself the victory ;
 e the vilest of the race ;
 ce me to be sav'd by grace. !

HYMN 159. 6 lines 8's.

AY to thy hand, O God of Grace !
 A O God, the work is worthy thee ;
 e at thy feet, of all the race
 The chief, the vilest sinner see ;
 d let me all thy mercy prove,
 ine utmost miracle of love.

eak, and a holy thing and clean
 shall *strangely* be brought out of me ;
 ' *Ethiop* soul shall change her skin,
 'redeem'd from all iniquity ;

1. even I, shall then proclaim
The wonders wrought by Jesu's Name.
- 3 Thee I shall then for ever praise,
In spirit and in truth adore :
While all I am declares thy grace,
And born of God, I sin no more :
Thy pure and heavenly nature share,
And fruit unto perfection bear.

HYMN 160. 4 lines, 10's & 12's.

- 1 **O** JESUS, my hope, For me offer'd up.
Who with clamour pursu'd thee to
Calvary's top :
The blood thou hast shed, For me let it plead.
And declare thou hast died in thy murderer's
stead.

- 2 Come then from above, The stony remove,
And vanquish my heart with the sense of thy
love.

Thy love on the tree, Display unto me,
And the servant of sin in a moment is free.

- 3 Neither passion nor pride Thy cross can
abide,
But melts in the fountain that streams from
thy side :

Let thy life-giving blood Remove all my load,
And purge my foul conscience, and bring me
to God.

- 4 Now, now, let me know Its virtue below !
Let it wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow ;
Let it hallow my heart, And thoroughly convert.
And make me, O Lord, in the world as thou art.

5 Each moment applied, My weakness to hide.
Thy blood be upon me, and always abide :

My advocate prove With the Father above.
And speak me at last to the throne of thy love.

HYMN 161. L. M.

- 1 **S**TAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite.
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.
- 2 Though I have steel'd my stubborn heart,
And still shook off my guilty fears ;
And vex'd, and urg'd thee to depart,
For many long rebellious years :
- 3 Though I have most unfaithful been,
Of all whoe'er thy grace receiv'd ;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen ;
Ten thousand times thy goodness griev'd :
- 4 Yet, O ! the chief of sinners spare,
In honour of my great High Priest ;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
To' exclude me from thy people's rest
- 5 This only woe I deprecate ;
This only plague I pray remove :
Nor leave me in my lost estate ;
Nor curse me with this want of love .
- 6 Now, Lord, my weary soul release,
Upraise me with thy gracious hand.
And guide into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promis'd land.

HYMN 162. S. M.

- 1 **O** MY offended God,
If now at last I see
That I have trampled on thy blood,
And done despite to Thee ;
If I begin to wake
Out of my deadly sleep,
Into thy arms of mercy take,
And there for ever keep.

- 2 No other right have I
Than what the world may claim;
All, all may to their God draw nigh,
Through faith in Jesu's name:
Thou all the debt hast paid;
This is my only plea;
The cov'nant, God in Thee hath made,
With all mankind, and me.
- 3 Thou hast obtain'd the grace
That all may turn and live,
And, lo! thy offer I embrace,
'Thy mercy I receive.
Whene'er the wicked man
Turns from his sins to Thee,
His late repentance is not vain,
He shall accepted be.
- 4 Thy death hath bought the power
For every sinful soul,
That all may know the gracious hour,
And be by faith made whole:
Thou hast for sinners died,
That all might come to God,
'The cov'nant thou hast ratified,
And seal'd it with thy blood.
- 5 He that believes in thee,
And doth till death endure,
He shall be sav'd eternally,
The covenant is sure;
The mountains shall give place,
'Thy covenant cannot move,
The covenant of thy general grace,
Thy all-redeeming Love.

HYMN 163. L. M.

- 1 **W**HEN, gracious Lord, when shall it be,
That I shall find my all in thee?
The fulness of thy promise prove;
The seal of thine eternal Love?
- 2 A poor, blind child, I wander here,
If haply I may find thee near!
O dark! dark! dark! I still must say,
Amidst the blaze of gospel-day!
- 3 Thee, only thee, I fain would find,
And cast the world and flesh behind;
Thou, only thou, to me be given,
Of all thou hast in earth or heaven.
- 4 Whom man forsakes, thou wilt not leave,
Ready the outcasts to receive;
Though all my simpleness I own,
And all my faults to thee are known.
- 5 Ah, wherefore did I ever doubt;
Thou wilt in no wise cast me out,
A helpless soul that comes to thee,
With only sin and misery.
- 6 Lord, I am sick—my sickness cure;
I want—do thou enrich the poor;
Under thy mighty hand I stoop,
O lift the abject sinner up!
- 7 Lord, I am blind—be thou my sight!
Lord, I am weak—be thou my might!
*A helper of the helpless be,
And let me find my all in thee!*

TERS

s, 7's, 6's, & 1-8.

earnest cry,

the earth;

I am I,

earth.

tyranny;

er of Satan save:

on me,

David, have!

Israel's fold

lesh was sent;

is now behold

Covenant:

with pity see,

from thou can'st to save!

by upon me,

of David, have!

not part with thee!

not let thee go:

mercy upon me,

Son of David, shew!

the sinful race,

me, importunate I call:

me, Jesus, shew thy face;

grace is free for all.

ing am I in thy sight;

nothing have I to plead:

to dogs it is not right

to cast the children's bread.

That the dogs the crumbs may

eat the fragments be my mer

Thy grace is free for all.

Give me, Lord, the victory,

thy desire fulfil:

t it now be done to me
 According to thy Will!
 Give me living bread to eat,
 And say, in answer to my call,
 "Canaanite, thy faith is great!"
 "My grace is free for all."
 If thy grace for all is free,
 Thy call now let me hear;
 Shew this token upon me,
 And bring salvation near!
 Now the gracious word repeat,
 The word of healing to my soul
 "Canaanite, thy faith is great!"
 "Thy faith hath made thee whole."

HYMN 165. 8 lines 8's.

- 1** COME, Holy, celestial Dove,
 To visit a sorrowful breast!
 My burden of guilt to remove,
 And bring me assurance and rest:
 Thou only hast power to relieve
 A sinner o'erwhelm'd with his load;
 The sense of acceptance to give,
 And sprinkle his heart with thy blood!
- 2** With me if of old thou hast strove,
 And strangely withheld from my sin,
 And tried, by the lure of thy love,
 My worthless affections to win;
 The work of thy mercy revive;
 Thy uttermost mercy exert:
 And kindly continue to strive,
 And hold, till I yield thee my heart.
- 8** Thy call if I ever have known,
 And sigh'd from myself to get free,
 And groan'd the unspeakable groan,
 And long'd to be happy in thee;

Fulfil the imperfect desire ;
 Thy peace to my conscience reveal ;
 The sense of thy favour inspire,
 And give me my pardon to feel !

4 If when I had put thee to grief,
 And madly to folly return'd,
 Thy pity hath been my relief,
 And lifted me up as I mourn'd ;
 Most pitiful Spirit of Grace,
 Relieve me again, and restore ;
 My spirit in holiness raise,
 To fall, and to suffer no more !

5 If now I lament after God,
 And gasp for a drop of thy love ;
 If Jesus hath bought thee with blood,
 For me to receive from above ;
 Come, heavenly Comforter, come !
 True Witness of mercy divine,
 And make me thy permanent home,
 And seal me eternally thine !

HYMN 166. 8 lines, 7's, 6's, & 1-

1 **J**ESUS, take my sins away,
 And make me know thy name ;
 Thou art now as yesterday,
 And evermore the same :
 Thou my true Bethesda be :
 I know within thy arms is room :
 All the World may unto thee,
 Their House of Mercy, come.

2 See me lying at the Pool,
 And waiting for thy grace :
 Come down into my soul,
 Disclose thy angel-face !
 If to me thy bowels move ;
 If now thou dost my sickness

the Spirit of thy Love
The helpless sinner heal.

Persons thou dost not respect ;
Whoe'er for mercy call,
Thou in no wise wilt reject ;
Thy mercy is for all :
Thou would'st freely all restore,
Would all the gracious season find,
Fill with goodness, love, and power,
And with a healthful mind.

4 Mercy then there is for ME,
(Away my doubts and fears !)
Plagu'd with an infirmity
For many tedious years.
Jesus, cast a pitying eye ;
Thou long hast known my desperate case ;
Poor and helpless, here I lie,
And wait thy healing grace.

5 Long hath thy good Spirit strove
With my distemper'd soul ;
But I still refus'd thy love,
And would not be made whole :
Hardly now at last I yield,
I yield with all my sins to part ;
Let my soul be fully heal'd,
And throughly cleans'd my heart.

6 Pain and sickness, at thy word,
And sin, and sorrow flies :
Speak to me, Almighty Lord,
And bid my spirit rise ;
Bid me bear the hallow'd cross,
Which thou, my Lord, hast borne before :
Walk in all thy righteous laws,
And go and sin no more.

HYMN 167. 8 lines, 7's, 6's, & 1-1

- 1 **L**AMB of God, for sinners slain,
To thee I feebly pray ;
Heal me of my grief and pain,
O take my sins away !
From this bondage, Lord, release ;
No longer let me be oppress :
Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
And take me to thy breast !
- 2 Wilt thou cast a sinner out,
Who humbly comes to thee ?
No, my God, I cannot doubt ;
Thy mercy is for me :
Let me then obtain the grace,
And be of Paradise possess :
Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
And take me to thy breast !
- 3 Worldly good I do not want ;
Be that to others given :
Only for thy love I pant ;
My all in earth and heaven ;
This the crown I fain would seize,
The good wherewith I would be blest
Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
And take me to thy breast !
- 4 This delight I fain would prove,
And then resign my breath !
Join the happy few whose love
Was mightier than death !
Let it not my Lord displease,
That I would die to be thy guest !
Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
And take me to thy breast !

SECTION III.

For Persons convinced of Backsliding.

HYMN 168. 8 lines 7's.

DEPTH of Mercy ! can there be
 Mercy still reserv'd for me ?

an my God his wrath forbear ?
 e, the chief of sinners, spare ?
 have long withstood his grace ;
 ong provok'd him to his face ;
 ould not hearken to his calls ;
 riev'd him by a thousand falls.

have spilt his precious blood,
 ampled on the Son of God ;
 ll'd with pangs unspeakable !
 who yet am not in hell !
 hence to me this waste of love ?
 k my Advocate above ;
 e the cause in Jesu's face,
 ow before the throne of grace.

! I cumber still the ground ;
 ! an Advocate is found !
 Hasten not to cut him down ;
 Let this barren soul alone ;"
 us speaks, and pleads his blood !
 : disarms the wrath of God !
 ow my Father's bowels move ;
 stice lingers into love.

ndled his relentings are ;
 e he now delights to spare ;
 ies, " How shall I give thee up ?"
 ts the lifted thunder drop.
 ere for me the Saviour stands ;
 ews his wounds and spreads his hands '
 d is love : I know, I feel ;
 as weeps, and loves me still !

- 5 Jesus, answer from above;
Is not all thy nature love?
Wilt thou not the wrong forget?
Suffer me to kiss thy feet?
If I rightly read thy heart;
If thou all compassion art,
Bow thine ear, in mercy bow!
Pardon, and accept me now.
- 6 Pity from thine eye let fall;
By a look my soul recall:
Now the stone to flesh convert:
Cast a look, and break my heart.
Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my fall lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore;
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

HYMN 169. C. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, the all-restoring Word,
My fallen spirit's hope,
After thy lovely likeness, Lord,
Ah, when shall I wake up?
- 2 Thou, O my God, thou only art
The Life, the Truth, the Way:
Quicken my soul, instruct my heart,
My sinking footsteps stay.
- 3 Of all thou hast in earth below,
In heaven above to give,
Give me thy only love to know,
In thee to walk and live.
- 4 Fill me with all the life of love;
In mystic union join
Me to thyself, and let me prove
The fellowship divine.

HYMN 147. 4 lines 8's & 2-6's

D LOVE DIVINE, how sweet thou art!
 When shall I find my willing heart
 All taken up by thee?
 thirst, I faint, I die to prove
 'he greatness of redeeming Love,
 The love of Christ to me.

Stronger his love than death and hell;
 His riches are unsearchable:
 The first-born sons of light
 Desire in vain its depths to see,
 They cannot reach the mystery,
 The length, and breadth, and height.

God only knows the love of God:
 That it now were shed abroad
 In this poor stony heart:
 For love I sigh, for love I pine:
 His only portion, Lord, be mine;
 Be mine this better part.

That I could for ever sit
 With Mary at the Master's feet!
 Be this my happy choice:
 My only care, delight, and bliss,
 My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
 To hear the Bridegroom's voice!

HYMN 148. 6 lines 8's.

FATHER of Jesus Christ, the Just.
 My Friend and Advocate with thee,
 Give me a soul that fain would trust
 In him who liv'd and died for me:
 But *only thou canst make him known*
And in my heart reveal thy Son.

- 2 If drawn by thine alluring grace,
 My want of living faith I feel,
 Shew me in Christ thy smiling face,
 What flesh and blood can ne'er reveal
 Thy co-eternal Son display,
 And speak my darkness into day.
- 3 The gift unspeakable impart :
 Command the light of faith to shine ;
 To shine in my dark, drooping heart,
 And fill me with the life divine :
 Now bid the new creation be ;
 O God, let there be faith in me.

HYMN 149. L. M.

- 1 **T**HUS saith the Lord—'tis God commands,
 Workers with God, the charge obey,
 Remove whate'er his work withstands,
 Prepare, prepare his people's way.
 Lift up, for all mankind to see,
 The standard of their dying God,
 And point them to the shameful tree,
 The cross, all stain'd with hallow'd blood.
- 2 The Lord hath glorify'd his grace,
 Throughout the earth proclaim'd his Son
 Say ye to all the sinful race,
 He died for all your sins to' atone.
 Sion, thy suffering God behold,
 Thy Saviour and Salvation too ;
 He comes, he comes, so long foretold,
 Cloth'd in a vest of bloody hue.
- 3 Himself prepares his people's hearts,
 Breaks and binds up, and wounds and
 heals ;
 A mystic death, and life imparts,
 Empties the full, the emptied fills :
 He fills whom first he hath prepar'd,
 With him the perfect grace is given ;

ord, if thou hast bestow'd
 On me the gracious fear,
 his horror of offending God,
 O keep it always here!
 nd that I never more
 May from thy ways depart ;
 nter with all thy mercy's power,
 And dwell within my heart.

HYMN 173. 6 lines all 7's.

JESUS, I believe thee near,
 Now my fallen soul restore ;
 low my guilty conscience clear :
 Give me back my peace and power ;
 tone to flesh again convert ;
 Vrite forgiveness on my heart.
 believe thy pardoning grace,
 As at the beginning, free :
 open are thy arms to' embrace
 Me, the worst of rebels, me.
 n me all the hind'rance lies ;
 'all'd—I still refuse to rise.
 et, for thy own mercy's sake,
 Patience with thy rebel have ;
 fe thy mercy's witness make,
 Witness of thy power to save.
 Take me willing to be free,
 lestless to be sav'd by thee.
 ow the gracious work begin ;
 Now for good some token give ;
 ive me now to feel my sin :
 Give me now my sin to leave :
 bid me look on thee and mourn,
 bid me to thy arms return.

*Take this heart of stone away :
 Melt me into gracious tears ;*

H

Grant me power to watch and pray,
 Till thy lovely face appears ;
 Till thy favour I retrieve ;
 Till by faith again I live.

HYMN 174. 8 lines 8's.

- 1 **H**OW shall a lost sinner in pain
 Recover his forfeited peace ?
 When brought into bondage again,
 What hope of a second release ?
 Will mercy itself be so kind
 To spare such a rebel as me ;
 And, oh ! can I possibly find
 Such plenteous redemption in thee !
- 2 O Jesus ! of thee I inquire,
 If still thou art able to save ;
 The brand to pluck out of the fire,
 And ransom my soul from the grav
 The help of thy Spirit restore,
 And shew me the life-giving blood
 And pardon a sinner once more,
 And bring me again unto God.
- 3 O Jesus, in pity draw near,
 Come quickly to help a lost soul ;
 To comfort a mourner appear,
 And make a poor Lazarus whole ;
 The balm of thy mercy apply,
 Thou seest the sore anguish I feel
 Save, Lord, or I perish, I die !
 O save, or I sink into hell !
- 4 I sink, if thou longer delay
 Thy pardoning mercy to shew ;
 Come quickly, and kindly display
 The power of thy passion below !
 By all thou hast done for my sake,
 One drop of thy blood I implore !

FINCED OF BACKSLIDING.]

et it touch me, and make
er a sinner no more !

175. 8 lines 7's & 6's.

f my salvation, hear,
help me to believe !
I now draw near,
asing to receive.
, alas ! I am,
ny wounds for refuge flee :
sinners, spotless Lamb,
od was shed for me.
ow as newly slain,
I lift mine eye !
l my grief and pain,
ce is always nigh ;
esterday, the same
t, and wilt for ever be :
sinners, spotless Lamb,
od was shed for me.
ave I, Lord, to pay,
thy grace procure :
d me not away,
ou know'st, ain poor :
ashes is my name ;
s sin and misery :
sinners, spotless Lamb,
od was shed for me.
ord, or work, or thought,
to gain thy grace ;
accept unbought ;
ffer I embrace.
s at first I came,
and not bestow on thee :
sinners, spotless Lamb,
d was shed for me !

- 5 Saviour, from thy wounded side
I never will depart :
Here will I my spirit hide,
When I am pure in heart :
Till my place above I claim,
This only shall be all my plea :
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

HYMN 176. 6 lines 8's.

- 1 **O** GOD, thy righteousness we own :
Judgment is at thy house begun !
With humble awe thy rod we hear,
And guilty in thy sight appear :
We cannot in thy judgment stand,
But sink beneath thy mighty hand.
- 2 Our mouth as in the dust we lay,
And still for mercy, mercy, pray :
Unworthy to behold thy face ;
Unfaithful stewards of thy grace :
Our sin and wickedness we own,
And deeply for acceptance groan.
- 3 We have not, Lord, thy gifts improv'd,
But basely from thy statutes rov'd ;
And done thy loving Spirit despite,
And sinn'd against the clearest light :
Brought back thy agonizing pain,
And nail'd thee to the cross again.
- 4 Yet do not drive us from thy face,
A stiff-neck'd and hard-hearted race ;
But, O ! in tender mercy break
The iron sinew in our neck :
The soft'ning power of love impart,
And melt the marble of our heart.

HYMN 177. 6 lines 8's.

JESUS, thou know'st my sinfulness,
My faults are not conceal'd from thee
A sinner in my last distress,
To thy dear wounds I fain would flee :
And never, never thence depart,
Close shelter'd in thy loving heart.

How shall I find the living way,
Lost, and confus'd, and dark, and blind :
Ah, Lord, my soul is gone astray ;
Ah, Shepherd, seek my soul, and find,
And in thy arms of mercy take ;
And bring the weary wanderer back.

Weary and sick of sin I am ;
I hate it, Lord, and yet I love !
When wilt thou rid me of my shame ?
When wilt thou all my load remove ?
Destroy the fiend that lurks within,
And speak the word of power, " Be clean."

O Lord, if I at last discern
That I am sin, and thou art love ;
Now o'er me thy bowels yearn,
Give me a token from above !
And conquer my rebellious will,
And bid my murmuring heart be still.

And only let me not commit,
(Sin never can advance thy praise,)
And lo ! I lay me at thy feet,
And wait unwearied all my days.
All my appointed time shall come,
And thou shalt call thy exile home.

HYMN 178. — 6 lines 8's.

- 1 **Y**ES, from this instant, now, I will
To my offended Father cry ;
My base ingratitude I feel,
Vilest of all thy children, I,
Not worthy to be call'd thy son ;
Yet will I thee, my Father, own.
- 2 Guide of my life hast thou not been,
And rescu'd me from passion's power ?
Ten thousand times preserv'd from sin ;
Nor let the greedy grave devour !
And wilt thou now thy wrath retain,
Nor ever love thy child again ?
- 3 Ah ! canst thou find it in thy heart
To give me up, so long pursu'd !
Ah ! canst thou finally depart,
And leave thy creature in his blood !
Leave me—out of thy presence cast,
To perish in my sins at last ?
- 4 If thou hast call'd me to return ;
If weeping at thy feet I fall,
The prodigal thou wilt not spurn,
But pity, and forgive me all ;
In answer to my Friend above ;
In honour of his bleeding love !

HYMN 179. — 8 lines 7's & 6's.

- 1 **F**ATHER, if thou must reprove
For all that I have done,
Not in anger, but in love
Chastise thine humbled son.

CONVINCED OF BACKSLIDING.

Use the rod, and not the sword ;
Correct with kind severity ;
Bring me not to nothing, Lord !
But bring me home to thee.

- 2 True and faithful as thou art,
To all thy Church and me,
Give a new, believing heart,
That knows and cleaves to thee :
Freely our backslidings heal ;
And by thy balmy blood restor'd,
Grant that every soul may feel
Thou art our pardoning Lord !
- 3 Might we now with pure desire
Thine only love request !
Now with willing hearts entire,
Return to Christ our rest !
When we our whole heart resign,
O Jesus, to be fill'd with thee ;
Thou art ours, and we are thine,
Through all eternity.

HYMN 180. L. M.

- 1 **S**AVIOUR, I now with shame conf
My thirst for creature-happiness
By base desires I wrong'd thy love,
And forc'd thy mercy to remove.
- 3 Yet would I not regard thy stroke,
But when thou didst thy grace revoke
And when thou didst thy face conceal
Thy absence I refus'd to feel.
- 3 I knew not that the Lord was gone ;
In my own froward will went on ;
I liv'd to the desires of men,
And thou hast all my wand'rings set

- 4 Yet, O the riches of thy grace !
 Thou, who hast seen my evil ways,
 Wilt freely my backslidings heal,
 And pardon on my conscience seal.
- 6 For this I at thy footstool wait,
 Till thou my peace again create:
 Fruit of thy gracious lips restore
 My peace, and bid me sin no more !
- 6 Far off, yet at thy feet I lie,
 (Till thou again thy blood apply ;
 'Till thou repeat my sins forgiven,)
 As far from God as hell from heaven.
- 7 But, for thy truth and mercy's sake,
 My comfort thou wilt give me back ;
 And lead me on, from grace to grace,
 In all the paths of righteousness :
- 8 Till thoroughly sav'd my new-born soul,
 And perfectly by faith made whole,
 Shall bright in thy full image rise,
 To share thy glory in the skies.

HYMN 181. L. M.

- 1 **T**HOU Man of griefs, remember me,
 Who never canst thyself forget,
 Thy last mysterious agony,
 Thy fainting pangs and bloody sweat.
- 2 When, wrestling in the strength of prayer,
 Thy spirit sunk beneath its load !
 Thy feeble flesh abhorr'd to bear
 The wrath of an Almighty God !
- 3 Father, if I may call thee so,
 Regard my feeble heart's desire ;
 Remove this load of guilty woe,
 Nor let me in my sins expire !

emblem lest the wrath divine,
Which bruises now my sinful soul,
Should bruise this wretched soul of mine
Long as eternal ages roll.

thee my last distress I bring ;
The heighten'd fear of death I find ;
The tyrant with his direful sting
Appears, and hell is close behind !

Intercede that death alone,
That endless banishment from thee :
Save, and give me to thy Son,
Who trembled, wept, and bled for me.

SECTION IV.

For Backsliders Recovered.

HYMN 182. 8 lines 7's & 6's.

WILL hearken what the Lord
Will say concerning me :
Is not a gracious word
For one who waits on thee ?
Speak it to my soul, that I
May in thee have peace and power ;
Ever from my Saviour fly,
And never grieve thee more.

Now have I thy Spirit griev'd,
Since first with me he strove !
Stubbornly disbeliev'd,
And trampled on thy love.
I have sinn'd against the light ;
I have broke from thy embrace ;
I would not, when I might
Be freely sav'd by grace.

BACKSLIDERS RECOVERED.

That I have done
 I have thee from my heart,
 I will not leave thine own,
 I will not yet depart;
 I will give the sinner o'er;
 I will art thou now to save;
 I will come as heretofore,
 That I thy life may have.
 I am meek and gentle Lamb!
 I am not in thee;
 I am continnest still the same,
 And still thy grace is free;
 I will thine arms are open wide,
 Wretched sinners to receive;
 Thou hast once for sinners died,
 That all may turn and live.
 Lo! I take thee at thy word,
 My foolishness I mourn;
 Unto thee, my bleeding Lord,
 However late, I turn;
 Yes, I yield, I yield, at last,
 Listen to thy speaking blood:
 Me, with all my sins I cast
 On my atoning God!

HYMN 183. 6 lines 7's.

- J**ESU, Shepherd of the sheep,
 Pity my unsettled soul!
 Guide, and nourish me, and keep,
 Till thy love shall make me whole;
 Give me perfect soundness, give,
 Make me stedfastly believe.
- I am never at one stay,
 Changing every hour I am;
 But thou art, as yesterday,
 Now and evermore the same:

Lay thy
 All my
 Till the
 Keep
 That I
 Rest
 Give
 Holy
 The
 Per

nstancy to me impart,
 ablish with thy grace my heart.
 y thy gracious hand on me,
 ll my unbelief control ;
 l the rebel cease to be,
 Keep him down within my soul :
 at I never more may move,
 ot and ground me fast in love.
 re me faith to hold me up,
 Walking over life's rough sea :
 ly, purifying hope,
 still my soul's sure anchor be :
 at I may be always thine,
 fect me in love divine.

HYMN 184. C. M.

IY God, my God, to thee I cry ;
 Thee only would I know ;
 y purifying blood apply,
 nd wash me white as snow.
 ch me, and make the leper clean,
 urge my iniquity ;
 less thou wash my soul from sin,
 have no part with thee.
 t art thou not already mine ?
 nswer, if mine thou art !
 isper within, thou Love divine,
 nd cheer my drooping heart.
 l me again my peace is made,
 nd bid the sinner live :
 e debt's discharg'd, the ransom's paid,
 y Father must forgive.
 old, for me the victim bleeds,
 His wounds are open'd wide :
 me the Blood of Sprinkling pleads,
 nd speaks me justify'd.

FOR BACKSLIDERS RECOVERED.

Why did I my Saviour leave,
O-soon unfaithful prove :
How could I thy good Spirit grieve,
And sin against thy love !
Worc'd thee first to disappear :
I turn'd thy face aside :
O, Lord ! if thou hadst still been hid
Thy servant had not died.
But, O, how soon thy wrath is o'er,
And pardoning love takes place !
Assist me, Saviour, to adore
The riches of thy grace.
O could I lose myself in thee ;
Thy depth of mercy prove ;
Thou vast, unfathomable Sea
Of unexhausted love !
My humbled soul, when thou art nigh
In dust and ashes lies :
How shall a sinful worm appear
Or meet thy purer eyes ?
I loathe myself when God I see,
And into nothing fall ;
Content if thou exalted me,
And Christ be *All in All*.

HYMN 185. 8 lines 7's.

AFTER all that I have done,
Saviour, art thou pacify'd ?
Whither shall my vileness run ?
Hide me, earth, the sinner hid
Let me sink into the dust,
Full of holy shame adore !
Jesus Christ, the Good, the Just
Bids me go, and sin no more

- O confirm the gracious word,
Jesus, Son of God and Man:
Let me never grieve thee, Lord,
Never turn to sin again.
Till my all in all thou art;
Till thou bring thy nature in;
Keep this feeble, trembling heart,
Save me, save me, Lord, from sin.

HYMN 186. 6 lines 8's.

- 1 **W**EAR Y of wandering from my God,
And now made willing to return,
I hear, and bow me to the rod:
For thee, not without hope, I mourn;
I have an Advocate above,
A Friend before the throne of Love.
- 2 O Jesus, full of truth and grace,
More full of grace than I of sin;
Yet once again I seek thy face,
Open thine arms, and take me in;
And freely my backslidings heal,
And love the faithless sinner still.
- 3 Thou know'st the way to bring me back,
My fallen spirit to restore;
O! for thy truth and mercy's sake,
Forgive, and bid me sin no more:
The ruins of my soul repair,
And make my heart a house of prayer.
- 4 The stone to flesh again convert;
The veil of sin again remove:
Sprinkle thy blood upon my heart,
And melt it by thy dying love!
This rebel heart by love subdue,
And make it soft, and make it new.

32 FOR BACKSLIDERS RECOVERED.

Give to mine eyes refreshing tears,
And kindle my relentings now ;
Fill my whole soul with filial fears ;
To thy sweet yoke my spirit bow ;
Bend by thy grace, O bend or break
The iron sinew in my neck !

Ah, give me, Lord, the tender heart,
That trembles at the approach of sin :
A godly fear of sin impart ;
Implant, and root it deep within ;
That I may dread thy gracious power,
And never dare to' offend thee more.

HYMN 187. 8 lines 7's, 6's, & 1-8.

SON of God, if thy free grace
Again hath rais'd me up ;
Call'd me still to seek thy face,
And giv'n me back my hope :
Still thy timely help afford,
And all thy loving-kindness shew ;
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go.

By me, O my Saviour, stand,
In sore temptation's hour ;
Save me with thine out-stretch'd hand,
And shew forth all thy power ;
O be mindful of thy word ;
Thy all-sufficient grace bestow ;
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go.

Give me, Lord, a holy fear,
And fix it in my heart ;
That I may from evil near
With timely care depart .

be more than hell abhorr'd,
 'Till thou destroy the tyrant foe;
 Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
 And never let me go.

Never let me leave thy breast,
 From thee, my Saviour, stray;
 Thou art my Support and Rest,
 My true and living Way;
 My exceeding great Reward,
 In heaven above, and earth below:
 Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
 And never let me go.

6 Never let me go, till I
 Upborne on wings of love,
 Gain the region of the sky,
 And take my seat above;
 See thee by all heaven ador'd,
 And all thy glorious fulness know,
 Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
 And never let me go.

HYMN 186. 8 lines 7's, 6's, & 1-8.

1 **L**ORD, and is thine anger gone!
 And art thou pacify'd?
 After all that I have done,
 Dost thou no longer chide?
 Let thy love my heart constrain,
 And all my restless passions sway:
 Keep me, lest I turn again
 Out of the narrow way.

2 If I have begun once more
 Thy sweet return to feel:

FOR BACKSLIDERS RECOVERED.

Even now I find thy power
Present my soul to heal :
Still and quiet may I lie,
Nor struggle out of thine embrace :
Never more resist or fly
From thy pursuing grace.

3 To the cross, thine altar, bind
Me with the cords of love ;
Freedom let me never find
From thee, my Lord, to move ;
That I never, never more
May with my much-lov'd Master part,
To the posts of mercy's door
O nail my willing heart !

4 See my utter helplessness,
And leave me not alone ;
O preserve in perfect peace,
And seal me for thine own.
More and more thyself reveal,
Thy presence let me always find :
Comfort, and confirm, and heal
My feeble, sin-sick mind.

5 As the apple of thine eye
Thy weakest servant keep ;
Help me at thy feet to lie,
And there for ever weep :
Tears of joy mine eyes o'erflow,
That I have any hope of heaven ;
Much of love I ought to know,
For I have much forgiven.

PART IV. FOR BELIEVERS.

SECTION I. *Rejoicing.*

HYMN 189. 6 lines 8's.

NOW I have found the ground wherein
 Sure my soul's anchor may remain;
 The wounds of Jesus for my sin,
 Before the world's foundation slain;
 Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
 When heaven and earth are fled away.

2 Father, thine everlasting grace
 Our scanty thought surpasses far:
 Thy heart still melts with tenderness;
 Thy arms of love still open are,
 Returning sinners to receive,
 That mercy they may taste, and live.

3 **O** Love, thou bottomless abyss!
 My sins are swallow'd up in thee;
 Cover'd is my unrighteousness,
 Nor spot of guilt remains on me,
 While Jesu's blood, through earth and skies,
 Mercy, free boundless mercy, cries!

4 By faith I plunge me in this sea,
 Here is my hope, my joy, my rest;
 Hither when hell assails, I flee;
 I look into my Saviour's breast;
 Away sad doubt, and anxious fear,
 Mercy is all that's written there.

5 Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
 Though strength, and health, and friends
 be gone;
 Though joys be wither'd all and dead,
 Though every comfort be withdrawn;

On this my steadfast soul relies,
 Father, thy mercy never dies.

- 6 Fixt on this ground will I remain,
 Though my heart fail, and flesh decay;
 This anchor shall my soul sustain,
 When earth's foundations melt away;
 Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
 Lov'd with an everlasting Love.

HYMN 190.

L. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, thy Blood and Righteousness
 My beauty are, my glorious dress:
 'Midst flaming worlds in these array'd,
 With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 Bold shall I stand in thy great day;
 For who—ought to my charge shall lay?
 Fully absolv'd through these I am,
 From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.
- 3 The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,
 Who from the Father's bosom came;
 Who died for me, even me to' atone,
 Now for my Lord and God I own.
- 4 Lord, I believe thy precious blood,
 Which at the Mercy-seat of God,
 For ever doth for sinners plead,
 For me, even for my soul was shed.
- 5 Lord, I believe, were sinners more
 Than sands upon the ocean shore,
 Thou hast for ALL a ransom paid,
 For ALL a full atonement made.
- 6 When from the dust of earth I rise,
 To claim my mansion in the skies,
 Even then—this shall be all my plea,
Jesus hath liv'd, hath died for me.

is Abraham, the Friend of God,
 is all heaven's armies bought with blood,
 iour of sinners, Thee proclaim ;
 ers, of whom the chief I am.

is, be endless praise to thee,
 ose boundless mercy hath for me,
 me, and all thy hands have made,
 everlasting Ransom paid.

give to all thy servants, Lord,
 h power to speak thy quickening word ;
 t all, who to thy wounds will flee,
 y find eternal life in thee.

u God of power, thou God of love,
 the whole world thy mercies prove !
 r let thy word o'er all prevail ;
 r take the spoils of death and hell.

HYMN 191. 6 lines, 2-6's & 4-7's.

WHEE, O my God and King,
 My Father, thee I sing !
 r, well-pleas'd, the joyous sound,
 raise from earth and heaven receive ;
 —I now in Christ am found,
 ead—by faith in Christ I live.

ather, behold thy Son,
 ough Christ I am thy own :
 ger long to thee, and rest,
 e the prodigal is come :
 e ~~wide~~ *thine* arms and breast,
 e ~~to~~ *the* weary wanderer home.

FOR BELIEVERS REJOICING.

Thine eye observ'd from far,
Thy pity look'd me near :
He thy bowels yearn'd to see ;
Me thy mercy ran to find,
Empty, poor, and void of thee,
Hungry, sick, and faint, and blind.

Thou on my neck didst fall,
Thy kiss forgave me all :
Still thy gracious words I hear,
Words that made the Saviour mine,
" Haste, for him the robe prepare,
" His be righteousness divine !"

HYMN 192.

8 lines 7's & 6's.

1 **O**FT I in my heart have said,
Who shall ascend on high,
Mount to Christ, my glorious Head,
And bring him from the sky ?
Borne on contemplation's wing,
Surely I shall find them there,
Where the angels praise their King,
And gain the Morning Star.

2 Oft I in my heart have said,
Who to the deep shall stoop,
Sink with Christ among the dead,
From thence to bring him up ?
Could I but my heart prepare,
By unfeign'd humility,
Christ would quickly enter there,
And ever dwell with me.

3 But the righteousness of faith
Hath taught me better things :
" Inward turn thine eyes," it saith
" While Christ to me it brings.)

FOR BELIEVERS REJOICING.

Christ is ready to impart
Life to all, for life who sigh :
thy mouth, and in thy heart,
The word is ever nigh."

YMN 193. 2 lines 6's & 4-7

FILIAL Deity,
Accept my new-born cry ;
he travail of thy soul,
viour, and be satisfied ;
me now, possess me whole,
no for me, for me hast died.

life thou art the Tree ;
immortality !
this tender branch of thine,
aseless influence derive :
the true, the heavenly Vine,
rafted into thee I live.

life the Fountain thou,
pow—I feel it now !
and dead no more I droop :
ou art in me ;—thy supplies
moment springing up,
life eternal rise.

as the good Shepherd art,
in thee I ne'er shall part :
my keeper and my guide,
as me still thy tender care ;
lead me by thy side,
thy on thy bosom bear.

ou art my daily Bread,
Christ, thou art my Head !
thy virtue, strength to me,
thy living member, flow ;
I'd I, and fed by thee,
thee in all things grow.

OR BELIEVERS REJOICING.

met, to me reveal,
 Father's perfect will :
 mortal spake like thee,
 man Prophet like divine :
 and strong their voices be,
 all, and still, and inward thine.
 thee, my Priest, I call,
 thy blood aton'd for all :
 the Lamb as slain appears,
 till thou stand'st before the throne,
 ever offering up my prayers,
 These presenting with thine own.
 Jesus, thou art my King,
 From thee my strength I bring ;
 shadow'd by thy mighty hand,
 Saviour, who shall pluck me thence ?
 Faith supports ; by faith I stand,
 Strong in thy omnipotence.

HYMN 194. 2 lines 6's & 4-7's.

Part First.

- 1 **A**RISE, my soul, arise,
 Thy Saviour's Sacrifice !
 All the names that love could find,
 All the forms that love could take,
 Jesus in himself hath join'd,
 Thee, my soul, his own to make.
- 2 Equal with God Most High,
 He laid his glory by ;
 He, the eternal God, was born,
 Man with men he deign'd to' ap
 Object of his creature's scorn,
 Pleas'd a servant's form to wear
- 3 Hail ! everlasting Lord,
 Divine incarnate Word !

'hee let all my powers confess ;
 Thee my latest breath proclaim :
 Help, ye angel-choirs, to bless ;
 Shout the lov'd Immanuel's name !
 Fruit of a virgin's womb,
 The promis'd Blessing's come ;
 Christ, the father's hope of old,
 Christ, the woman's conquering Seed,
 Christ, the Saviour long foretold,
 Born to bruise the serpent's head.
 Jesus, to thee I bow !
 The' Almighty's Fellow thou !
 Thon, the Father's only Son,
 Pleas'd he ever is in thee :
 Just and holy thou alone,
 Full of grace and truth for me.

HYMN 195.

Part Second.

HIGH above every name,
 Jesus, the Great I am !
 Bow to Jesus every knee,
 Things in heaven, and earth, and hell ;
 Saints adore him, devils flee,
 Fiends, and men, and angels feel !
 He left his throne above,
 Emptied of all but love :
 Whom the heavens cannot contain,
 God vouchsaf'd in flesh to' appear,
 Lord of Glory, Son of Man,
 Poor, and vile, and abject here.
 His own on earth he sought,
 His own receiv'd him not ;
 Him a *sign* by all blasphem'd,
 Outcast and despis'd of men ;

Him they all a madman deem'd,
Bold to scoff the Nazarene.

- 4 Hail, Galilean King !
Thy humble state I sing ;
Never shall my triumphs end ;
Hail, derided Majesty !
Jesus, hail ! the sinner's Friend,
Friend of publicans—and me.

HYMN 196. L. M.

- 1 **I** INTO thy gracious hands I fall,
And with the arms of faith embrace
O King of Glory, hear my call ;
O raise me, heal me by thy grace !
Now righteous through thy grace I am
No condemnation now I dread ;
I taste salvation in thy name ;
Alive in thee, my living Head.
- 2 Still let thy wisdom be my guide,
Nor take thy flight from me away ;
Still with me let thy grace abide,
That I from thee may never stray :
Let thy word richly in me dwell ;
Thy peace and love my portion be :
My joy to' endure and do thy will,
'Till perfect I am found in thee.
- 3 Arm me with thy whole armour, Lord
Support my weakness with thy might
Gird on my thigh thy conquering sword
And shield me in the threat'ning fight
From faith to faith, from grace to grace
So in thy strength shall I go on ;
Fill heaven and earth flee from thy face
And glory end what grace begun.

8 lines all 7's.

Who sees the day,
Day of gospel-grace :
(thou then wilt say,)
Ever praise ;
Thou against me burn'd,
Fort me again ;
Thou art turn'd,
Thou hast out my sin.

Thy mercy spares ;
Thy salvation is ;
Thou art ; away my fears ;
Thou art my peace ;
Thou art my Lord,
Thou art just ;
Thou art his word ;
Thou art promise trust.

Thou art he is strong ;
Thou art hisness divine ;
Thou art his song ;
Thou art his, is mine :
Thou art, whoe'er believe ;
Thou art, whoe'er shall call,
Thou art grace receive ;
Thou art grace for all.

Thou art we draw with joy
Thou art salvation's well ;
Thou art glad tongues employ,
Thou art naming grace ye feel.
Thou art ; then shall say,
Thou art upon his name ;
Thou art ; his day ;
Thou art his praise proclaim !

132 THE HARMONY OF HEAVEN.
 The Lord of all creation does d;
 And I would be His servant
 That Father King!
 Thy love and grace I sing;
 Thy blood my wounds do heal;
 Thy word my life doth feed;
 Thy love, O Lord, my Father's Friend,
 Thy love, O Lord, my Father's Friend,
 Thy love, O Lord, my Father's Friend.

HYMN NO. L. M.

I FORTH thy gracious hands I fall,
 And with the arms of faith embrace
 A King of Glory, hear my call;
 Draw me, Lord, to thy grace!
 For nothing, though thy grace I am,
 Can ever make me now I dread;
 Thy name is my name;
 Thy name is my living Head.
 Be my guide,
 And keep me from me away;
 Thy grace abide,
 May never stray:
 In me dwell;
 Thy love my portion be;
 And do thy will,
 As found in thee.
 O Lord, my Father's Friend,
 With thy might
 Overcoming sword
 In our fighting
 Lead us to grace
 And on;
 O Lord, my Father's Friend,
 Thy love, O Lord, my Father's Friend.

YMN 197. 8 lines all 7's.

HAPPY soul, who sees the day,
 The glad day of gospel-grace :
 my Lord, (thou then wilt say.)
 ee will I for ever praise ;
 gh thy wrath against me burn'd,
 ou dost comfort me again ;
 y wrath aside is turn'd,
 ou hast blotted out my sin.

ehold ! thy mercy spares ;
 us my salvation is ;
 e my doubts ; away my fears ;
 us is become my peace :
 JEHOVAH, is my Lord,
 er merciful and just ;
 lean upon his word ;
 ill on his promise trust.

he is strong ;
 :oss divine ;
 song ;
 is mine :
 oe'er believe ;
 r shall call,
 receive ;
 all.

with joy
 well ;
 gues employ,
 ce ye feel.
 'I say,
 name ;

"claim!"

- 5 Glory to his name belongs,
Great, and marvellous, and high ;
Sing unto the Lord your songs,
Cry to every nation, cry :
Wond'rous things the Lord hath done,
Excellent his name we find ;
'This to all mankind is known,
Be it known to all mankind !
- 6 Sion, shout thy Lord and King,
Israel's HOLY ONE is He !
Give him thanks, rejoice, and sing,
Great is he, and dwells in thee.
O the grace unsearchable !
While eternal ages roll,
God delights in man to dwell,
Soul of each believing soul.

HYMN 198. 4 lines 10's & 11's.

- 1 **O** WHAT shall I do My Saviour to praise
So faithful and true, So plenteous
grace ;
So strong to deliver, So good to redeem
'The weakest believer' That hangs upon h
- 2 How happy the man Whose heart is set fir
The people that can Be joyful in thee ;
Their joy is to walk in The light of thy fa
And still they are talking Of Jesus's gra
- 3 Their daily delight Shall be in thy name
They shall as their right, Thy Righteo
ness claim :
Thy Righteousness wearing, And clear
by thy blood,
Bold shall they appear in The presence of
God.
- 4 *For* thou art their boast, Their glory and po
And I also trust To see the glad hour,

My soul's new creation, A life from the dead,
 The day of salvation, That lifts up my head.
 For Jesus, my Lord, Is now my defence ;
 I trust in his word, None plucks me from
 thence ;
 Since I have found favour, He all things
 will do, [anew.
 My King and my Saviour Shall make me
 Yes, Lord, I shall see The bliss of thine own,
 Thy secret to me Shall soon be made known ;
 For sorrow and sadness I joy shall receive,
 And share in the gladness Of all that believe.

HYMN 199. 4 lines 10's & 11's.

O HEAVENLY King, Look down from
 above ;
 Assist us to sing Thy mercy and love :
 So sweetly o'erflowing, So plenteous the
 store,
 Thou still art bestowing, And giving us more.
 O God of our life, We hallow thy Name ;
 Our business and strife, Is thee to proclaim ;
 Accept our thanksgiving For creating grace ;
 The living, the living Shall shew forth thy
 praise.

Our Father and Lord, Almighty art Thou ;
 Preserv'd by thy word, We worship thee
 now :
 The bountiful Donor Of all we enjoy :
 Our tongues to thy honour, And lives we
 employ.

But, O ! above all, Thy *kindness* we praise,
 From sin and from thrall, Which saves the
 lost race ; [deem,
 Thy Son thou hast given, The world to re-
 and bring us to heaven, Whose trust is in
 im. I 2

- 5 Wherefore of thy love We sing and rejoice,
 With angels above We lift up our voice :
 Thy love each believer Shall gladly adore,
 For ever and ever, When time is no more.

HYMN 200. 4 lines 10's & 11's.

- 1 **M**Y Father, my God, I long for thy love:
 O shed it abroad ; Send Christ from
 above !

My heart ever fainting, He only can cheer :
 And all things are wanting, Till Jesus is here.

- 2 O when shall my tongue Be fill'd with thy
 praise !

While all the day long I publish thy grace,
 Thy honour and glory To sinners forth shew,
 Till sinners adore thee, And own thou art
 true.

- 3 Thy strength and thy power, I now can
 Preserv'd every hour Thro' Jesus's Name ;
 For thou art still by me, And holdest my
 hand, [proclaim,
 [stand.

No ill can come nigh me, By faith while I

- 4 My God is my guide: Thy mercies abound ;
 On every side They compass me round :
 Thou sav'st me from sickness, From sin
 dost retrieve ; [believe.

Still strengthen my weakness, And bid me

- 5 Thou holdest my soul In spiritual life ;
 My foes dost control, And quiet my strife ;
 Thou rulest my passion, My pride and self-
 will ; [still !"

To see thy salvation, Thou bidst me "Stand

- 6 I stand and admire Thine out-stretched arm,
 I walk through the fire, And suffer no harm ;
 Assaulted by evil. I scorn to submit,

I wrestle not now, But trample on sin,
 For with me art thou, And shalt be within :
 While stronger and stronger In Jesus's
 power,
 I go on to conquer, Till sin be no more.

HYMN 201. 6 lines 8's.

- A**ND can it be that I should gain
 An interest in the Saviour's blood ?
 Died he for me who caus'd his pain ?
 For me, who him to death pursu'd ?
 Amazing love ! how can it be,
 That thou, my Lord, shouldst die for me !
- 2 'Tis mystery all ! The Immortal dies !
 Who can explore his strange design !
 In vain the first-born Seraph tries
 To sound the depths of Love divine !
 'Tis mercy all ; let earth adore :
 Let angel-minds inquire no more.
- 3 He left his Father's throne above ;
 (So free, so infinite his grace !)
 Emptied himself of all but love,
 And bled for Adam's helpless race ;
 'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
 For, O my God, it found out *me* !
- 4 Long my imprison'd spirit lay,
 Fast bound in sin and nature's night :
 Thine eye diffus'd a quick'ning ray ;
 I woke ; the dungeon flam'd with light :
 My chains fell off, my heart was free,
 I rose, went forth, and follow'd thee.
- 5 No condemnation now I dread,
 Jesus, and all in him is mine !
 Alive in him, my living Head,
 And cloth'd in righteousness Divine,

Bold I approach the' eternal throne,
And claim the crown, thro' Christ, my own

HYMN 202. *4 lines 6's & 2-8's.*

- 1 **A**RISE, my soul, arise,
 Shake off thy guilty fears ;
 The bleeding Sacrifice
 In my behalf appears ;
 Before the throne my Surety stands,
 My name is written on his hands.
- 2 He ever lives above,
 For me to intercede ;
 His all-redeeming love,
 His precious blood to plead ;
 His blood aton'd for all our race,
 And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
- 3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
 Receiv'd on Calvary ;
 They pour effectual prayers,
 They strongly speak for me ;
 "Forgive him, O forgive," they cry,
 "Nor let that ransom'd sinner die."
- 4 The Father hears him pray,
 His dear anointed One ;
 He cannot turn away
 The presence of his Son ;
 His Spirit answers to the blood,
 And tells me I am born of God.
- 5 My God is reconcil'd,
 His pardoning voice I hear ;
 He owns me for his child,
 I can no longer fear ;
 With confidence I now draw nigh,
 And Father, Abba, Father, cry

FOR BELIEVERS REJOICING.

HYMN 203.

L. M.

GLORY to God, whose sovereign
Hath animated senseless stones
Call'd us to stand before his face,
And rais'd us into Abraham's sons.

The people that in darkness lay,
In sin and error's deadly shade,
Have seen a glorious gospel-day,
In Jesu's lovely face display'd.

Thou only, Lord, the work hast done,
And bar'd thine arm in all our sight ;
Hast made the reprobates thine own,
And claim'd the outcasts as thy right.

Thy single arm, Almighty Lord,
To us the great salvation brought :
Thy Word, thy all-creating Word,
That spake at first the world from nought.

For this the saints lift up their voice,
And ceaseless praise to thee is given ;
For this the hosts above rejoice :—
We raise the happiness of heaven.

For this (no longer sons of night,)
To thee our thankful hearts we give ;
Thee, who call'dst us into light,
To thee we die, to thee we live.

Since that for the season past,
Hell's horrid language fill'd our tongues ;
All thy words behind us cast,
And lewdly sang the drunkard's songs.

*O the power of grace divine !
Hymns we now our voices raise !*

Loudly in strange hosannahs join,
And blasphemies are turn'd to pr

HYMN 204. 4 lines 8's & 2-

- 1 **J**ESUS, thou Soul of all our joy
For whom we now lift up our
And all our strength exert :
Vouchsafe the grace we humbly ch
Compose into a thankful frame,
And tune thy people's heart.
- 2 While in the heavenly work we join
Thy glory be our whole design,
THY Glory, not our own :—
Still let us keep our end in view,
And still the pleasing task pursue,
To please our God alone.
- 3 The secret pride, the subtle sin,
O let it never more steal in,
To' offend thy glorious eyes !
To desecrate our hallow'd strain,
And make our solemn service vain,
And mar our sacrifice.
- 4 To magnify thy awful name,
To spread the honours of the Lamb,
Let us our voices raise ;
Our souls' and bodies' powers unite
Regardless of our own delight,
And dead to human praise.
- 5 Still let us on our guard be found,
And watch against the power of sou
With sacred jealousy :
Lest, haply, sense should damp our
And music's charms bewitch and st
Our heart away from thee.

That hurrying strife far off remove,
 That noisy burst of selfish love,
 Which swells the formal song ;
 The joy from out our hearts arise,
 And speak and sparkle in our eyes,
 And vibrate on our tongue.

Thee let us praise, our common Lord,
 And sweetly join with one accord
 Thy goodness to proclaim :
 Jesus, thyself in us reveal,
 And all our faculties shall feel
 Thy harmonizing name.

With calmly reverential joy,
 O let us all our lives employ
 In setting forth thy love !
 And raise in death our triumph higher,
 And sing, with all the heavenly choir,
 That endless song above.

HYMN 205. 10's & 11's.

MY God, I am thine, What a comfort
 divine,
 What a blessing to know that my Jesus is mine !
 O the heavenly Lamb Thrice happy I am,
 And my heart it doth dance at the sound of
 his name.

True pleasures abound In the rapturous
 sound ;
 And whoever hath found it hath paradise found ;
 O Jesus to know, And feel his blood flow,
 His life everlasting, 'tis heaven below.

Yet onward I haste To the heavenly feast :
 Not that, that is the fulness ; but this is the taste !
 And this I shall prove, Till with joy I remove
 To the heaven of heavens, in Jesus's love.

HYMN 206. 6 lines 8's. -

- 1 **W**HAT am I, O thou glorious God!
 And what my father's house to thee?
 That thou such mercies hast bestow'd
 On me, the vilest reptile, me!
 I take the blessing from above,
 And wonder at thy boundless love.
- 2 Me in my blood thy love pass'd by,
 And stopp'd my ruin to retrieve;
 Wept o'er my soul thy pitying eye;
 Thy bowels yearn'd, and sounded "Live!"
 Dying, I heard the welcome sound,
 And pardon in thy mercy found.
- 3 Honour, and might, and thanks, and praise,
 I render to my pardoning God;
 Extol the riches of thy grace,
 And spread thy saving name abroad;
 That only name to sinners given,
 Which lifts poor dying worms to heaven.
- 4 Jesus, I bless thy gracious power,
 And all within me shouts thy Name:
 Thy Name let every soul adore,
 Thy power let every tongue proclaim:
 Thy grace let every sinner know,
 And find in thee their heaven below.

HYMN 207. 8 lines 7's.

- 1 **J**ESUS is our common Lord,
 He our loving Saviour is;
 By his death to life restor'd,
 Misery we exchange for bliss.
 Bliss to carnal minds unknown:
O 'tis more than tongue can tell!
Only to believers shewn:
Glorious and unspeakable.

Christ, our Brother and our Friend,
 Shews us his eternal love :
 Never shall our triumphs end,
 Till we take our seats above.
 Let us walk with him in white,
 For our bridal day prepare ;
 For our partnership in light,
 For our glorious meeting there.

HYMN 208. C. M.

- 1 **C**OME, let us who in Christ believe,
 Our common Saviour praise :
 To him with joyful voices give
 The glory of his grace.
- 2 He now stands knocking at the door
 Of every sinner's heart ;
 The worst need keep him out no more,
 Nor force him to depart.
- 3 Through grace we hearken to thy voice,
 Yield to be sav'd from sin :
 In sure and certain hope rejoice,
 That thou wilt enter in.
- 4 Come quickly in, thou heavenly guest,
 Nor ever hence remove ;
 But sup with us, and let the feast
 Be everlasting love.

HYMN 209. 6 lines 8's.

- 1 **T**HOU hidden Source of calm repose ;
 Thou all-sufficient Love divine ;
 My help and refuge from my foes,
 Secure I am, if thou art mine :
 And lo ! from sin, and grief, and shame,
 I hide me, Jesus, in thy Name.
- 2 *Thy mighty Name salvation is,
 And keeps my happy soul above ;*

Comfort it brings, and power, and peace,
 And joy, and everlasting love :
 To me, with thy dear Name are given,
 Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

3 Jesus, my All in all thou art,
 My rest in toil, my ease in pain ;
 The medicine of my broken heart,
 In war, my peace—in loss, my gain :
 My smile beneath the tyrant's frown,
 In shame, my glory, and my crown.

4 In want, my plentiful supply ;
 In weakness, my almighty power ;
 In bonds, my perfect liberty ;
 My light, in Satan's darkest hour ;
 In grief, my joy unspeakable ;
 My life in death, my heaven in hell.

HYMN 210. 6 lines 8's.

1 **T**HEE will I love, my strength, my
 tower ;
 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown ;
 Thee will I love with all my power,
 In all thy works, and thee alone :
 Thee will I love, till the pure fire
 Fill my whole soul with chaste desire.

2 Ah, why did I so late thee know,
 Thee, lovelier than the sons of men !
 Ah, why did I no sooner go
 To thee, the only ease in pain !
 Asham'd I sigh, and inly mourn,
 That I so late to thee did turn.

3 In darkness willingly I stray'd ;
 I sought thee, yet from thee I rov'd :
 Far wide my wandering thoughts were
 spread ;

*Thy creatures more than thee I lov'd ;
 And now, if more at length I see,*

FOR BELIEVERS REJOICING.

I thank thee, uncreated Sun,
That thy bright beams on me hath s
I thank thee, who hast overthrown
My foes, and heal'd my wounded in
I thank thee, whose enlivening voice,
Bids my freed heart in thee rejoice.
Uphold me in the doubtful race,
Nor suffer me again to stray ;
Strengthen my feet with steady pace,
Still to press forward in thy way ;
My soul and flesh, O Lord of might,
Fill, satiate with thy heavenly light.
Give to mine eyes refreshing tears ;
Give to my heart chaste, hallow'd fire
Give to my soul, with filial fears,
The love that all heaven's host inspires
That all my powers, with all their might,
'n thy sole glory may unite.
Thee will I love, my joy, my crown,
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God :
Thee will I love, beneath thy frown,
Or smile, thy sceptre, or thy rod ;
That though my flesh and heart decay,
I shall I love in endless day.

HYMN 211. 4 lines, 10's x 11's.

LET all men rejoice, By Jesus restor'd.
We lift up our voice, And call him our
Lord :
O God, to bless us, And free us from thrall,
To all that oppress us, He rescues us all.
Prophet, and King, And 'Priest we
proclaim :
Triumph and sing Of Jesus's Name ;
For he teaches To shew forth his
praise,
Of the riches Of Jesus's grace.

- 3 No matter how dull The scholar, who
Takes into his school, And gives him to
A wonderful fashion Of teaching he h
And wise to salvation He makes us thro'f
4 The wayfaring men, Though fools, shal
stray ;

His method so plain, So easy the way :
The simplest believer His promise may p
And drink of the river Of Jesus's love.

- 5 Poor outcasts of men, Whose souls
despis'd,
And left with disdain, By Jesus are pri
His gracious creation, In us he makes kno
And brings us salvation, And calls us his c

HYMN 212. 10's & 11's.

- 1 **M**Y brethren belov'd, Your calling ye
In Jesus approv'd, No goodness have
No riches or merit, No wisdom or mig
But all things inherit, Thro' Jesus's ri
2 Yet not many wise His summons obey
And great ones despise So vulgar a w
And strong ones will never Their help
ness own,
Or stoop to find favour, Thro' mercy al
3 And therefore our God The outcasts
chose,
His righteousness shew'd To heathens lik
When wise ones rejected His offers of gr
His goodness elected The foolish and l
4 To baffle the wise, And noble, and stro
He bade us arise, An impotent throng ;
Poor ignorant wretches, We gladly emb
A prophet who teaches Salvation by gr
5 The things that were not, His mercy bids
His mercy unbought, We freely recei
His gracious compassion We thankfully
And all our salvation Ascribe to his k

HYMN 213. C. M.

MY God, the spring of all my joys,
 The life of my delights,
 The glory of my brightest days,
 And comfort of my nights!

darkest shades, if thou appear,
 My dawning is begun :
 Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
 And thou my rising sun.

The op'ning heavens around me shine,
 With beams of sacred bliss,
 Jesus shews his mercy mine,
 And whispers I am his.

My soul would leave this heavy clay
 At that transporting word ;
 And up with joy the shining way,
 To see and praise my Lord.

Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
 I'd break through every foe ;
 The wings of love, and arms of faith,
 Would bear me conqu'ror through.

HYMN 214. C. M.

TALK with us, Lord, thyself reveal,
 While here o'er earth we rove ;
 Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
 The kindling of thy love.

With thee conversing, we forget
 All time, and toil, and care :
 Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,
 If thou, my God, art here.

Here then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
 And bid my heart rejoice ;

My bounding heart shall own thy sway,
And echo to thy voice.

4 Thou callest me to seek thy face :

'Tis all I wish to seek :

To attend the whispers of thy grace,
And hear thee inly speak.

5 Let this my every hour employ,

Till I thy glory see !

Enter into my Master's joy,
And find my heaven in thee.

HYMN 215. 8 lines 7's & 6's.

1 **G**LORIOUS Saviour of my soul,
I lift it up to thee ;

Thou hast made the sinner whole,
Hast set the captive free !

Thou my debt of death hast paid ;
Thou hast rais'd me from my fall !

Thou hast full atonement made :
My Saviour died for ALL.

2 What could my Redeemer move
To leave his Father's throne ?

Pity drew him from above,
To make his mercy known :

Swift to succour sinful man,
Sinking into endless wee,

Jesus to our rescue ran,
And God appear'd below.

3 God in this dark vale of tears,
A man of griefs was seen :

Here for three and thirty years
He dwelt with sinful men.

Did they know the Deity ?

Did they own him who he was ?

See the Friend of sinners, see,
He hangs on yonder cross !

thy wrath I cannot fear,
 Thou gentle, bleeding Lamb !
 thy judgment I am clear ;
 Deal'd by thy stripes I am :
 Thou for me a curse wast made,
 That I might in thee be blest,
 Thou hast my full ransom paid,
 And in thy wounds I rest.

HYMN 216. C.M.

INFINITE, unexhausted Love !

Jesus and Love are one :
 Till to me thy bowels move,
 They are restrain'd from none.

What shall I do my God to love ?
 My loving God to praise ?
 Length, and breadth, and height to prove,
 And depth of sovereign grace ?

Thy sovereign grace to all extends,
 Immense and unconfin'd :
 From age to age it never ends ;
 Thy reaches all mankind.

Throughout the world its breadth is known ;
 Wide as infinity !

Wide it never pass'd by one,
 Nor it had pass'd by me.

Thy trespass was grown up to heaven,
 But far above the skies,
 Though Christ abundantly forgiven,
 See thy mercies rise !

Depth of all-redeeming love.
 What angel-tongue can tell ?
 May I to the utmost prove,
 The gift unspeakable !

Deeper than hell it pluck'd me thence,
 Deeper than inbred sin :

Possession of thine own !
My longing heart vouchsafe to me
Thine everlasting throne !

- 9 Assert thy claim, maintain thy rig
Come quickly from above ;
And sink me to perfection's height
The depth of humble love.

HYMN 217. C. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, to thee I now can fly,
On whom my help is laid :
Opprest by sins, I lift my eye,
And see the shadows fade.
- 2 Believing on my Lord, I find
A sure and present aid :
On thee alone my constant mind
Be every moment stay'd.
- 3 Whate'er in me seems wise or good
Or strong, I here disclaim :
I wash my garments in the blood
Of the' atoning Lamb.
- 4 Jesus, my Strength, my Life, my
On thee will I depend,
Till summon'd to the marriage-fea
When faith in sight shall end.

HYMN 218. 8 lines all 7's

- 1 **S**EE how great a flame aspires,
Kindled by a spark of grace !
Jesu's love the nations fires,
Sets the kingdoms on a blaze ;
To bring fire on earth he came ;
Kindled in some hearts it is ;

O that all might catch the flame,
 All partake the glorious bliss !
 When he first the work begun,
 Small and feeble was his day :
 Now the word doth swiftly run,
 Now it wins its widening way :
 More and more it spreads and grows,
 Ever mighty to prevail ;
 Sin's strong holds it now o'erthrows,
 Shakes the trembling gates of hell.
 Sons of God, your Saviour praise !
 He the door hath open'd wide ;
 He hath given the word of grace,
 Jesu's word is glorify'd ;
 Jesus, mighty to redeem,
 He alone the work hath wrought ;
 Worthy is the work of him,
 Him who spake a world from nought.
 Saw ye not the cloud arise,
 Little as a human hand ?
 Now it spreads along the skies,
 Hangs o'er all the thirsty land ;
 Lo ! the promise of a shower
 Drops already from above ;
 But the Lord will shortly pour
 All the Spirit of his Love.

HYMN 219. 5's & 11's.

ALL thanks be to God,
 Who scatters abroad,
 Throughout every place,
 By the least of his servants, the savour of grace.
 Who the victory gave,
 The praise let him have,
 For the work he hath done ;
 // honour and glory to Jesus alone !

2 Our conquering Lord
 Hath prosper'd his word,
 Hath made it prevail ;
 And mightily shaken the kingdom of hell
 His arm he hath bar'd,
 And a people prepar'd
 His glory to shew ;
 And witness the power of his passion here

3 He hath open'd a door
 To the penitent poor ;
 Hath rescu'd from sin,
 And admitted the harlots and publicans
They have heard the glad sound
They have liberty found,
 Through the blood of the Lamb
 And plentiful pardon through Jesus's name

4 And shall we not sing
 Our Saviour and King ?
 Thy witnesses, we
 With rapture ascribe our salvation to thee
 Thou, Jesus, hast bless'd,
 And believers increas'd,
 Who thankfully own,
 They are freely forgiven through mercy

5 His Spirit revives
 His work in our lives,
 His wonders of grace,
 So mightily wrought in the primitive days
 O that all men might know
 His tokens below,
 Our Saviour confess, [
 And embrace the glad tidings of pardon

6 *Thou Saviour of all*
Effectually call

FOR BELIEVERS REJOICING.

2

• The sinners that stray :
 , O, let a nation be born in a day !
 Thy sign let them see,
 And flow unto thee
 For the oil and the wine,
 the blissful assurance of favour divin
 Our heathenish land,
 Beneath thy command,
 In mercy receive,
 I make us a pattern to all that believe.
 Then, then let it spread,
 Thy knowledge and dread,
 Till the earth is o'erflow'd,
 I the universe fill'd with the glory of C

HYMN 220. 8 lines 8's.

ALL glory to God in the sky,
 And peace upon earth be restor'd
 Jesus, exalted on high,
 Appear our omnipotent Lord !
 Who meanly in Bethlehem born,
 Didst stoop to redeem a lost race,
 Once more to thy creatures return,
 And reign in thy kingdom of grace !
 When thou in our flesh didst appear,
 All nature acknowledg'd thy birth ;
 rose the acceptable year,
 And heaven was open'd on earth ;
 receiving its Lord from above,
 The world was united to bless
 The Giver of concord and love,
 The Prince and the Author of peace.
 Wouldst thou again be made known,
 Again in thy Spirit descend !
 and set up in each of thine own
 A kingdom that never shall end.

214 FOR BELIEVERS REJOICING.

Thou only art able to bless,
And make the glad nations obey ;
And bid the dire enmity cease,
And bow the whole world to thy sway.

4 Come then to thy servants again,
Who long thy appearing to know ;
Thy quiet and peaceable reign
In mercy establish below ;
All sorrow before thee shall fly,
And anger and hatred be o'er :
And envy and malice shall die,
And discord afflict us no more.

5 No horrid alarum of war
Shall break our eternal repose ;
No sound of the trumpet is there ;
Where Jesus's Spirit o'erflows :
Appeas'd by the charms of thy grace,
We all shall in amity join ;
And kindly each other embrace,
And love with a passion like thine.

HYMN 221. 8 lines 7's & 6's.

1 **M**EET and right it is to sing,
In every time and place,
Glory to our heavenly King,
The God of Truth and Grace.
Join we then with sweet accord,
All in one thanksgiving join !
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Eternal praise be thine !

2 Thee, the first-born sons of light,
In choral symphonies,
Praise by day, day without night,
And never. never cease :

igels and archangels, all
 Praise the mystic Three in One;
 ng, and stop, and gaze, and fall
 O'erwhelm'd before thy throne!

ieing with that heavenly choir,
 Who chaunt thy praise above;
 Ve on eagle's wings aspire,
 The wings of faith and love;
 hee *they* sing, with glory crown'd;
 We extol the slaughter'd Lamb;
 ower if our voices sound,
 Our subject is the same.

ather, God, thy love we praise,
 Which gave thy Son to die;
 esus, full of truth and grace,
 Alike we glorify;
 pirit, Comforter divine,
 Praise by all to thee be given,
 ill we in full chorus join,
And earth is turn'd to heaven.

HYMN 202. 6 lines 4-8's & 2-6's.

HOW happy, gracious Lord, are we!
 Divinely drawn to follow thee;
 Whose hours divided are
 betwixt the mount and multitude:
 Our day is spent in doing good,
 Our night in praise and prayer.

Give us no melancholy void,
 A moment lingers unemploy'd,
 Or unimprov'd below:
 Our weariness of life is gone,
 We live to serve our God alone,
And only thee to know.

FOR BELIEVERS REJOICING.

he winter's night and summer's day,
Glide imperceptibly away,
Too short to sing thy praise !
Too few we find the happy hours,
And haste to join those heavenly powers,
In everlasting lays.
4 With all who chaunt thy name on high,
And holy, holy, holy cry,
A bright harmonious throng !
We long thy praises to repeat,
And restless sing, around thy seat,
The new, eternal song.

HYMN 223.

6 lines 8's.

- 1 **W**HEN Israel out of Egypt came,
And left the proud oppressor's land,
Supported by the great I AM,
Safe in the hollow of his hand !
The Lord in Israel reign'd alone,
And Judah was his favourite throne.
- 2 The sea beheld his power, and fled,
Disparted by the wond'rous rod ;
Jordan ran backward to its head,
And Sinai felt the incumbent God ;
The mountains skipt like frighten'd rams,
The hills leapt after them as lambs !
- 3 What ail'd thee, O thou trembling sea,
What horror turn'd the river back ?
Was nature's God displeas'd with thee,
And why should hills or mountains
Ye mountains huge, that skipp'd like
Ye hills that leap'd as frighten'd lambs
- 4 Earth, tremble on, with all thy son
In presence of thy awful Lord !
Whose power inverted nature own
Her only law his sovereign Word

es the centre with his rod,
 ven bows down to Jacob's God,
 n, varied by his hand,
 ' omnipotent Jehovah knows !
 sea is turn'd to solid land,
 he rock into a fountain flows ;
 d all things, as they change, proclaim,
 he Lord eternally the same.

HYMN 224.

6 lines 8's.

I'LL praise my Maker while I've breath,
 And when my voice is lost in death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler powers :
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life, and thought, and being last,
 Or immortality endures.

Happy the man whose hopes rely
 On Israel's God ; he made the sky,
 And earth, and seas, and all their train :
 His truth for ever stands secure ;
 He saves the' opprest, he feeds the poor,
 And none shall find his promise vain.

The Lord pours eye-sight on the blind ;
 The Lord supports the fainting mind :
 He sends the labouring conscience peace
 He helps the stranger in distress,
 The widow and the fatherless,
 And grants the prisoner sweet release.

I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
 And when my voice is lost in death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler powers ;
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life, and thought, and being last,
 Or immortality endures.

HYMN 225. L. M.

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord, 'tis good to:
Our hearts and voices in his praise
His nature and his works invite
To make this duty our delight.
- 2 He form'd the stars, those heavenly fires
He counts their numbers, calls them names
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound
A deep where all our thoughts are drown
- 3 Sing to the Lord; exalt him high,
Who spreads his clouds along the sky
There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.
- 4 He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn
The beast with food his hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.
- 5 What is the creature's skill or force?
The sprightly man, or warlike horse?
The piercing wit, the active limb?
All are too mean delight for him.
- 6 But saints are lovely in his sight,
He views his children with delight;
He sees their hope, he knows their fear
He looks and loves his image there.

HYMN 226. C. M.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Wisdom! Thee we praise
Thee the creation sings;
With thy lov'd name, rocks, hills, and seas
And heaven's high palace rings.
- 2 Thy hand, how wide it spreads the sky
How glorious to behold!
Tint'd with a blue of heavenly dye,
And starr'd with sparkling gold.

then hast bid the globes of light
in endless circuits run ;
the pale planets rule the night ;
a day obeys the sun.

When I turn my wondering eyes,
To clouds and storms below ;
In under regions of the skies
Thy numerous glories show.
Noisy winds stand ready there,
By orders to obey ;
Thy sounding wings they sweep the air,
To make thy chariot way.

Here, like a trumpet loud and strong,
Thy thunder shakes our coast ;
While the red lightnings wave along,
The banners of thy host.

In the thin air, without a prop,
Hang fruitful showers around ;
At thy command they sink and drop
Their fatness on the ground.

O ! here thy wondrous skill arrays
The earth in cheerful green ;
A thousand herbs thy art displays,
A thousand flowers between.

There the rough mountains of the deep
Obey thy strong command ;
Thy breath can raise the billows steep,
Or sink them to the sand.

O Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the wondering sight,
Thro' skies, and seas, and solid ground,
With terror and delight.

11 Infinite strength and equal skill
Shine through thy works abroad ;
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder God !

- 12 **But** the mild glories of thy grace
 Our softer passions move :
Pity Divine in Jesu's face
 We see, adore, and love.

HYMN 227. L. M.

- 1 **H**OW do thy mercies close me round!
 For ever be thy name ador'd ;
I blush in all things to abound ;
 The servant is above his Lord !
- 2 **Inur'd** to poverty and pain,
A suffering life my Master led :
The Son of God, the Son of Man,
 He had not where to lay his head.
- 3 **But**, lo ! a place he hath prepar'd
 For me, whom watchful angels keep ;
Yea, he himself becomes my guard ;
 He smooths my bed, and gives me sleep.
- 4 **Jesus** protects ; my fears be gone !
 What can the Rock of Ages move ?
Safe in thy arms I lay me down,
 Thy everlasting arms of love.
- 5 **While** thou art intimately nigh,
 Who, who shall violate my rest :
Sin, earth, and hell I now defy ;
 I lean upon my Saviour's breast.
- 6 **I** rest beneath the Almighty's shade,
 My griefs expire, my troubles cease ;
Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is stay'd,
 Will keep me still in perfect peace.
- 7 **Me** for thine own thou lov'st to take,
 In time and in eternity :
Thou never, never wilt forsake
 A helpless worm that trusts in thee.

HYMN 228. 8 lines 8's.

THOU Shepherd of Israel and mine,

The joy and desire of my heart ;
 closer communion I pine,
 long to reside where thou art ;
 pasture I languish to find,
 Where all, who their Shepherd obey,
 fed, on thy bosom reclin'd,
 and screen'd from the heat of the day.

! shew me that happiest place,
 the place of thy people's abode ;
 ere saints in an ecstasy gaze,
 and hang on a crucified God :
 thy love for a sinner declare ;
 thy passion and death on the tree ;
 thy spirit to Calvary bear,
 to suffer and triumph with thee.

There, with the lambs of thy flock,
 here only I covet to rest ;
 lie at the foot of the rock,
 or rise to be hid in thy breast :
 there I would always abide,
 and never a moment depart ;
 eternal'd in the cleft of thy side,
 eternally held in thy heart.

HYMN 229. 4 lines 6's, & 2-8's.

GOD of my life, to thee
 My cheerful soul I raise !
 thy goodness bade me be,
 that still prolongs my days ;
 thy natal hour return,
 bless the day that I was born,
 O God of living earth,
 glorify thy name,

From whom alone my birth,
And all my blessings came ;
Creating and preserving grace,
Let all that is within me praise.

3 Long as I live beneath,
To thee, O let me live !
To thee my every breath
In thanks and praises give !
Whate'er I have, whate'er I am,
Shall magnify my Maker's name.

4 My soul and all its powers,
Thine, wholly thine, shall be ;
All, all my happy hours
I consecrate to thee ;
Me to thine image now restore,
And I shall praise thee evermore.

5 I wait thy will to do,
As angels do in heaven ;
In Christ a creature new,

Most graciously forgiven :
I wait thy perfect will to prove,
All sanctify'd by spotless love.

6 Then when the work is done,
The work of faith with power,
Receive thy favour'd son
In death's triumphant hour ;
Like Moses to thyself convey,
And kiss my raptur'd soul away.

HYMN 230. 6 lines 8's.

1 **F**OUNTAIN of life and all my
Jesus, thy mercies I embrace
The breath thou giv'st, for thee eternally
And wait to taste thy perfect grace
No more forsaken and forlorn,
I bless the day that I was born !

1 **P**repar'd through faith, by power divine,
A miracle of grace I stand!

2 **I** grow the strength of Jesus mine!
Jesus, upheld by thy right hand,
Though in my flesh I feel the thorn,
I bless the day that I was born.

3 **W**eary of life through inbred sin
I was, but now defy its power:
When as a foe the foe comes in,
My soul is more than conqueror:
I tread him down with holy scorn,
And bless the day that I was born.

4 **C**ome, Lord, and make me pure within,
And let me now be fill'd with God!
Live to declare I'm sav'd from sin:
And if I seal the truth with blood,
My soul, from out the body torn,
Shall bless the day that I was born!

HYMN 231. 11's & 9's.

1 **A**WAY with our fears! The glad morn-
ing appears,
When an heir of salvation was born!
From Jehovah I came, For his glory I am,
And to him I with singing return.

2 **T**hee, Jesus, alone, The fountain I own,
Of my life and felicity here:
And cheerfully sing My Redeemer and King,
Till his sign in the heavens appear.

3 **W**ith thanks I rejoice In thy fatherly choice
Of my state and condition below:
If of parents I came Who honour'd thy name,
'Twas thy Wisdom appointed it so.

4 I sing of thy grace from my earliest
Ever near to allure and defend ;
Hitherto hast thou been My Preserver
sin,

And I trust thou wilt save to the e

5 O the infinite cares, and temptations,
snares,

Thy hand hath conducted me thro
O the blessings bestow'd By a bountifu
And the mercies eternally new.

6 What a mercy is this ; What a heav
bliss ;

How unspeakably happy am I !

Gather'd into thy fold, With thy peopl
roll'd,

With thy people to live and to die

7 O the goodness of God, In employing a
His tribute of glory to raise !

His standard to bear, And with triumph d
His unspeakable riches of grace !

8 O the fathomless love, That has deig
approve,

And prosper the work of my hands !

With my pastoral crook I went over the l
And behold I am spread into bands

9 Who, I ask in amaze, Hath begotte
these !

And inquire from what quarter they
My full heart it replies, They are born
the skies,

And gives glory to God and the L

10 All honour and praise To the Fath
grace,

To the Spirit, and Son I return !

The business pursue He hath made me
And rejoice that I ever was born.

A rapture of joy My life I employ
 To God of my life to proclaim :
 With living for this, To administer bliss,
 And salvation in Jesus's name.

Remnant of days I spend in his praise,
 Who died the whole world to redeem :
 By many or few, My days are his due,
 And they all are devoted to him.

[YMN 232. 4 lines 6's & 2-8.

YOUNG men and maidens, raise
 Your tuneful voices high ;
 Old men and children praise
 The Lord of earth and sky,
 One Three in One, and One in Three,
 Glory to all eternity.

He Universal King
 Let all the world proclaim ;
 Let every creature sing
 His attributes and name !
 One Three in One, and One in Three,
 Glory to all eternity.

In his great name alone
 All excellencies meet :
 Who sits upon the throne,
 And shall for ever sit :
 One Three in One, and One in Three,
 Glory to all eternity.

Glory to God belongs ;
 Glory to God be given,
 Above the noblest songs
 Of all in earth and heaven !
 One Three in One, and One in Three,
 Glory to all eternity.

FOR BELIEVERS REJOICING.

HYMN 233. 8's lines 7's.

HAPPY man whom God doth aid,
God our souls and bodies made;
God on us, in gracious showers,
Blessings every moment pours:
Compasses with angel-bands,
Bids them bear us in their hands:
Parents, friends, 'twas God bestow'd,
Life, and all descend from God.
He this flowery carpet spread,
Made the earth on which we tread:
God refreshes in the air;
Covers with the clothes we wear;
Feeds us with the food we eat;
Cheers us by his light and heat;
Makes his sun on us to shine:
All our blessings are divine!

- 3 Give him then, and ever give,
Thanks for all that we receive!
Man we for his kindness love;
How much more our God above!
Worthy thou, our heavenly Lord,
To be honour'd and ador'd:
God of all-creating grace!
Take the everlasting praise!

HYMN 234. L. M.

- 1 **L**ET all that breathe, Jehovah pr
Almighty, all-creating Lord!
Let earth and heaven his power conf
Brought out of nothing by his W
2 He spake the word, and it was done
The universe his word obey'd;
His Word is his eternal Son,
And Christ the whole creation

us, the Lord and God most high,
 Maker of all mankind and me!
 e thou hast made to glorify,
 To know, and love, and live to thee.
 Wherefore to thee my heart I give,
 (But thou must first bestow the power,)
 And if for thee on earth I live,
 Thee I shall soon in heaven adore.

HYMN 235.

L. M.

The Lord's Prayer.

PART FIRST.

- 1 **F**ATHER of all, whose powerful voice,
 Call'd forth this universal frame!
 Whose mercies over all rejoice,
 Through endless ages still the same:
 Thou by thy word upholdest all;
 Thy bounteous love to all is shew'd;
 Thou hear'st thy every creature's call,
 And fillest every mouth with good.
- 2 In heaven thou reign'st enthron'd in light,
 Nature's expanse before thee spread;
 Earth, air, and sea before thy sight,
 And hell's deep gloom are open laid!
 Wisdom, and might, and love are thine;
 Prostrate before thy face we fall,
 Confess thine attributes divine,
 And hail thee sovereign Lord of all.
- 3 **T**hee, sovereign Lord, let all confess,
 That move in earth, or air, or sky;
 Revere thy power, thy goodness bless,
 Tremble before thy piercing eye;
 All ye, who owe to him your birth,
 In praise your every hour employ:
 Jehovah reigns! be glad, O earth,
 And shout, ye morning stars, for joy.

HYMN 236. L. M.

PART SECOND.

- 1 **S**ON of thy Sire's eternal love,
Take to thyself thy mighty power;
Let all earth's sons thy mercy prove,
Let all thy bleeding grace adore;
The triumphs of thy love display;
In every heart reign thou alone,
Till all thy foes confess thy sway,
And glory end what grace begun.
- 2 Spirit of grace, and health, and power;
Fountain of light and love below;
Abroad thy healing influence shower,
O'er all the nations let it flow;
Inflame our hearts with perfect love,
In us the work of faith fulfil;
So not heaven's host shall swifter move,
Than we on earth to do thy will.
- 3 Father, 'tis thine each day to yield
Thy children's wants a fresh supply:
Thou cloth'st the lilies of the field,
And hearest the young ravens' cry;
On thee we cast our care; we live
Thro' thee, who know'st our every need
O feed us with thy grace, and give
Our souls this day the living Bread!

HYMN 237. L. M.

PART THIRD.

- 1 **E**TERNAL, spotless Lamb of God,
Before the world's foundation laid
Sprinkle us ever with thy blood;
O cleanse, and keep us ever clean!
To every soul, (all praise to thee!)
Our bowels of compassion move:
*And all mankind by this may see
God is in us, for God is love.*

and Lord of life, whose power
 and guardian care for all is free,
 us, in fierce temptation's hour,
 from sin and Satan let us flee:
 O, Lord, we are, and ours thou art,
 Ours be all thy goodness shew'd:
 O, enlarge, and fill our heart
 With peace, and joy, and heaven, and
 God.

passing and honour, praise and love,
 Co-equal, co-eternal Three,
 earth below, in heaven above,
 By all thy works be paid to thee!
 O, hark, thine the kingdom is,
 The power omnipotent is thine:
 And when created nature dies,
 Thy never-ceasing glories shine.

HYMN 238. 8 lines 7's.

MEET and right it is to praise
 God, the Giver of all grace;
 God, whose mercies are bestow'd
 On the evil and the good:
 He prevents his creatures' call,
 Kind and merciful to all:
 Makes his sun on sinners rise;
 Showers his blessings from the skies

2 Least of all thy creatures, we .
 Daily thy salvation see;
 As by heavenly manna fed.
 Through a world of dangers led;
 Through a wilderness of cares;
 Through ten thousand thousand
 More than now our hearts conceive
 More than we could know, and I

- 3 By our bosom-foe beset ;
 Taken in the fowler's net ;
 Passion's unresisting prey,
 Oft within the toils we lay ;
 Sleeping on the brink of sin,
 Tophet gap'd to take us in ;
 Mercy to our rescue flew,
 Broke the snare, and brought us thr
- 4 Here, as in the lion's den,
 Undevour'd we still remain ;
 Pass secure the watery flood,
 Hanging on the arm of God :
 Here we raise our voices higher,
 Shout in the refiner's fire ;
 Clap our hands amidst the flame,
 Glory give to Jesu's name.

HYMN 239. C. M.

- 1 **H**AIL ! Father, Son, and Holy C
 One God, in persons Three ;
 Of Thee we make our joyful boast,
 Our songs we make of thee.
- 2 Thou neither canst be felt nor seen ;
 Thou art a Spirit pure :
 Thou from eternity hast been,
 And always shalt endure.
- 3 Present alike in every place,
 Thy Godhead we adore ;
 Beyond the bounds of time and space
 Thou dwell'st for evermore.
- 4 In wisdom infinite thou art,
 Thine eye doth all things see ;
*And every thought, of every heart,
 Is fully known to thee.*

thou wilt, in earth below,
 at in heaven above :
 we rejoice to know
 mighty God of Love.

whatsoever thy hands have made :
 wisdom we rehearse,
 characters display'd
 about our universe.

th love, and endless grace,
 thy works doth reign :
 y thou delight'st to bless
 our creature, Man.

, let every creature give
 the praise design'd :
 y, Lord, the thanks receive,
 of all mankind.

YMN 240. L. M.

the Attributes of God.

FIRST PART.

, thou bottomless abyss !
 to perfection who can know ?
 immense ! What words suffice
 ntless attributes to shew ?
 ble depths thou art !
 e me in thy mercy's sea ;
 e wisdom is my heart !
 e embrace, and cover me !
 , all infinite, I set
 , before my ravish'd eye ;
 ss bends beneath the weight ;
 r'd, I sink, I faint, I die.

2 Eternity thy fountain was,
Which, like thee, no beginning knew
Thou wast, ere time began its race,
Ere glow'd with stars the' etherial bl
Greatness unspeakable is thine,
Greatness, whose undiminish'd ray,
When short-liv'd worlds are lost, shall shi
When earth and heaven are fled away
Unchangeable, all-perfect Lord,
Essential life's unbounded sea ;
What lives, and moves, lives by thy Won
It lives, and moves, and is from thee !

3 Thy parent hand, thy forming skill,
Firm fix'd this universal chain :
Else empty, barren darkness still
Had held his unmolested reign.
Whate'er in earth, or sea, or sky,
Or shuns, or meets the wandering thought
Escapes or strikes the searching eye,
By thee was to perfection brought !
High is thy power above all height,
Whate'er thy will decrees is done ;
Thy wisdom, equal to thy might,
Only to thee, O God, is known !

4 Heaven's glory is thy awful throne,
Yet earth partakes thy gracious sway
Vain man ! thy wisdom folly own,
Lost is thy reason's feeble ray.
What our dim eye could never see,
Is plain and naked to thy sight ;
*What thickest darkness veils, to thee
Shines clearly as the morning light.*

that thou dwell'st; light, that no shade,
nor darkness ever know;
thy works and all thy power,
thy wisdom, thy piercing view.

PSALM 241. L. M.

SECOND PART.

THOU, true and only God, lead'st forth
Thy immortal armies of the sky;
a laugh'st to scorn the gods of earth;
thou thunderest, and amaz'd they fly!
How vast thy angelic choir
stand before thy awful face;
singing, they strike the golden lyre,
and through heaven's vault resound thy
praise.

And, in heaven, in all thou art;
no conscious creature feels thy nod,
forming hand on every part
spread the image of its God.

O, Lord, is wisdom, thine alone!
Justice and truth before thee stand:
nearer to thy sacred throne
they withhold thy lifted hand.
Evening shews thy tender love,
each rising morn thy plenteous grace:
waken'd wrath does slowly move,
thy willing mercy flies apace!
thy benign, indulgent care,
thou, this light, this breath we owe;
all we have, and all we are,
from thee, great Source of Being, flow.

- 3 Parent of Good, thy bounteous hand
 Incessant blessings now distils ;
 And all in air, or sea, or land,
 With plenteous food and gladness fills.
 All things in thee live, move, and are,
 Thy power infus'd doth all sustain :
 Even those thy daily favours share,
 Who thankless spurn thy easy reign.
 Thy sun thou bid'st his genial ray
 Alike on all impartial pour ;
 On all who hate or bless thy sway,
 Thou bid'st descend the fruitful shower.
- 4 Yet, while at length, who scorn'd thy might,
 Shall feel thee a consuming fire ;
 How sweet the joys, the crown how bright,
 Of those who to thy love aspire !
 All creatures praise the' eternal Name !
 Ye hosts that to his court belong,
 Cherubic choirs, seraphic flames,
 Awake the everlasting song !
 Thrice holy : thine the kingdom is,
 The power omnipotent is thine ;
 And when created nature dies,
 Thy never-ceasing glories shine.

HYMN 242.

8 lines 7's & 6's.

- 1 **G**LORIOUS God, accept a heart
 That pants to sing thy praise ;
 Thou without beginning art
 And without end of days :
 Thou, a Spirit invisible,
 Dost to none thy fulness show :

thy Majesty can tell,
all thy Godhead know.

hine Attributes we own,
thy wisdom, power, and might :
thy in thyself alone,
thy goodness infinite :
thy goodness hast display'd,
thy thine every work imprest ;
at whate'er thy hands have made,
it man thou lov'st the best.

ing thou that all should know
thy saving truth, and live ;
to each, or bliss or woe,
with strictest justice give :
thy with perfect righteousness
enderest every man his due ;
ful in thy promises,
ful in thy threatnings too.

thy art merciful to all,
tho truly turn to thee !
me then for pardon call,
and shew thy grace to me ;
through mercy reconcil'd,
e, for Jesu's sake forgiven ;
receive, thy favour'd child,
sing thy praise in heaven.

YMN 243. 8 lines 7's & 6's.

HOU, my God, art good and wise,
And infinite in power :
let all in earth or skies
continually adore !

Give me thy converting grace,
That I may obedient prove :
Serve my Maker all my days,
And my Redeemer love.

2 For my life, and clothes, and food,
And every comfort here,
Thee, my most indulgent God,
I thank, with heart sincere ;
For the blessings numberless,
Which thou hast already given ;
For my smallest spark of grace,
And for my hope of heaven.

3 Gracious God, my sins forgive,
And thy good Spirit impart !
Then I shall in thee believe,
With all my loving heart :
Always unto Jesus look,
Him in heavenly glory see,
Who my cause hath undertook,
And ever prays for me.

4 Grace, in answer to his prayer,
And every grace bestow ;
That I may, with zealous care,
Perform thy will below ;
Rooted in humility,
Still in every state resign'd,
Plant, Almighty Lord, in me
A meek and lowly mind.

5 Poor and vile in my own eyes,
With self-abasing shame,
Still I would myself despise,
And magnify thy name ;

FOR BELIEVERS REJOICING.

every creature bless,
to God alone be given :
He deserves the praise
In earth and heaven.

MN 244. 8 lines 7's & 6's.

IOU, the great, eternal God,
Art high above our thought !
Why to be fear'd, ador'd
By all thy hands have wrought :
No can with thyself compare,
Thy glory fills both earth and sky :
And all thy creatures, are
As nothing in thine eye.

Thy great, unbounded power,
To thee the praise we give :
Infinitely great, and more
Than heart can e'er conceive :
When thou wilt to work proceed,
Thy purpose firm none can withstand ;
Frustrate thy determin'd deed,
Or stay the Almighty hand.

Thou, O God, art wise alone :
Thy counsel doth excel :
Wonderful thy work we own,
Thy ways unsearchable :
Who can sound the mystery,
Thy judgments' deep abyss explain :
Thine, whose eyes in darkness see,
And search the heart of man.

HYMN 245. 8 lines 7's & 6's.

1 **G**OOD thou art, and good thou dost,
Thy mercies reach to all ;
+

Chiefly those who on thee trust,
And for thy mercy call :
New they every moment are :
As fathers when their children cry,
Us thou dost in pity spare,
And all our wants supply.

- 2 Mercy o'er thy works presides ;
Thy providence display'd,
Still preserves, and still provides
For all thy hands have made :
Keeps, with most distinguish'd care,
The man who on thy love depends ;
Watches every number'd hair,
And all his steps attends.

- 3 Who can sound the depths unknown
Of thy redeeming grace ?
**Grace that gave thine only Son,
To save a ruin'd race ?**
Millions of transgressors poor
Thou hast for Jesu's sake forgiven ;
Made them of thy favour sure,
And snatch'd from hell to heaven.

- 4 Millions more thou ready art
To save and to forgive !
Every soul and every heart
Of man, thou would'st receive :
Father, then accept of mine,
Which now, thro' Christ, I offer thee ;
**Tell me, now, in love divine,
That thou hast pardon'd me !**

FOR BELIEVERS REJOICING.

HYMN 246. L. M.

MY soul, through my Redeem
Sav'd from the second death
My eyes from tears of dark despair
My feet from falling into hell.

Therefore to him my feet shall run
My eyes on his perfections gaze ;
My soul shall live for God alone,
And all within me shout his praise

HYMN 247. L. M.

HOLY as thou, O Lord, is none !
Thy holiness is all thy own ;
A drop of that unbounded sea
Is ours, a drop deriv'd from thee.

And when thy purity we share,
By only glory we declare ;
And, humbled into nothing, own
Only and pure is God alone.

Thou, self-existing God and Lord,
All thy heavenly hosts ador'd ;
All on earth bow down to thee,
To own thy peerless majesty.

Thy power unparallel'd confess,
Prais'd on the Rock of Peace ;
Rock that never shall remove,
Rock of pure, almighty Love !

HYMN 248. C. M.

BEST be our everlasting Lord,
Our Father, God, and King !
Thy sovereign goodness we record,
Thy glorious power we sing.

- 2 By thee the victory is given,
The majesty Divine ;
And strength, and might, and earth,
heaven,
And all therein is thine.
- 3 The kingdom, Lord, is thine alone,
Who dost thy right maintain ;
And high on thy eternal throne,
O'er men and angels reign.
- 4 Riches, as seemeth good to thee,
Thou dost, and honour give ;
And kings their power and dignity
Out of thy hand receive.
- 5 Thou hast on us the grace bestow'd,
Thy greatness to proclaim ;
And therefore now we thank our God,
And praise thy glorious name.
- 6 Thy glorious name, and nature's power
Thou dost to us make known ;
And all the Deity is ours,
Through thy incarnate Son.

HYMN 249. C. M.

- 1 **G**REAT God ! to me the sight afford
To him of old allow'd ;
And let my faith behold its Lord,
Descending in a cloud.
- 2 In that revealing Spirit come down,
Thine attributes proclaim,
And to mine inmost soul make known
The glories of thy name.
- 3 Jehovah, Christ, I thee adore !
Who gav'st my soul to be !
Fountain of being, and of power,
And great in majesty.

Lord, the mighty God thou art !
 t let me rather prove,
 name inspoken to my heart,
 at favourite name of Love.

iful God, thyself proclaim
 this polluted breast ;
 y is thy distinguish'd name,
 d suits a sinner best.

misery doth for pity call,
 ur sin implores thy grace ;
 hou art merciful to all
 ur lost, apostate race.

HYMN 250. C. M.

HY ceaseless, unexhausted love,
 Unmerited and free,
 ghts our evil to remove,
 d help our misery.

t waitest to be gracious still,
 ou dost with sinners bear ;
 sav'd, we may thy goodness feel,
 d all thy grace declare.

goodness and thy truth, to me,
 every soul abound ;
 st unfathomable sea,
 here all our thoughts are drown'd.

treains the whole creation reach,
 plenteous is the store ;
 igh for all, enough for each,
 ough for evermore.

iful, O Lord, thy mercies are !
 Rock that cannot move :
 ousand promises declare
 y constancy of love.

- 6 Throughout the universe it reigns,
Unalterably sure ;
And while the Truth of God remain
The Goodness must endure.

HYMN 251.

C. M.

- 1 **F**ATHER of me and all mankind
And all the hosts above,
Let every understanding mind
Unite to praise thy love :
- 2 To know thy nature and thy name,
One God in Persons Three :
And glorify the great I AM,
Through all eternity.
- 3 Thy kingdom come, with power and
To every heart of man :
Thy peace, and joy, and righteousness
In all our bosoms reign.
- 4 The righteousness that never ends,
But makes an' end of sin ;
The joy that human thought transcend
Into our souls bring in.
- 5 The kingdom of establish'd peace,
Which can no more remove ;
The perfect power of Godliness,
The' omnipotence of Love.

HYMN 252.

C. M.

- 1 **C**OME, Father, Son, and Holy
One God in Persons Three,
*Bring back the heavenly blessing,
By all mankind and me.*

our, and thy nature too,
me, to all restore ;
ive, and after God renew,
d keep us evermore.

al Sun of Righteousness,
lay thy beams divine,
use the glories of thy face,
my heart to shine.

n thy light, O may I see,
race and mercy prove ;
and cheer'd, and bless'd by thee,
od of pardoning love.

y countenance serene,
thy happy child
ithout a cloud between,
head reconcil'd !

mprising peace bestow
rough grace forgiven ;
holiness below,
the joys of heaven !

IN 253. S. M.

, in whom we live,
we are, and move,
er, and praise receive
ng love.

l-throng
God on high,
ats the joyful song,
ough the sky.

- 3 Incarnate Deity,
 Let all the ransom'd race
 Render in thanks their lives to thee
 For thy redeeming grace :
- 4 The grace to sinners shew'd
 Ye heavenly choirs proclaim,
 And cry, Salvation to our God,
 Salvation to the Lamb !
- 5 Spirit of Holiness,
 Let all thy saints adore
 Thy sacred energy, and bless
 Thine heart-renewing power.
- 6 Not angel-tongues can tell
 Thy love's ecstatic height,
 The glorious joy unspeakable,
 The beatific sight !
- 7 Eternal Triune Lord !
 Let all the hosts above,
 Let all the sons of men record,
 And dwell upon thy love :
- 8 When heaven and earth are fled
 Before thy glorious face,
 Sing, all the saints thy love hath won
 Thine everlasting praise !

HYMN 254.

L. M.

- 1 **T**HE day of Christ, the day of
 We humbly hope, with joy
 Wash'd in the sanctifying blood
 Of an expiring Deity.
- 2 Who did for us his life resign :
 There is no other God but One ;
 For all the plenitude divine
 Resides in the eternal Son.

- 3 Spotless, sincere, without offence,
O may we to his day remain !
Who trust the blood of Christ to cleanse
Our souls from every sinful stain.
- 4 Lord, we believe the promise sure !
The purchas'd Comforter impart !
Apply thy blood to make us pure :
To keep us pure in life and heart !
- 5 Then let us see that day supreme,
When none thy Godhead shall deny ;
Thy Sovereign Majesty blaspheme,
Or count thee less than the Most High.
- 6 When all who on their God believe,
Who here thy last appearing love,
Shall thy consummate joy receive,
And see thy glorious face above.

HYMN 255. 6 lines 8's.

- 1 **S**PIRIT of Truth, essential God,
Who didst thy ancient saints inspire,
Shed in their hearts thy love abroad,
And touch their hallow'd lips with fire :
Our God from all eternity,
World without end we worship thee.
- 2 Still we believe, Almighty Lord,
Whose presence fills both earth and
heaven,
The meaning of the written word
Is by thy inspiration given ;
Thou only dost thyself explain
The secret mind of God to man.

- 3 Come, then, Divine Interpreter,
 The Scriptures to our hearts apply ;
 And, taught by thee, we God revere,
 Him in Three Persons magnify :
 And still the Triune God adore,
 Who was, and is, for evermore.

HYMN 256. C. M.

- 1 **H**AIL! Father, Son, and Spirit
 Before the birth of time
 Enthron'd in everlasting state;
 Jehovah, ELOHIM !
- 2 A mystical plurality,
 We in the Godhead own,
 Adoring One in Persons Three,
 And Three in nature One.
- 3 From thee our being we receive,
 The creatures of thy grace ;
 And rais'd from earth, and sin, we live
 To sing our Maker's praise.
- 4 Thy powerful, wise, and loving mind,
 Did our creation plan ;
 And all the glorious Persons join'd,
 To form thy favourite, Man.
- 5 Again thou didst, in council met,
 Thy ruin'd work restore ;
 Establish'd in our first estate,
 To forfeit it no more.
- 6 And when we rise in love renew'd,
 Our souls resemble thee,
 An image of the Triune God,
 To all eternity.

4 lines 7's.

so high,
fills the sky :
forgiven,
heaven.

only King,
o sing ;
fess,
rless.

don't !
rd !

as we prove,
of love.

l we own,
Son ;
lain,

1.

bow,
ment, Thou !

ray,
vay !

God,

bow,
ment, Thou !

t, alone,
or one ;
h thee ;
REE.

C. M.

Father, bless,
defend !
d arms embrace,
ad !

- 2 Preserve the creatures of thy love ;
By providential care
Conducted to the realms above,
To sing thy goodness there.
- 3 Jehovah, God the Son, reveal
The brightness of thy face !
And all thy pardoning people fill
With plenitude of grace !
- 4 Shine forth with all the Deity,
Which dwells in thee alone ;
And lifts us up, thy face to see,
On thy eternal throne.
- 5 Jehovah, God the Spirit, shine,
Father and Son to shew :
With bliss ineffable, divine,
Our ravish'd hearts o'erflow.
- 6 Sure earnest of that happiness,
Which human hope transcends,
Be thou our everlasting peace,
When grace in glory ends.

HYMN 259. C. M.

- 1 **H**AIL' holy, holy, holy Lord !
Whom One in Three we know ;
By all thy heavenly host ador'd,
By all thy church below.
- 2 One undivided Trinity
With triumph we proclaim ;
Thy universe is full of thee,
And speaks thy glorious name.
- 3 Thee, holy Father, we confess ;
Thee, holy Son, adore ;
Thee, Spirit of Truth and Holiness,
We worship evermore.

- 4 The incommunicable right,
Almighty God receive !
Which angel-choirs, and saints in light,
And saints embodied give.
- 5 Three Persons equally divine
We magnify and love :
And both the choirs ere long shall join,
To sing thy praise above.
- 6 Hail ! holy, holy, holy Lord,
(Our heavenly song shall be,)
Supreme, essential One, ador'd
In co-eternal Three !

HYMN 260. 8 lines 7's.

- 1 **H**OLY, holy, holy Lord,
God the Father and the Word,
God the Comforter, receive
Blessings more than we can give :
Mixt with those beyond the sky,
Chaunting to the Lord Most High,
We our hearts and voices raise,
Echoing thy eternal praise.
- 2 One, inexplicably Three,
One, in simplest Unity :
God, incline thy gracious ear,
Us, thy lisping creatures, hear !
Thee—while man, the earth-born, sings,
Angels shrink behind their wings ;
Prostrate Seraphim above
Breathe unutterable love.
- 3 Happy they who never rest,
With thy heavenly presence blest !
*They the heights of glory see,
Sound the depths of Deity !*

- 4 Fain with them our souls would vie ;
Sink as low, and mount as high ;
Fall o'erwhelm'd with love, or soar ;
Shout, or silently adore !

HYMN 261. 6 lines 8's.

- 1 **C**OME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Whom one all-perfect God we own,
Restorer of thy image lost,
Thy various offices make known :
Display, our fallen souls to raise,
Thy whole economy of grace.
- 2 Jehovah in three Persons, come,
And draw, and sprinkle us, and seal,
Poor, guilty, dying worms, in whom
Thou dost eternal life reveal ;
The knowledge of thyself bestow,
And all thy glorious goodness shew.
- 3 Soon as our pardon'd hearts believe,
That thou art pure, essential love ;
The proof we in ourselves receive
Of the Three Witnesses above ;
Sure, as the saints around thy throne,
That Father, Word, and Spirit are One.
- 4 O that we now, in love renew'd,
Might blameless in thy sight appear ;
Wake we in thy similitude,
Stamp'd with the Triune character ;
Flesh, spirit, soul, to thee resign !
And live and die entirely thine !

HYMN 262. C. M.

- 1 **A** THOUSAND oracles divine
Their common beams unite ;
That sinners may with angels join
To worship God aright :
- 2 To praise a Trinity ador'd
By all the hosts above ;
And one thrice holy God and Lord
Through endless ages love.
- 3 Triumphant host ! they never cease
To laud and magnify
The Triune God of Holiness,
Whose glory fills the sky.
- 4 Whose glory to this earth extends,
When God himself imparts,
And the whole Trinity descends,
Into our faithful hearts.
- 5 By faith the upper choir we meet,
And challenge them to sing
Jehovah, on his shining seat,
Our Maker and our King.
- 6 But God made flesh, is wholly ours,
And asks our noblest strain ;
The Father of celestial powers,
The Friend of earth-born man !
- 7 Ye seraphs, nearest to the throne,
With rapturous amaze,
On us, poor ransom'd worms, look down,
For heaven's superior praise.
- 8 The King, whose glorious face ye see,
For us his crown resign'd ;
*That fulness of the Deity,
He died for all mankind !*

HYMN 263. C. M.

- 1 **F**ATHER, how wide thy glory shines!
How high thy wonders rise!
Known thro' the earth by thousand signs,
By thousands through the skies.
- 2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power,
Their motions speak thy skill;
And on the wings of every hour,
We read thy patience still.
- 3 Part of thy name divinely stands,
On all thy creatures writ;
They shew the labour of thy hands,
Or impress of thy feet.
- 4 But when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms:
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms:
- 5 Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest thone,
The justice, or the grace.
- 6 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains;
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.
- 7 O, may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song;
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

HYMN 264. S. M.

- 1 **O** ALL-CREATING God !
 At whose supreme decree
 Our body rose, a breathing clod,
 Our souls sprang forth from thee ;
- 2 For this thou hast design'd,
 And form'd us man for this ;
 To know, and love thyself, and find
 In thee our endless bliss.

SECTION II.

For Believers Fighting.

HYMN 265. S. M.

- 1 **O** MAY thy powerful Word
 Inspire a feeble worm
 To rush into thy kingdom, Lord,
 And take it as by storm !
- 2 O may we all improve
 The grace already given !
 To seize the crown of perfect love,
 And scale the mount of heaven !

HYMN 266. S. M.

FIRST PART.

- 1 **S**OLDIERS of Christ, arise,
 And put your armour on,
 Strong in the strength which God supplies
 Through his eternal Son :
 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
 And in his mighty power,
 Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
 Is more than conqueror.
- 2 Stand then in his great might,
 With all his strength endu'd ;
 But take, to arm you for the fight,
 The Panoply of God :

- That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.
- 3 Stand then, against your foes,
In close and firm array ;
Legions of wily fiends oppose
Throughout the evil day :
But meet the sons of night,
But mock their vain design,
Arm'd in the arms of heavenly light,
Of righteousness divine.
- 4 Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul ;
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole ;
Indissolubly join'd,
To battle all proceed ;
But arm yourselves with all the mind
That was in Christ your head.

HYMN 267. S. M.

SECOND PART.

- 1 **B**UT, above all, lay hold
On faith's victorious shield ;
Arm'd with that adamant and gold,
Be sure to win the field:
If faith surround your heart,
Satan shall be subdu'd ;
Repell'd his every fiery dart,
And quench'd with Jesu's blood.
- 2 Jesus hath died for you !
What can his love withstand ?
Believe, hold fast your shield, and who
Shall pluck you from his hand ?
Believe that Jesus reigns,
All power to him is given :

Believe, till freed from sin's remains,
Believe yourselves to heaven !

- 3 To keep your armour bright,
Attend with constant care ;
Still walking in your Captain's sight,
And watching unto prayer.
Ready for all alarms,
Steadfastly set your face,
And always exercise your arms,
And use your every grace.

- 4 Pray, without ceasing, pray,
(Your Captain gives the word,)
His summons cheerfully obey,
And call upon the Lord :
To God your every want
In instant prayer display :
Pray always ; pray, and never faint ;
Pray, without ceasing, pray.

HYMN 268. S. M.

THIRD PART.

- 1 **I**N fellowship alone,
To God with faith draw near ;
Approach his courts, besiege his throne,
With all the power of prayer :
Go to his temple, go,
Nor from his altar move ;
Let every house his worship know,
And every heart his love.
- 2 To God your spirits dart ;
Your souls in words declare ;
Or groan to him who reads the heart,
The' unutterable prayer :
His mercy now implore,
And now shew forth his praise
In shouts, or silent awe, adore
His miracles of grace.

- 3 Pour out your souls to God,
And bow them, with your knees
And spread your hearts and hands
And pray for Sion's peace.
Your guides and brethren bear
For ever on your mind ;
Extend the arms of mighty prayer
In grasping all mankind.
- 4 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray ;
'Tread all the powers of darkness d
And win the well-fought day :
Still let the Spirit cry
In all his soldiers, " Come ;"
'Till Christ the Lord descend from
And take the conquerors home.

HYMN 269. 6 lines 8's

- 1 **S**URROUNDED by a host of
Storm'd by a host of foes wit
Nor swift to flee, nor strong to' op
Single against hell, earth and su
Single, yet undismay'd, I am ;
I dare believe in Jesu's name.
- 2 What though a thousand hosts en
A thousand worlds my soul to sh
I have a shield shall quell their ra
And drive the alien armies back
Pourtray'd it bears a bleeding Lan
I dare believe in Jesu's name.
- 3 Me to retrieve from Satan's hands
Me from this evil world to free,
'To purge my sins, and loose by b
And save from all iniquity,
My Lord and God, from heaven b
I dare believe in Jesu's name.
- 4 Salvation in his name there is,

tion into glorious bliss ;
 ow great salvation who can tell ?
 all he hath for mine I claim,
 e believe in Jesu's name.

HYMN 270. S. M.

QUIP me for the war,
 And teach my hands to fight ;
 imple, upright heart prepare,
 d guide my words aright :
 ol my every thought ;
 / whole of sin remove ;
 ll my works in thee be wrought
 t all be wrought in love.

n me with the mind,
 eek Lamb, which was in thee !
 let my knowing zeal be join'd
 th perfect charity :
 calm and temper'd zeal
 t me enforce thy call :
 vindicate thy gracious will,
 ick offers life to all.

not let me trust
 any arm but thine !
 ble, O humble to the dust
 is stubborn soul of mine !
 ble thing of nought,
 th lowly shame I own,
 elp which upon earth is wrought,
 ou dost it all alone.

y I love like thee !
 all thy footsteps tread !
 hatest all iniquity,
 t nothing thou hast made.
 y I learn the art,
 b meekness to reprove !

To hate the sin with all my heart,
But still the sinner love.

HYMN 271. 8 lines 7's & 6's.

- 1 **O** ALMIGHTY God of Love,
Thy holy arm display ;
Send me succour from above,
In this my evil day ;
Arm my weakness with thy power ;
Woman's Seed appear within ;
Be my Safeguard and my Tower
Against the face of sin.
- 2 Could I of thy strength take hold,
And always feel thee near,
Confident, divinely bold,
My soul would scorn to fear :
Nothing should my firmness shock ;
Though the gates of hell assail,
Were I built upon the Rock,
They never could prevail.
- 3 Rock of my salvation, haste,
Extend thy ample shade ;
Let it over me be cast,
And screen my naked head :
Save me in the trying hour ;
Thou my sure protection be :
Shelter me from Satan's power,
Till I am fix'd on Thee.
- 4 Set upon thyself my feet,
And make me surely stand ;
From temptation's rage and heat
Cover me with thy hand :
Let me in the cleft be plac'd ;
Never from my fence remove ;
In thine arms of love embrac'd,
Of everlasting love.

HYMN 272. 6 lines 8's.

PEACE, doubting heart, my God's I am;

Who form'd me man, forbids my fear ;
 e Lord hath call'd me by my name ;
 The Lord protects, for ever near ;
 s blood for me did once atone,
 d still he loves and guards his own.

en passing through the watery deep,
 I ask in faith his promis'd aid,
 e waves an awful distance keep,
 And shrink from my devoted head ;
 arless, their violence I dare ;
 They cannot harm, for God is there !

him mine eye of faith I turn,
 And through the fire pursue my way ;
 e fire forgets its power to burn,
 The lambent flames around me play ;
 own its power, accept the sign,
 d shout to prove the Saviour mine.

Il nigh me, O my Saviour, stand !
 And guard in fierce temptation's hour ;
 de in the hollow of thy hand ;
 Shew forth in me thy saving power ;
 ll be thy arms my sure defence ;
 or earth nor hell shall pluck me thence.

nce thou hast bid me come to thee,
 (Good as thou art, and strong to save,)
 I walk o'er life's tempestuous sea,
 Uphorne by the unyielding wave,
 untless, though rocks of pride be near,
 d yawning whirlpools of despair.

hen darkness intercepts the skies,
 And sorrow's waves around me roll,
 d high the storms of trouble rise,
 And half o'erwhelm my sinking soul ;

Like Moses' bush, I'll mount the top
And flourish, unconsum'd, in fire.

HYMN 273. 4 lines 10's & 11's

1 **O**MNIPOTENT Lord, My Saviour
King,

Thy succour afford, Thy righteousness
Thy promises bind thee Compassion to
Now, now let me find thee Almighty to

2 Rejoicing in hope, And patient in grief
'To thee I look up For certain relief;
I fear no denial, No danger I fear,
Nor start from the trial, While Jesus is

3 I every hour in jeopardy stand;
But thou art my power, And holdest my hand
While yet I am calling, Thy succour
It saves me from falling, Or plucks me
hell.

4 O who can explain This struggle for
This travail and pain, This trembling and
Plague, earthquake, and famine, And to
and war,

The wonderful coming Of Jesus declar

5 For every fight Is dreadful and loud
The warrior's delight Is slaughter and
His foes overturning, Till all shall expi
But this is with burning, And fuel of fi

6 Yet God is above Men, devils, and si
My Jesus's love The battle shall win;
So terribly glorious His coming shall
His love. all-victorious, Shall conquer

all shall break through ; His truth and
his grace

bring me into The plentiful place ;
' much tribulation, Thro' water and fire,
ugh floods of temptation, And flames of
desire.

Jesus my power, Till then I rely ;
vil before His presence shall fly :
n I have my Saviour, My sin shall depart,
Jesus for ever Shall reign in my heart.

HYMN 274. 8 lines 7's & 6's.

MY old, my bosom-foe,
Rejoice not over me !
t-times thou hast laid me low,
And wounded mortally :
t thy prey thou could'st not keep ;
Jesus, when I lowest fell,
ard me cry out of the deep,
And brought me up from hell.
olish world, thy shouts forbear,
ill thou hast won the day ;
uld thy wisdom keep me there,
When in thy hands I lay ?
ny heart to thee incline,
Christ again shall set it free !
m his, and he is mine
o all eternity.
an, cease thy empty boast,
nd give thy triumphs o'er ;
l thou seest I am not lost,
While Jesus can restore :
ough through thy deceit I fall,
surely I shall rise again :
rist my King is over all,
nd I with him shall reign.
y threefold enemy !
whom I long did bow,

See your lawful captive, see,
 No more your captive now :
 Now before my face ye fly ;
 More than conqueror now I am :
 Sin, the world, and hell defy,
 In Jesu's powerful name.

HYMN 275. C.M.

- 1 **T**HE Lord unto my Lord hath
 Sit thou in glory, sit
 Till I thine enemies have made
 To bow beneath thy feet.
- 2 Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save,
 What can my hopes withstand,
 While thee my Advocate I have
 Enthron'd at God's right hand ?
- 3 And shall my sins thy will oppose
 Master, thy right maintain ;
 O let not these usurping foes
 In me, thy servant, reign.
- 4 Come, then, and claim me for thine
 Saviour, thy right assert !
 Come, gracious Lord, set up thy throne
 And reign within my heart !
- 5 No shall I bless thy pleasing sway
 And, sitting at thy feet,
 Thy laws with all my heart obey
 With all my soul submit.
- 6 So shall I do thy will below
 As angels do above ;
 The virtue of thy passion shew,
 The triumphs of thy love.
- 7 Thy love the conquest more than
 To all I shall proclaim
 Jesus, the King, the Conqueror
 Bow down to Jesu's Name.

FOR BELIEVERS FIGHTING.

thee shall earth and hell subm
and every foe shall fall,
death expire beneath thy feet,
and God is all in all.

HMN 276. 8 lines 6-7's & 2

VORSHIP, and thanks, and b
And strength, ascribe to Jes
us alone Defends his own,
When earth and hell oppress us.
us with joy we witness,
Almighty to deliver;
r seals set to, That God is true,
and reigns a King for ever.

Almighty Redeemer,
Our ransom'd souls adore thee;
Saviour Thou, We find it now,
and give thee all the glory.
sing thine arm unshorten'd,
brought through our sore temptation
heart and voice In thee rejoice,
O God of our salvation.

Thy arm hath safely brought us
away no more expected, [de
when thy sheep Pass'd through
crystal walls protected.

Glory was our rearward,
Thy hand our lives did cover,
ye, even we, Have pass'd the sea,
march'd triumphant over.

arks we now acknowledge,
vond'rous loving-kindness,
help'd thine own, By means
known,

note our foes with blindness:
's host surrounded,
dst with patience arm us,

But wouldst not give The Syrians leave,
Or Sodom's sons to harm us.

- 5 The world's and Satan's malice
Thou, Jesus, hast confounded,
And by thy grace, With songs of praise
Our happy souls resounded.
Accepting our deliverance,
We triumph in thy favour,
And for the love which now we prove,
Shall praise thy name for ever.

HYMN 277. S. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, the Conqueror, reigns,
In glorious strength array'd ;
His kingdom over all maintains,
And bids the earth be glad ;
Ye sons of men rejoice
In Jesu's mighty love ;
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
To him who rules above.
- 2 Extol his kingly power,
Kiss the exalted Son,
Who died, and lives to die no more,
High on his Father's throne :
Our Advocate with God,
He undertakes our cause,
And spreads through all the earth abroad
The victory of his cross.
- 3 That bloody banner see,
And in your Captain's sight,
Fight the good fight of faith with me,
My fellow-soldiers, fight ;
In mighty phalanx join'd !
To battle all proceed ;
Arm'd with the unconquerable mind
Which was in Christ your head.

- 1 Urge on your rapid course,
 Ye blood-besprinkled bands ;
 The heavenly kingdom suffers force ;
 'Tis seiz'd by violent hands :
 See there the starry crown
 That glitters through the skies !
 Satan, the world, and sin tread down,
 And take the glorious prize !
- 2 Through much distress and pain,
 Through many a conflict here,
 Through blood ye must the entrance gain :
 Yet, O disdain to fear !
 " Courage," your Captain cries,
 (Who all your toil foreknew :)
 Toil ye shall have ; yet all despise.
 " I have o'ercome for you."
- 3 The world cannot withstand
 Its ancient Conqueror :
 The world must sink beneath the hand
 Which arms us for the war :
 This is the victory,
 Before our faith they fall ;
 Jesus hath died for you and me :
 Believe, and conquer all.

HYMN 278. 8 lines 7's & 6's.

- 1 **W**HO is this gigantic foe
 That proudly stalks along ;
 Overlooks the crowd below,
 In brazen armour strong ?
 Loudly of his strength he boasts ;
 On his sword and spear relies ;
 Meets the God of Israel's hosts,
 And all their force defies.

M

- 2 Tallest of the earth-born race,
They tremble at his power ;
Flee before the monster's face,
And own him conqueror.
Who this mighty champion is,
Nature answers from within ;
He is my own wickedness,
My own besetting sin.
- 3 In the strength of Jesu's name,
I with the monster fight :
Feeble and unarm'd I am,
But Jesus is my might :
Mindful of his mercies past,
Still I trust the same to prove ;
Still my helpless soul I cast
On his redeeming love.
- 4 With my sling and stone I go
To fight the Philistine ;
God hath said it shall be so,
And I shall conquer sin ;
On his promise I rely,
Trust in an Almighty Lord ;
Sure to win the victory,
For he hath spoke the word.
- 5 In the strength of God I rise ;
I run to meet my foe ;
Faith the word of power applies,
And lays the giant low :
Faith in Jesu's conquering name
Slings the sin-destroying stone
Points the word's unerring aim,
And brings the monster down.
- 6 Rise, ye men of Israel, rise,
Your routed foe pursue ;
Shout his praises to the skies,
Who conquers sin for you : .

th for you appear ;
 s conquering grace affords ;
 ou, not with sword and spear :
 attle is the Lord's.

ay the Lord of Hosts
 ighty power displays ;
 e proud Philistine's boast,
 heat'ning Gittite slays :
 God let all below
 eror over sin proclaim :
 ll the earth might know
 ower of Jesu's name !

HYMN 279. L. M.

LL I, for fear of feeble man,
 e Spirit's course in me restrain?—
 smay'd in deed and word,
 e witness for my Lord?

a mortal's frown, shall I
 the word of God most high?
 n before thee shall I dare
 l, or how thine anger bear?

to soothe the' unholy throng,
 y truths, or smooth my tongue?
 earth gilded toys, or flee
 s, endur'd, my Lord, by thee?

en is he whose scorn I dread?
 vrath or hate makes me afraid?
 an heir of death! a slave
 a bubble on the wave!

men rage, since thou wilt spread,
 dowing wings around my head!
 all pain thy tender love
 my sure refreshment prove.

- 6 Saviour of men, thy searching eye
Doth all my inmost thoughts descry:
Doth aught on earth my wishes raise,
Or the world's pleasure, or its praise?
- 7 The love of Christ doth me constrain,
To seek the wandering souls of men;
With cries, entreaties, tears, to save,
To snatch them from the gaping grave.
- 8 For this let men revile my name,
No cross I shun, I fear no shame:
All hail reproach, and welcome pain!
Only thy terrors, Lord, restrain.
- 9 My life, my blood I here present,
If for thy truth they may be spent:
Fulfil thy sovereign counsel, Lord!
Thy will be done, thy name ador'd:
- 10 Give me thy strength, O God of power;
Then let winds blow, or thunders roar,
Thy faithful witness will I be:
'Tis fix'd; I can do all through thee!

HYMN 280.

L. M.

- 1 **T**HE Lord is King, and earth submit
Howe'er impatient, to his sway:
Between the cherubim he sits,
And makes his restless foes obey.
- 2 All power is to our Jesus given;
O'er earth's rebellious sons he reigns:
*He mildly rules the hosts of heaven,
And holds the powers of hell in chain*

- 3 In vain doth satan rage his hour ;
 Beyond his chain he cannot go :
 Our Jesus shall stir up his power,
 And soon avenge us of our foe.
- 4 Jesus shall his great arm reveal ;
 Jesus, the woman's conquering Seed ;
 (Though now the serpent bruise his HULL,)
 Jesus shall bruise the serpent's HEAD.
- 5 The enemy his tares hath sown,
 But Christ shall shortly root them up :
 Shall cast the dire accuser down,
 And disappoint his children's hope :
- 6 Shall still the proud Philistine's noise ;
 Baffle the sons of unbelief,
 Nor long permit them to rejoice,
 But turn their triumph into grief.
- 7 Come, glorious Lord, the rebels spurn :
 Scatter thy foes, victorious King ;
 And Gath and Askelon shall mourn,
 And all the sons of God shall sing :
- 8 Shall magnify the sovereign grace
 Of him that sits upon the throne ;
 And earth and heaven conspire to praise
 Jehovah, and his conquering Son.

HYMN 281. 4 lines 8's, & 2-6's.

Part First.

- 1 **A**RE there not in the labourer's day
 Twelve hours in which he safely may
 His calling's work pursue ?
 Though sin and satan still are near.
 Nor sin nor satan can I fear,
 With Jesus in my view.

- 2 Not all the powers of hell can
 A soul that walks with Christ
 He walks and cannot fall
 Clearly he sees, and with his
 Shining unto the perfect day,
 And more than conqueror
- 3 Light of the world! thy beam
 On thee, bright Sun of Right
 My faith hath fix'd its eye
 Guided by thee, through all
 Nor fear the ruin spread below
 For thou art always nigh
- 4 Ten thousand snares my path
 Yet will I, Lord, the work complete
 Which thou to me hast giv'n
 Regardless of the pain I feel
 Close by the gates of death as yet
 I urge my way to heaven
- 5 Still will I strive, and labour
 With humble zeal to do thy will
 And trust in thy defence
 My soul into thy hands I give
 And if he can obtain thy leave
 Let Satan pluck me thence

HYMN 282. 4 lines 8's

Part Second.

- 1 **B**UT can it be, that I should
 For ever faithful to thy love
 From sin for ever cease
 I thank thee for the blessed
 It lifts my drooping spirits

O Lord, I put my trust,
 Thy, and merciful, and just,
 Thy sacred word is past ;
 I, who dare thy word receive,
 Out committing sin, shall live,
 Shall live to God at last.

t in thine almighty power ;
 name of Jesus is a tower,
 That hides my life above :
 I canst, thou wilt my Helper be ;
 confidence is all in thee,
 The faithful God of Love.

le still to thee for help I call,
 I wilt not suffer me to fall,
 Thou wilt not let me sin ;
 thou shalt give me power to pray,
 all my sins are purg'd away,
 And all thy mind brought in.

efore in never-ceasing prayer,
 soul to thy continual care
 I faithfully commend ;
 Ired that thou through life shalt save.
 shew thyself beyond the grave
 My everlasting Friend.

HYMN 283. 6 lines 8's.

GOD, my hope, my heavenly rest,
 My all of happiness below,
 at my importunate request,
 o me, to me thy goodness shew ;
 beatific face display,
 brightness of eternal day.

ERS FIGHTING.

enlighten'd eyes;
acious goodness pass;
he sight I prize;
hy smiling face!
/ soul proclaim,
thy glorious name!

ee beside thy throne,
find acceptance stand,
nto thy Son;
n thy mighty hand;
e Rock, and hide
u's wounded side.

e cleft; empower
glorious sight to bear!
s accepted hour;
, and thy name declare;
thdraw, thy hand remove
self the God of love.

284. 6 lines 8's.

great God of Love, I bow
rostrate in thy sight adore
ee thee passing now;
ut still I ask for more;
of love cannot suffice,
c all thy presence cries.

s of my vast reward,
eternity shall be:—
hou not on earth prepar'd
etter thing than this for n
t one drop?—one transien
un—a sea of light.

ward parts might view,
 perfect sight obtain ;
 by thy fulness shew
 the commandment slain ;
 I shall find the grace ;
 art shall see thy face.

than the saints of old,
 faith approach to thee,
 open face behold
 glorious Deity ;
 at the Godhead on,
 thy sinless Son !

the high calling's Prize !
 in thy Son I claim ;
 her glories rise,
 form'd I know thy name ;
 my heaven above,
 given in Jesu's love.

285. L. M.

viour, Jesus, from above !
 with thy heavenly grace ;
 rt of earthly love,
 elf prepare the place.

d presence fill,
 onging spirit free,
 have no other will,
 ight to feast on thee.

gion here below,
 d will I pursue,
 ld of noise and show,
 littering snares, adieu.

- 4 That path with humble speed I'll seek;
In which my Saviour's footsteps shine;
Nor will I hear, nor will I speak,
Of any other love but thine.
- 5 Henceforth may no profane delight
Divide this consecrated soul;
Possess it thou, who hast the right,
As Lord and Master of the whole.
- 6 Wealth, honour, pleasure, and what else
This short-enduring world can give,
Tempt as ye will, my soul repels,
To Christ alone resolv'd to live.
- 7 Thee I can love, and thee alone,
With pure delight, and inward bliss;
To know thou tak'st me for thine own,
O what a happiness is this!
- 8 Nothing on earth do I desire,
But thy pure love within my breast:
This, only this, will I require,
And freely give up all the rest.

HYMN 286. L. M.

- 1 **A** BRAHAM, when severely tried,
His faith by his obedience shew'd;
He with the harsh command complied,
And gave his Isaac back to God.
- 2 His son the father offer'd up,
Son of his age, his only son;
Object of all his joy and hope,
And less belov'd than God alone.

FOR BELIEVERS FIGHTING.

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a faith like his, that we
e bright example may pursue !
gladly give up all to thee,
whom our more than all is due.

W, Lord, to thee our all we leave,
Our willing soul thy call obeys ;
asure, and wealth, and fame, we give,
Freedom, and life—to win thy grace.

there a thing than life more dear ;
A thing from which we cannot part ?
We can, we now rejoice to tear
The idol from our bleeding heart.

Jesus, accept our sacrifice :
All things for thee we count but loss ;
Lo ! at thy word our idol dies,
Dies on the altar of thy cross.

For what to thee, O Lord, we give,
A hundred-fold we here obtain ;
And soon with thee shall all receive,
And loss shall be eternal gain.

HYMN 287. 8 lines 7's.

1 **O**MNIPRESENT God, whose aid
No one ever ask'd in vain,
Be this night about my bed,
Every evil thought restrain :
Lay thy hand upon my soul,
God of my unguarded hours !
All my enemies control,
Hell, and earth, and nature's powers

2 O thou jealous God! come down,
 God of spotless purity;
 Claim and seize me for thy own,
 Consecrate my heart to thee:
 Under thy protection take;
 Songs in the night season give;
 Let me sleep to thee, and wake;
 Let me die to thee, and live.

3 Only tell me I am thine,
 And thou wilt not quit thy right;
 Answer me in dreams divine,
 Dreams and visions of the night:
 Bid me even in sleep go on,
 Restlessly my God desire;
 Mourn for God in every groan,
 God in every thought require.

4 Loose me from the chains of sense,
 Set me from the body free;
 Draw with stronger influence
 My unfetter'd soul to thee:
 In me, Lord, thyself reveal,
 Fill me with a sweet surprise;
 Let me thee, when waking, feel;
 Let me in thy image rise.

HYMN 288. 4 lines 8's, & 2-6's.

1 **O** GOD, thy faithfulness I plead:
 Me present help in time of need,
 My great Deliverer thou:
 Hasten to my aid; thine ear incline,
 And rescue this poor soul of mine;
 I claim the promise now.

'e is the way? Ah, shew me where,
 I thy mercy may declare,
 The power that sets me free :
 ' can I my destruction shun?
 ' can I from my nature run?
 Answer, O Lord, for me.

e only way the erring mind
 man, short-sighted man, can find,
 From inbred sin to fly :
 longer than love, I fondly thought
 eath, only death, can cut the knot,
 Which love cannot untie.

but thou, O Lord, art full of grace ;
 Thy love can find a thousand ways
 To foolish man unknown :
 My soul upon thy love I cast ;
 I rest me, till the storm be past,
 Upon thy love alone.

Thy faithful, wise, almighty love,
 Shall every stumbling-block remove,
 And make an open way :
 Thy love shall burst the shades of death,
 And bear me from the gulf beneath,
 To everlasting day.

HYMN 289.

L. M.

GOD of my life, whose gracious power,
 Thro' varied deaths my soul hath led,
 Or turn'd aside the fatal hour,
 Or lifted up my sinking head :

- 2 In all my ways thy hand I own,
Thy ruling Providence I see:
Assist me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to thee.
- 3 Oft hath the sea confess'd thy power,
And given me back at thy command;
It could not, Lord, my life devour,
Safe in the hollow of thine hand.
- 4 Oft from the margin of the grave,
Thou, Lord, hast lifted up my head;
Sudden I found thee near to save;
The fever own'd thy touch, and fled.
- 5 Whither, O whither should I fly!
But to my loving Saviour's breast:
Secure within thine arms to lie,
And safe beneath thy wings to rest.
- 6 I have no skill the snare to shun;
But thou, O Christ, my wisdom art:
I ever into ruin run!
But thou art greater than my heart.
- 7 Foolish, and impotent, and blind,
Lead me a way I have not known;
Bring me where I my heaven may find,
The heaven of loving thee alone.
- 8 Enlarge my heart to make thee room;
Enter, and in me ever stay;
The crooked then shall strait become;
The darkness shall be lost in day.

90. L. M.

If I may call thee mine,
 Then and thee remov'd so

My pitying ear incline,
 Out my languid prayer.
 O thou lov'st to lead,
 O prop the feeble knee;
 O en a bruised reed,
 The smoking flax in me.

Thy voice I hear,
 The barriers of my tomb:
 Ours of death appear,
 Thy call, though bound, I come.
 Give me fully, Lord,
 Thy rection's power to know;
 O heed, repeat the word,
 My bands, and let me go.

I go to thee, my God,
 My cries and my wants to tell:
 O pardon seal'd in blood:
 Thy love I wait to feel.

O in the power of cancell'd sin,
 O shall my soul triumphant prove!
 O bids not out the fire within
 O yes of joy, and praise, and love?
 O thee my soul aspires;
 O to thee I plight my vows;
 O e from earthly, base desires,
 O God, my Saviour, and my Spouse.
 O in of all-sufficient bliss,
 O art the good I seek below;
 O s of joy in thee there is;
 O out—'tis misery all, and woe.

HYMN 291. L. M.

- 1 **F**ONDLY my foolish heart essay
To' augment the source of pe
bliss,
Love's all-sufficient sea to raise,
With drops of creature happiness.
- 2 O Love, thy sovereign aid impart,
And guard the gift thyself hast gi
My portion 'Thou, my treasure art,
My life, and happiness, and heave
- 3 Would aught on earth my wishes sh
Though dear as life the idol be,
The idol from my breast I'll tear,
Resolv'd to seek my all in thee.
- 4 Whate'er I fondly counted mine,
To thee, my Lord, I here restore
Gladly I all to thee resign ;
Give me thyself, I ask no more.

HYMN 292. 8 lines 7's, 6's, &

- 1 **T**O the haven of thy breast,
O Son of Man, I fly !
Be my refuge and my rest,
For, O ! the storm is high !
Save me from the furious blast ;
A covert from the tempest be !
Hide me, Jesus, till o'erpast
This storm of sin I see.
- 2 Welcome as the water-spring
To a dry, barren place :
O descend on me, and bring
Thy sweet refreshing grace ;

parch'd and weary land,
a great rock extends its shade,
me, Saviour, with thy hand,
d screen my naked head.

ie time of my distress
ou hast my succour been,
y utter helplessness,
straining me from sin :
w swiftly didst thou move,
save me in the trying hour !
protect me with thy love,
d shield me with thy power.

and last in me perform
e work thou hast begun :
y shelter from the storm,
y shadow from the sun :
y, parch'd with thirst, and faint,
I thou th' abiding Spirit breathe,
y moment, Lord, I want
e merit of thy death.

r shall I want it less,
en thou the gift hast given,
me with thy righteousness,
d seal'd the heir of heaven :
ll hang upon my God,
l I thy perfect glory see ;
he sprinkling of thy blood
all speak me up to thee.

HYMN 293. L. M.

JESUS, my King, to thee I bow,
Enlisted under thy command ;
in of my salvation, thou
lt lead me to the promis'd land.

- 2 Thou hast a great deliverance wrought
The staff from off my shoulder broke
Out of the house of bondage brought
And freed me from the' Egyptian yoke
- 3 O'er the vast howling wilderness,
To Canaan's bounds thou hast me led
Thou bid'st me now the land possess,
And on thy milk and honey feed.
- 4 I see an open door of hope,
Legions of sins in vain oppose;
Bold, I with thee, my Head, march on
And triumph o'er a world of foes.
- 5 Gigantic lusts come forth to fight,
I mark, disdain, and all break through
I tread them down in Jesu's might,
Through Jesus I can all things do.
- 6 Lo! the tall sons of Anak rise!
Who can the sons of Anak meet?
Captain, to thee I lift mine eyes,
And, lo! they fall beneath my feet.
- 7 Passion, and appetite, and pride,
(Pride, my old, dreadful tyrant-foe,
I see cast down on every side,
And conquering I to conquer go.
- 8 My Lord in my behalf appears:
Captain, thy strength-inspiring eye
Scatters my doubts, dispels my fears,
And makes the hosts of aliens fly.
- 9 Who can before my Captain stand?
Who is so great a King as mine?
High over all is thy right hand,
And might and majesty are thine.

SECTION III.

For Believers Praying.

HYMN 294. 6 lines 8's.

- 1 **J**ESUS, thou sov'reign Lord of all.
The same through one eternal day.
Attend thy feeblest followers call,
And, O instruct us how to pray !
Pour out the supplicating grace,
And stir us up to seek thy face !
- 2 We cannot think a gracious thought,
We cannot feel a good desire,
Till thou who call'dst a world from nought,
The power into our hearts inspire ;
And then we in the Spirit groan,
And then we give thee back thine own.
- 3 Jesus, regard the joint complaint
Of all thy tempted followers here !
And now supply the common want,
And send us down the Comforter.
The spirit of ceaseless prayer impart.
And fix thy Agent in our heart.
- 4 To help our soul's infirmity,
To heal thy sin-sick people's care,
To urge our God-commanding plea,
And make our hearts a house of prayer :
The promis'd Intercessor give,
And let us now thyself receive.
- 5 Come in thy pleading Spirit down,
To us, who for thy coming stay,
Of all thy gifts we ask but one,
We ask the constant power to pray .
Indulge us, Lord, in this request,
Thou canst not then deny the rest .

FOR BELIEVERS PRAYING.

HYMN 295. 8 lines 7's, 6's, & 1-8.

COME, ye followers of the Lord,
In Jesu's service join :
Jesus gives the sacred word,
The ordinance divine ;
Let us his command obey,
And ask and have whate'er we want ;
Pray we, ever moment pray,
And never, never faint.

Place no longer let us give
To the old tempter's will ;
Ever more our duty leave,
While satan cries, " Be still ;"
Stand we in the ancient way,
And here with God ourselves acquaint ;
Pray we, every moment pray,
And never, never faint.

Let it weariness and pain
To slothful flesh and blood :
Let us will the cross sustain,
And bless the welcome load !
Let our griefs to God display,
And humbly pour out our complaint ;
Pray we, every moment pray,
And never, never faint.

Let us patiently endure,
And still our wants declare ;
Let the promises be sure
To persevering prayer :
Till we see the perfect day,
And each wakes up a sinless saint,
Pray we, every moment pray,
And never, never faint.

: on when all renew'd,
 effected in love ;
 see the Saviour-God
 mding from above ;
 eavenly charms survey,
 id what angel-minds can paint ;
 , every moment pray,
 ever, never faint.

HYMN 296. S. M.

I praying Spirit breathe,
 he watching power impart ;
 I entanglements beneath
 ff my peaceful heart :
 le mind sustain,
 orldly thoughts opprest :
 and bid me turn again,
 y eternal rest.

my rescue come,
 wn this moment seize :
 ny wand'ring spirit home,
 eep in perfect peace :
 no more to rove
 ll the earth abroad,
 ie prisoner of thy love,
 but me up in God.

HYMN 297. C. M.

PHERD divine, our wants relieve,
 this our evil day ;
 y tempted followers give
 ower to watch and pray.

our fiery trials last,
 as the cross we bear :
 r souls on thee be cast
 er-ceasing prayer.

Now thy power almighty shew,
Arise the woman's conquering Seed!
O avenge us of our foe,
And bruise the serpent's head!

- 4 To destroy his work of sin,
Thyself in us reveal;
Manifest thyself within
Our flesh, and fully dwell
With us, in us, here below;
Enter, and make us free indeed;
O avenge us of our foe,
And bruise the serpent's head!
- 5 Stronger than the strong man, thou
His fury canst controul:
Cast him out, by entering now,
And keep our ransom'd soul;
Satan's kingdom overthrow,
On all the powers of darkness tread;
O avenge us of our foe,
And bruise the serpent's head!
- 6 To the never-ceasing cries
Of thine elect attend:
Send deliverance from the skies,
Thy mighty Spirit send:
Though to man thou seemest slow,
Our cries thou seemest not to heed;
O avenge us of our foe,
And bruise the serpent's head!
- 7 Come, O come, all-glorious Lord!
No longer now delay;
With thy Spirit's two-edg'd sword
The crooked serpent slay!
Bare thine arm, and give the blow,
Root out, and kill the hellish seed;
O avenge us of our foe,
And bruise the serpent's head!

Jesu, hear thy Spirit's call,
 Thy Bride, who bids thee come :
 Come, thou righteous Judge of all,
 Pronounce the tempter's doom ;
 Doom him to eternal woe,
 For him, and for his angels made ;
 Now avenge us of our foe,
 For ever bruise his head.

HYMN 300. S. M.

JESUS, I fain would find
 Thy zeal for God in me ;
 Thy yearning pity for mankind,
 Thy burning charity.
 In me thy Spirit dwell !
 In me thy bowels move !
 So shall the fervour of my zeal
 Be the pure flame of love.

HYMN 301. S. M.

JESUS, my strength, my hope,
 On thee I cast my care :
 With humble confidence look up,
 And know thou hear'st my pray'r
 Give me on thee to wait,
 Till I can all things do ;
 On thee, Almighty to create,
 Almighty to renew.
 I want a sober mind,
 A self-renouncing will,
 That tramples down, and casts behind
 The baits of pleasing ill :
 A soul inured to pain,
 To hardship, grief, and loss ;
 Bold to take up, firm to sustain
 The consecrated cross.

- 3 I want a godly fear,
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is
And sees the tempter fly :
A spirit still prepar'd,
And arm'd with jealous care
For ever standing on its guard
And watching unto prayer.
- 4 I want a heart to pray,
To pray and never cease,
Never to murmur at thy stay,
Or wish my sufferings less.
This blessing above all,
Always to pray, I want,
Out of the deep on thee to call
And never, never faint.
- 5 I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
Unmov'd by threat'ning or reward
To thee and thy great name :
A jealous, just concern,
For thine immortal praise ;
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify thy grace.
- 6 I rest upon thy word,
The promise is for me ;
My succour and salvation, Lord
Shall surely come from thee :
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.

HYMN 302. 4 lines 7's.

RD, that I may learn of thee,
Give me true simplicity ;
my soul, and keep it low,
g thee alone to know.

e cast my reeds aside,
it feeds my knowing pride :
man, but God submit,
my reasonings at thy feet.

boasted wisdom spoil'd,
, helpless as a child ;
seeing in thy light,
walking in thy might.

nfuse the teaching grace,
of truth and righteousness ;
ledge, love divine impart,
ernal to my heart.

HYMN 303. S. M.

, when shall I awake
From sin's soft soothing power !
umber from my spirit shake,
rise to fall no more ?
, no more to sleep,
stand with constant care,
ig for God my soul to keep,
watching unto prayer.

d I always pray !
never, never faint ;
nply to my God display
every care and want !
that thou wouldst give
than I can request :

12 FOR BELIEVERS PRAYING.

Thou still art ready to receive,
My soul to perfect rest.

I feel thee willing, Lord,
A sinful world to save ;
All may obey thy gracious word,
May peace and pardon have ;
Not one of all the race,
But may return to thee ;
But at the throne of sovereign grace
May fall and weep like me.

Here will I ever lie,
And tell thee all my care ;
And Father, Abba, Father, cry,
And pour a ceaseless prayer ;
Till thou my sins subdue ;
Till thou my sins destroy ;
My spirit after God renew,
And fill with peace and joy.

Messiah, Prince of Peace,
Into my soul bring in
The everlasting righteousness,
And make an end of sin.
Into all those that seek
Redemption through thy blood,
The sanctifying Spirit speak,
The plenitude of God.

Let us in patience wait
Till faith shall make us whole :
Till thou shalt all things new create,
In each believing soul.
Who can resist thy will ?
Speak, and it shall be done !
Thou shalt the work of faithful,
And perfect us in one.

HYMN 304. *4 lines 8's, & 2-6's.*

BEHAVIOUR, on me the want bestow,
Which all that feel shall surely know
Their sins on earth forgiven ;
Enable me to prove the kingdom mine,
Taste, in holiness divine,
The happiness of heaven.

Open my soul, thou heavenly Lamb,
That I in the new earth may claim
My hundred-fold reward ;
Rich inheritance possess,
Heir with the great Prince of Peace,
Co-partner with my Lord.

With that restless thirst inspire,
That sacred infinite desire,
And feast my hungry heart ;
No man than thyself cannot suffice ;
My soul for all thy fulness cries,
For all thou hast, and art.

Who shall shew, shall mercy find ;
Pitiful and tender mind
Be, Lord, on me bestow'd ;
That I still the blessing gain,
To eternal life retain
The mercy of my God.

And, the crowning grace impart ;
Enable me with purity of heart,
That now beholding thee,
I may view thy open face,
And thy glorious beauties gaze,
And God for ever see !

- 6 Not for my fault, or folly's sake,
The name, or mode, or form, I take,
But for true holiness ;
Let me be wrong'd, revil'd, abhorr'd,
And thee, my sanctifying Lord,
In life and death confess.
- 7 Call'd to sustain the hallow'd cross,
And suffer for thy righteous cause,
Pronounce me doubly blest ;
And let thy glorious Spirit, Lord,
Assure me of my great reward,
In heaven's eternal feast.

SECTION IV.

For Believers Watching.

HYMN 305. S. M.

- 1 **G**RACIOUS Redeemer, shake
This slumber from my soul !
Say to me now, "Awake, awake !"
"And Christ shall make thee whole."
Lay to thy mighty hand ;
Alarm me in this hour ;
And make me fully understand
The thunder of thy power !
- 2 Give me on thee to call,
Always to watch and pray,
Lest I unto temptation fall,
And cast my shield away.
For each assault prepar'd,
And ready may I be ;
For ever standing on my guard,
And looking up to thee.
- 3 O do thou always warn
My soul of evil near !
When to the right or left I turn,
Thy voice still me hear ;

“ Come back, this is the way ;
 “ Come back, and walk herein ! ”
 O may I hearken and obey,
 And shun the paths of sin !

4 Thou see'st my feebleness ;
 Jesu, be thou my power,
 My help and refuge in distress,
 My fortress and my tower.
 Give me trust in thee ;
 Be thou my sure abode ;
 My horn, and rock, and buckler be,
 My Saviour, and my God.

5 Myself I cannot save :
 Myself I cannot keep ;
 But strength in thee I surely have,
 Whose eye-lids never sleep :
 My soul to thee alone,
 Now therefore I commend ;
 Thou, Jesus, love me as thy own,
 And love me to the end.

HYMN 306. 6 lines 8's.

1 **F**ATHER, to thee I lift mine eyes.
 My longing eyes, and restless heart ;
 Before the morning watch I rise,
 And wait to taste how good thou art ;
 To' obtain the grace I humbly claim,
 The saving power of Jesu's name.

2 This slumber from my soul, O shake !
 Warn'd by thy Spirit's inward call,
 Let me to righteousness awake,
 And pray that I no more may fall ;
 Or give to sin or satan place,
 But walk in all thy righteous ways.

- 3 O would'st thou, Lord, thy servant guard,
 'Gainst every known or secret foe :
 4 A mind for all assaults prepar'd,
 A sober, vigilant mind bestow,
 Ever appriz'd of danger nigh,
 And when to fight, and when to fly.
- 2 O never suffer me to sleep
 Secure within the verge of hell ;
 But still my watchful spirit keep
 In lowly awe and loving zeal ;
 And bless me with a godly fear,
 And plant that guardian-angel here !
- 5 Attended by that sacred dread,
 And wise from evil to depart,
 Let me from strength to strength proceed,
 And rise to purity of heart :
 Through all the paths of duty move,
 From humble faith to perfect love.

HYMN 307. D. C. M.

- GOD of all grace and majesty,
 Supremely great and good,
 If I have mercy found with thee,
 Through the atoning blood ;
 The guard of all thy mercies give,
 And to my pardon join
 A fear lest I should ever grieve,
 The gracious Spirit divine.
- 4 If mercy is indeed with thee,
 May I obedient prove ;
 Nor e'er abuse my liberty,
 Or sin against thy love ;
 This choicest fruit of faith bestow
 On a poor sojourner ;
 And let me pass my days below,
 In humbleness and fear.

er I would in darkness mourn
 the absence of thy peace,
 e'er by light irreverence turn
 thy grace to wantonness ;
 er I would in painful awe,
 beneath thy anger move,
 a sin against the gospel-law
 ' liberty and love.

O ! thou would'st not have me live
 in bondage, grief, or pain ;
 thou dost not take delight to grieve
 the helpless sons of men :
 thy will is my salvation, Lord ;
 and let it now take place !
 let me tremble at thy word
 ' reconciling grace.

may I walk as in thy sight,
 thy strict observer see :
 thou by reverent love unite
 my child-like heart to thee :
 let me, till my days are past,
 Jesu's feet abide,
 shall he lift me up at last,
 and seat me by his side.

HYMN 308. D. C. M.

WANT a principle within
 Of jealous godly fear ;
 the visibility of sin,
 pain to feel it near ;
 not the first approach to feel,
 ' pride, or fond desire ;
 catch the wand'ring of my will,
 and quench the kindling fire.

2 From thee that I no more may part,
 No more thy goodness grieve,
 The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
 The tender conscience give.
 Quick as the apple of an eye,
 O God, my conscience make !
 Awake my soul, when sin is nigh,
 And keep it still awake.

3 If to the right or left I stray,
 That moment, Lord, reprove ;
 And let me weep my life away,
 For having griev'd thy love.
 O may the least omission pain
 My well-instructed soul !
 And drive me to the blood again,
 Which makes the wounded whole

HYMN 309. 4 lines 8's, and 2-

HELP, Lord, to whom for help
 And still my tempted soul sta
 Throughout the evil day !
 The sacred watchfulness impart,
 And keep the issues of my heart,
 And stir me up to pray.

2 My soul with thy whole armour arm
 In each approach of sin alarm,
 And shew the danger near ;
 Surround, sustain, and strengthen m
 And fill with godly jealousy,
 And sanctifying fear.

3 Whene'er my careless hands hang d
 O let me see thy gathering frown,
 And feel thy warning eye :

And starting, cry, from ruin's brink,
 Save me, Jesus, or I yield, I sink,
 O save me, or I die !

If near the pit I rashly stray,
 Before I wholly fall away,
 The keen conviction dart :
 Recall me by that pitying look,
 That kind, upbraiding glance, which broke
 Unfaithful Peter's heart.

In me thine utmost mercy shew,
 And make me like thyself below,
 Unblameable in grace ;
 Ready prepar'd and fitted here,
 By perfect holiness to' appear,
 Before thy glorious face.

HYMN 310. C. M.

INTO a world of ruffians sent,
 I walk on hostile ground ;
 Wild human bears, on slaughter bent,
 And ravening wolves surround.

The lion seeks my soul to slay,
 In some unguarded hour ;
 And waits to tear his sleeping prey,
 And watches to devour.

But worse than all my foes I find
 The enemy within,
 The evil heart, the carnal mind,
 Mine own insidious sin.

My nature every moment waits,
 To render me secure,
 And all my paths with ease besets,
 To make my ruin sure.

- 5 But thou hast given a loud alarm,
And thou shalt still prepare
My soul for all assaults, and arm
With never-ceasing prayer.
- 6 O do not suffer me to sleep,
Who on thy love depend;
But still thy faithful servant keep,
And save me to the end.

HYMN 311. S. M.

- 1 **B**ID me of men beware,
And to my ways take heed;
Discern their every secret snare,
And circumspectly tread:
O may I calmly wait
Thy succours from above;
And stand against their open hate,
And well-dissembled love.
- 2 My spirit, Lord, alarm,
When men and devils join:
'Gainst all the powers of satan arm
In panoply divine:
O may I set my face
His onsets to repel!
Quench all his fiery darts, and chide
The fiend to his own hell.
- 3 But above all, afraid,
Of my own bosom-foe,
Still let me seek to thee for aid,
To thee my weakness shew;
Hang on thy arm alone,
With self-distrusting care,
And deeply in the Spirit groan
The never-ceasing prayer.

Give me a sober mind,
 A quick-discerning eye,
 The first approach of sin to find,
 And all occasions fly.
 Still may I cleave to thee,
 And never more depart,
 But watch with godly jealousy
 Over my evil heart.

- 5 Thus may I pass my days,
 Of sojourning beneath,
 And languish to conclude my race,
 And render up my breath.
 In humble love and fear
 Thine image to regain,
 And see thee in the clouds appear,
 And rise with thee to reign !

HYMN 312. L. M.

- 1 **J**ESU, my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
 On whom I cast my every care ;
 On whom for all things I depend,
 Inspire, and then accept my prayer.
- 2 If I have tasted of thy grace,
 The grace that sure salvation brings !
 If with me now thy Spirit stays,
 And hovering hides me in his wings ;
- 3 Still let him with my weakness stay,
 Nor for a moment's space depart ;
 Evil and danger turn away,
 And keep till he renews my heart.
- 4 When to the right or left I stray,
 His voice behind me may I hear ;
 " Return, and walk in Christ thy way ;"
 " Fly back to Christ, for sin is near "

- 5 His sacred Unction from above
Be still my Comforter and Guide;
Till all the stony he remove,
And in my loving heart reside.
- 6 Jesus, I fain would walk in thee,
From nature's every path retreat:
Thou art my Way, my Leader be,
And set upon the Rock my feet.
- 7 Uphold me, Saviour, or I fall;
O reach me out thy gracious hand:
Only on thee for help I call;
Only by faith in thee I stand.

HYMN 313.

L. M.

- 1 **P**IERCE, fill me with an humble
My utter helplessness reveal;
Satan and sin are always near,
Thee may I always nearer feel.
- 2 O that to thee my constant mind
Might with an even flame aspire!
Pride, in its earliest motions find,
And mark the risings of desire.
- 3 O that my tender soul might fly
The first abhorr'd approach of ill!
Quick as the apple of an eye,
The slightest touch of sin to feel.
- 4 Till thou anew my soul create,
Still may I strive, and watch, and pray,
Humbly and confidently wait,
And long to see the perfect day.

HYMN 314. S. M.

FIRST PART.

ARK, how the watchmen cry !
 Attend the trumpet's sound ;
 And to your arms, the foe is nigh,
 The powers of hell surround ;
 Who bow to Christ's command,
 Your arms and hearts prepare ;
 The day of battle is at hand !
 Go forth to glorious war !

2 See, on the mountain-top,
 The standard of your God !
 In Jesu's name I lift it up,
 All stain'd with hallow'd blood.
 His standard-bearer, I
 To all the nations call :
 Let all to Jesu's cross draw nigh,
 He bore the cross for all.

3 Go up with Christ your head,
 Your Captain's footsteps see ;
 Follow your Captain, and be led
 To certain victory.
 All power to him is giv'n ;
 He ever reigns the same ;
 Salvation, happiness, and heav'n.
 Are all in Jesu's name.

4 Only have faith in God ;
 In faith your foes assail :
 Not wrestling against flesh and blood,
 But all the powers of hell ;
 From thrones of glory driv'n,
 By flaming vengeance hurl'd,
 They throng the air, and darken heav'n,
 And rule this lower world.

HYMN 315. S. M.

SECOND PART.

- 1 **A**NGELS your march oppose,
 Who still in strength excel,
 Your secret, sworn, eternal foes,
 Countless, invisible :
 With rage that never ends,
 Their hellish arts they try ;
 Legions of dire, malicious fiends,
 And spirits enthron'd on high.
- 2 On earth the' usurpers reign,
 Exert their baneful power ;
 O'er the poor fallen sons of men
 They tyrannize their hour :
 But shall believers fear ?
 But shall believers fly ?
 Or see the bloody cross appear,
 And all their powers defy ?
- Jesu's tremendous name
 Puts all our foes to flight !
 Jesus, the meek, the angry Lamb,
 A Lion is in fight.
 By all hell's host withstood,
 We all hell's host o'erthrow,
 And conquering them through Jesu's
 We on to conquer go.
- 4 Our Captain leads us on ;
 He beckons from the skies,
 And reaches out a starry crown,
 And bids us take the prize.
 " Be faithful unto death ;
 " Partake my victory,
 " And thou shalt wear this glorious wreath
 " And thou shalt reign with me."

HYMN 316. L. M.

ETERNAL Power, whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God ;
Infinite lengths, beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds ;

Thee, while the first archangel sings,
He hides his face behind his wings ;
And ranks of shining thrones around
All worshipping, and spread the ground.

Lord, what shall earth and ashes do ?
We would adore our Maker too !
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High !

Earth from afar hath heard thy fame,
And worms have learnt to lisp thy name ;
But, O ! the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind !

God is in heaven, and men below :
Be short our tunes, our words be few !
Solemn reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

HYMN 317. L. M.

AH, Lord, with trembling I confess,
A gracious soul may fall from grace !
The salt may lose its seasoning power,
And never, never find it more.

Rest that my fearful case should be,
Each moment knit my soul to thee ;
And lead me to the mount above,
Through the low vale of humble love.

HYMN 318. S. M.

1 **A** CHARGE to keep I have,
 A God to glorify ;
 A never-dying soul to save,
 And fit it for the sky :
 To serve the present age,
 My calling to fulfil ;
 O may it all my powers engage
 To do my Master's will !

2 Arm me with jealous care,
 As in thy sight to live ;
 And, O ! thy servant, Lord, prepare
 The strict account to give :
 Help me to watch and pray,
 And on thyself rely ;
 Assur'd, if I my trust betray,
 I shall for ever die.

HYMN 319. 6 lines 8's.

1 **W**ATCH'D by the world's malignant
 eye,
 Who load us with reproach and shame ;
 As servants of the Lord Most High,
 As zealous for his glorious name :
 We ought in all his paths to move,
 With holy fear and humble love.

2 That wisdom, Lord, on us bestow,
 From every evil to depart ;
 To stop the mouth of every foe,
 While, upright both in life and heart,
 The proofs of godly fear we give,
 And shew them how the Christians live.

HYMN 320. 4 lines 8's, & 2-6's.

BE it my only wisdom here,
To serve the Lord with filial fear,
With loving gratitude ;
Superior sense may I display,
By shunning every evil way,
And walking in the good.

O may I still from sin depart !
A wise and understanding heart,
Jesus, to me be given !
And let me through thy Spirit know,
To glorify my God below,
And find my way to heaven.

SECTION V.*For Believers Working.*

HYMN 321. C. M.

SUMMON'D my labour to renew,
And glad to act my part ;
Lord, in thy name, my work I do,
And with a single heart.

! End of my every action thou,
In all things thee I see ;
Accept my hallow'd labour now ;
I do it unto thee.

! Whate'er the Father views as thine
He views with gracious eyes ;
Jesus, this mean oblation join
To thy great Sacrifice.

- 4 Stamp't with an infinite desert,
 My work he then shall own ;
 Well pleas'd with me, when mine thou art,
 And I his favour'd son.

HYMN 322. C. M.

- 1 **S**ERVANT of all, to toil for man
 Thou didst not, Lord, refuse ;
 Thy Majesty did not disdain
 To be employ'd for us !
- 2 Thy bright example I pursue ;
 To thee in all things rise :
 May all I think, or speak, or do,
 Be one great sacrifice.
- 3 Careless through outward cares I go,
 From all distraction free ;
 My hands are but engag'd below,
 My heart is still with thee.

HYMN 323. S. M.

- 1 **G**OD of almighty love,
 By whose sufficient grace,
 I lift my heart to things above,
 And humbly seek thy face ;
 Through Jesus Christ the Just,
 My faint desires receive !
 And let me in thy goodness trust,
 And to thy glory live.
- 2 Whate'er I say or do,
 Thy glory be my aim ;
 My offerings all be offer'd through
 The ever-blessed Name !
 Jesus, my single eye
 Be fixt on thee alone :
 Thy name be praised on earth, on high
 Thy will by all be done !

3 Spirit of faith inspire
 My consecrated heart ;
 Fill me with pure, celestial fire,
 With all thou hast and art :
 My feeble mind transform,
 And, perfectly renew'd,
 Into a saint exalt a worm,
 A worm exalt to God.

HYMN 324. L. M.

FORTH in thy name, O Lord, I go.
 My daily labour to pursue ;
 Thee, only thee, resolv'd to know,
 In all I think, or speak, or do.

The task thy wisdom hath assign'd,
 O let me cherfully fulfil !
 In all my works thy presence find,
 And prove thy acceptable will.

Thee may I set at my right hand,
 Whose eyes mine inmost substance see ;
 And labour on at thy command,
 And offer all my works to thee.

Give me to bear thy easy yoke,
 And every moment watch and pray,
 And still to things eternal look,
 And hasten to thy glorious day !

For thee delightfully employ
 Whate'er thy bounteous grace hath giv'n,
 And run my course with even joy,
 And closely walk with thee to heav'n.

HYMN 325. 8 lines 7's, 6's,

- 1 **L**O! I come with joy to do
The Master's blessed will!
Him in outward works pursue,
And serve his pleasure still.
Faithful to my Lord's commands,
I still would choose the better
Serve with careful Martha's hand
And loving Mary's heart.
- 2 Careful without care I am,
Nor feel my happy toil:
Kept in peace by Jesu's name,
Supported by his smile;
Joyful thus my faith to shew,
I find his service my reward;
Every work I do below,
I do it to the Lord.
- 3 Thou, O Lord, in tender love,
Dost all my burdens bear!
Lift my heart to things above,
And fix it ever there!
Calm on tumult's wheel I sit,
'Midst busy multitudes alone,
Sweetly waiting at thy feet,
'Till all thy will be done.
- 4 Thou, O Lord, my portion art,
Before I hence remove!
Now, my treasure and my heart,
Are all laid up above:
Far above all earthly things,
While yet my hands are here
Sees my soul the King of Kings,
And freely talks with God.

O that all the art might know
 Of living thus to thee!
 Find their heaven begun below,
 And here thy glory see!
 Walk in all the works prepar'd
 By thee to exercise their grace;
 Till they gain their full reward,
 And see thy glorious face!

HYMN 326. 6 lines 8's.

CAPTAIN of Israel's host, and Guide
 Of all who seek the land above,
 Beneath thy shadow we abide,
 The cloud of thy protecting love:
 Our strength thy grace, our rule thy word,
 Our end, the glory of the Lord.

By thy unerring Spirit led,
 We shall not in the desert stray;
 We shall not full direction need;
 Nor miss our providential way:
 As far from danger as from fear,
 While love, almighty love, is near.

HYMN 327. L. M.

O THOU, who camest from above,
 The pure, celestial fire to' impart,
 Kindle a flame of sacred love
 On the mean altar of my heart.

There let it for thy glory burn,
 With inextinguishable blaze;
 And trembling to its source return,
 In humble love and fervent praise.

- 3 Jesus, confirm my heart's desire,
To work, and speak, and think
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up thy gift in me.
- 4 Ready for all thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat,
Till death thy endless mercies seal
And make the sacrifice complete

HYMN 328. 6 lines 8's.

- 1 **W**HEN quiet in my house I
Thy book be my companion
My joy, thy sayings to repeat,
Talk o'er the records of thy will
And search the oracles divine,
Till every heart-felt word be mine
- 2 O may the gracious words divine,
Subject of all my converse be :
So will the Lord his follower join,
And walk and talk himself with
So shall my heart his presence pro
And burn with everlasting love.
- 3 Oft as I lay me down to rest,
O may the reconciling word
Sweetly compose my weary breast
While on the bosom of my Lord
I sink in blissful dreams away,
And visions of eternal day.
- 4 Rising to sing my Saviour's praise
Thee may I publish all day long
And let thy precious word of grace
Flow from my heart, and fill my
Fill all my life with purest love,
And join me to the church above.

SECTION VI.

For Believers Suffering.

HYMN 329. C. M.

THEE, Jesus, full of truth and grace.
 Thee, Saviour, we adore ;
 In affliction's furnace praise,
 And magnify thy power.

Thy power in human weakness shewn,
 Shall make us all entire ;
 Now thy guardian presence own,
 And walk unburnt in fire.

See, Son of Man, by faith we see,
 And glory in our guide ;
 Grounded and upheld by thee,
 The fiery test abide.

By fire our graces shall refine,
 Till moulded from above,
 We bear the character divine,
 The stamp of perfect love.

HYMN 330. 6 lines 8's.

SAVIOUR of all, what hast thou done,
 What hast thou suffer'd on the tree ?
 Why didst thou groan thy mortal groan,
 Obedient unto death for me ?
 The mystery of thy passion shew,
 The end of all thy griefs below.

Thy soul, for sin an offering made,
 Hath clear'd this guilty soul of mine :
 Thou hast for me a ransom paid,
 To change my human to divine :

My own in all things to resign,
And know no other will but thine.

4 All power is thine in earth and heaven

All fulness dwells in thee alone ;
Whate'er I have was freely given :
Nothing but sin I call my own ;
Other propriety disclaim :
Thou only art the great I AM.

5 Wherefore to thee I all resign ;

Being thou art, and Love, and Power
Thy only Will be done, not mine !
Thee, Lord, let heaven and earth ad
Flow back the rivers to the sea,
And let our all be lost in thee !

HYMN 333. 6 lines, 4-8's & 2-6's.

1 COME on, my partners in distress,
My comrades through the wilderness
Who still your bodies feel ;
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond *this* vale of tears,
To *that* celestial hill.

2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Look forward to that heavenly place,
The saint's secure abode :
On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.

3 Who suffer with our Master here,
We shall before his face appear,
And by his side sit down :
To patient faith the prize is sure ;
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.

- 4 Thrice blessed bliss-inspiring hope !
 It lifts the fainting spirits up ;
 It brings to life the dead :
 Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
 And you and I ascend at last,
 Triumphant with our Head.
- 5 That great mysterious Deity,
 We soon with open face shall see
 The beatific sight :
 Shall fill heaven's sounding courts with
 praise,
 And wide diffuse the golden blaze
 Of everlasting light.
- 6 The Father shining on his throne,
 The glorious, co-eternal Son,
 The Spirit, One and Seven,
 Conspire our rapture to complete ;
 And, lo ! we fall before his feet,
 And silence heightens heaven.
- 7 In hope of that ecstatic pause,
 Jesus, we now sustain the cross,
 And at thy footstool fall ;
 Till thou our hidden life reveal :
 Till thou our ravish'd spirits fill,
 And God be All in All !

HYMN 334. 6 lines, 4-8's & 2-6's.

- 1 **L**ORD, I adore thy gracious will,
 Thro' every instrument of ill,
 My Father's goodness see ;
 Accept the complicated wrong
 Of Shimei's hand, and Shimei's tongue,
 As kind rebukes from thee,

HYMN 335. 8 lines, 7's & 6's.

- 1 **C**AST on the fidelity
Of my redeeming Lord,
I shall his salvation see,
According to his word ;
Credence to his word I give,
My Saviour in distresses past,
Will not now his servant leave,
But bring me through at last.
- 2 Better than my boding fears
To me thou oft hast prov'd ;
Oft observ'd my silent tears,
And challeng'd thy belov'd :
Mercy to my rescue flew,
And death ungrasp'd his fainting prey
Pain before thy face withdrew,
And sorrow fled away.
- 3 Now as yesterday the same,
In all my troubles nigh,
Jesus, on thy Word and Name,
I steadfastly rely :
Sure as now the grief I feel,
The promis'd joy I soon shall have,
Sav'd again, to sinners tell
Thy power and will to save.
- 4 To thy blessed will resign'd,
And stay'd on that alone,
I thy perfect strength shall find,
Thy faithful mercies own :
Compass'd round with songs of praise,
My all to my Redeemer give ;
Spread thy miracles of grace ;
And to thy glory live.

HYMN 336. 8 lines, 7's & 6's.

1 **F**ATHER, in the Name I pray
 Of thy incarnate Love,
 Humbly ask, that as my day,
 My suffering strength may prove :
 When my sorrows most increase,
 Let thy strongest joys be given ;
 Jesus, come with my distress,
 And agony is heaven.

2 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 For good remember me !
 Me, whom thou hast caus'd to trust
 For more than life on thee :
 With me in the fire remain,
 'Till like burnish'd gold I shine ;
 Meet, through consecrated pain,
 To see the Face Divine.

HYMN 337. L. M.

1 **E**TERNAL Beam of Light divine,
 Fountain of unexhausted love ;
 In whom the Father's glories shine,
 'Thro' earth beneath, and heaven above

2 Jesus, the weary wanderer's rest,
 Give me thy easy yoke to bear ;
 With steadfast patience arm my breast,
 With spotless love, and lowly fear.

3 Thankful I take the cup from thee,
 Prepar'd and mingled by thy skill ;
 Though bitter to the taste it be,
 Powerful the wounded soul to heal.

- 4 Be thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh ! [gone ;
So shall each murmuring thought be
And grief, and fear, and care, shall fly,
As clouds before the mid-day sun.
- 5 Speak to my warring passions, "Peace ;"
Say to my trembling heart, "Be still ;"
Thy power my strength and fortress is,
For all things serve thy sovereign will.
- 6 O death ! where is thy sting ? Where now
Thy boasted victory, O grave ?
Who shall contend with God ? or who
Can hurt whom God delights to save ?

HYMN 338. L. M.

- 1 **T**HOU Lamb of God, thou Prince of
Peace,
For thee my thirsty soul doth pine ;
My longing heart implores thy grace,
O make me in thy likeness shine !
- 2 With fraudless, even, humble mind,
Thy will in all things may I see ;
Through love be every wish resign'd,
And hallow'd my whole heart to thee.
- 3 When pain o'er my weak flesh prevails,
With lamb-like patience arm my breast ;
When grief my wounded soul assails,
In lowly meekness may I rest.
- 4 Close by thy side still may I keep,
Howe'er life's various current flow ;
With steadfast eye mark every step,
And follow thee where'er thou go.
- 5 Thou, Lord, the dreadful fight hast won ;
Alone thou hast the wine-press trod ;
In me thy strength'ning grace be shewn,
O may I conquer through thy blood !

- 6 So when on Sion thou shalt stand,
And all heaven's host adore their King,
Shall I be found at thy right hand,
And free from pain thy glory sing.

HYMN 339.

L. M.

- 1 **O** THOU, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light ;
Search, prove my heart, it pants for thee,
O burst these bonds, and set it free !
- 2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the cross :
Hallow each thought ; let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean !
- 3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my Light, be thou my Way ;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.
- 4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe ;
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.
- 5 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untir'd I follow thee !
O let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill !
- 6 If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day ;
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

SECTION VII.

Seeking for Full Redemption

HYMN 340. S. M.

1 **T**HE thing my God doth hate
 That I no more may do,
 Thy creature, Lord, again create
 And all my soul renew :
 My soul shall then, like thine,
 Abhor the thing unclean ;
 And, sanctify'd by love divine,
 For ever cease from sin.

2 That blessed law of thine,
 Jesus, to me impart ;
 The Spirit's law of life divine,
 O write it in my heart !
 Implant it deep within,
 Whence it may ne'er remove,
 The law of liberty from sin,
 The perfect law of love.

3 Thy nature be my law,
 Thy spotless sanctity :
 And sweetly every moment draw
 My happy soul to thee.
 Soul of my soul remain,
 Who didst for all fulfil ;
 In me, O Lord, fulfil again,
 Thy heavenly Father's Will.

HYMN 341. L. M.

1 **O** JESUS, let thy dying cry
 Pierce to the bottom of my heart :
 Its evils cure, its wants supply,
 And bid my unbelief depart.

- 2 Slay the dire root and seed of sin ;
Prepare for thee the holiest place !
Then, O essential Love, come in !
And fill thy house with endless praise.
- 3 Let me, according to thy word,
A tender, contrite heart receive,
Which grieves at having griev'd its Lord,
And never can itself forgive.
- 4 A heart, thy joys and griefs to feel,
A heart that cannot faithless prove ;
A heart where Christ alone may dwell,
All praise, all meekness, and all love.

HYMN 342. C. M.

- 1 **G**OD of eternal truth and grace,
Thy faithful promise seal !
Thy word, thy oath, to Abraham's race,
In us, even us, fulfil.
- 2 Let us, to perfect love restor'd,
Thy image here retrieve ;
And in the presence of our Lord,
The life of angels live.
- 3 That mighty faith on me bestow,
Which cannot ask in vain :
Which holds, and will not let thee go,
Till I my suit obtain.
- 4 Till thou into my soul inspire
The perfect love unknown :
And tell my infinite desire,
" Whate'er thou wilt be done."
- 5 But is it possible that I
Should live, and sin no more ?
Lord, if on thee I dare rely,
The faith shall bring the power.

In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, or seek but thee.

- 6 O Love, thy sovereign aid impart
To save me from low-thoughts
Chase this self-will through all
Through all its latent mazes th
Make me thy duteous child, that
Ceaseless may Abba, Father, cry
- 7 Ah no : ne'er will I backward turn
Thine wholly, thine alone I am
Thrice happy he who views with
Earth's toys, for thee his constant
O help, that I may never move,
From the blest footsteps of thy love
- 8 Each moment draw from earth a
My heart, that lowly waits thy
Speak to my inmost soul, and say
" I am thy Love, thy God, thy
To feel thy power, to hear thy voice
To taste thy love, be all my choice

HYMN 345. 4 lines 6's, &

- 1 **Y**E ransom'd sinners, hear,
The prisoners of the Lord ;
And wait till Christ appear,
According to his word :
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free
- 2 Let others hug their chains,
For sin and satan plead,
And say, from sin's remains,
They never can be freed ;
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free

- 3 In God we put our trust ;
If we our sins confess,
Faithful is he, and just,
From all unrighteousness,
To cleanse us all, both you and me ;
We shall from all our sins be free.
- 4 Surely in us the Hope
Of glory shall appear ;
Sinners, your heads lift up,
And see redemption near :
Again, I say, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.
- 5 Who Jesu's sufferings share,
My fellow-prisoners now,
Ye soon the wreath shall wear
On your triumphant brow ;
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.
- 6 The word of God is sure,
And never can remove ;
We shall in heart be pure,
And perfected in love ;
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.
- 7 Then let us gladly bring
Our sacrifice of praise :
Let us give thanks and sing,
And glory in his grace :
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

HYMN 346. C. M.

FOR ever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side ;
*This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died.*

- 2 My dying Saviour, and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin;
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse, and keep me clean.
- 3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own;
Wash me, and mine thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.
- 4 The atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

HYMN 347. C. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, my life! thyself apply,
Thy Holy Spirit breathe;
My vile affections crucify,
Conform me to thy death.
- 2 Conqueror of hell, and earth, and sin,
Still with thy rebel strive;
Enter my soul, and work within,
And kill, and make alive!
- 3 More of thy life, and more I have,
As the old Adam dies:
Bury me, Saviour, in thy grave,
That I with thee may rise.
- 4 Reign in me, Lord, thy foes controul,
Who would not own thy sway;
Diffuse thine image through my soul,
Shine to the perfect day.
- 5 Scatter the last remains of sin,
And seal me thine abode:
O make me glorious all within,
A temple built by God!

MN 348. 8 lines 7's.

FIRST PART.

VENLY Father, Sovereign Lord,
 er faithful to thy word,
 we our seal set to,
 at thou art true.
 is the wilds are glad,
 erful green array'd,
 sweets they all disclose,
 blossom as the rose.

e wastes have found a voice :
 eserts now rejoice !
 e hallelujahs sing ;
 d with praises ring.
 idantly they bloom,
 is hither come :
 stores the heavens dispense,
 fertile excellence.

e barren souls of ours
 nd puts forth fruits and flowers,
 of Eden, fruits of grace,
 id, joy, and righteousness.
 d, (the objects we !)
 e incarnate Deity,
 whom thy glories shine,
 e of strength divine.

remble at his frown,
 lift your hands cast down :
 ho all your weakness sees,
 prop your feeble knees.
 rful hearts be strong,
 l not tarry long ;
 lest his truth should fail,
 nchangeable.

Lame ; and lo ! we leap for joy.

- 6 Faint we were, and parch'd with
Water at thy word gush'd out :
Streams of grace our thirst repres
Starting from the wilderness.
Still we gasp thy grace to know ;
Here for ever let it flow ;
Make the thirsty land a pool,
Fix the Spirit in our soul.

H Y M N 349.

SECOND PART.

- 1 **W**HERE the ancient dragon
Open for thyself a way !
There let holy tempers rise,
All the fruits of paradise.
Lead us in the way of peace,
In the path of righteousness,
Never by the sinner trod,

ghty to redeem,
 it be cast with them ;
 earth our souls remove,
 l by thy dying love.
 not below to mourn ;
 would to thee return :
 with righteousness, arise
 these nether skies.

I all our sorrows chase,
 tears from every face ;
 let us now obtain,
 of thy endless reign.
 e latest foe, destroy ;
 en shall yield to joy ;
 rief shall flee away,
 I up in endless day.

MN 350. 4 lines 7's.

Y Lamb, who thee receive,
 ho in thee begin to live,
 ight they cry to thee,
 rt, so let us be !

: my panting breast !
 t. in thee to rest !
 ould I now be clean ;
 ie now from every sin.

: my wavering mind !
 oss my spirit bind :
 assions far remove ;
 ip my soul in love.

ashes though we be,
 and misery,
 are, thou Son of God ;
 urchase of thy blood !

- 5 Who in heart on thee believes ;
He the' atonement now receives
He with joy beholds thy face,
'Triumphs in thy pardoning grace
- 6 See, ye sinners, see the flame,
Rising from the slaughter'd Lamb
Marks the new, the living way,
Leading to eternal day.
- 7 Jesus, when this light we see,
All our soul's athirst for thee ;
When thy quick'ning power we
All our heart dissolves in love.
- 8 Boundless wisdom, power divine
Love unspeakable are thine ;
Praise by all to thee be given,
Sons of earth, and hosts of heav'n

HYMN 351. 6-8's, *second*

- 1 **C**OME, Holy Ghost, all-quick
Come, and my hallow'd heart
Sprinkled with the' atoning blood
Now to my soul thyself reveal,
Thy mighty working let me feel
And know that I am born of God
- 2 Thy witness with my spirit bear,
That God, my God inhabits there
Thou, with the Father, and the Son
Eternal life's co-eval beam,
Be Christ in me, and I in him,
Till perfect we are made in one
- 3 When wilt thou my whole heart
Come, Lord, and form my soul ;
Emptied of pride, and wrath,

Less than the least of all thy store
Of mercies, I myself abhor :

All, all my vileness may I feel.

- 4 Humble, and teachable, and mild,
O may I, as a little child,
My lowly Master's steps pursue !
Be anger to my soul unknown ;
Hate, envy, jealousy, be gone ;
In love create thou all things new.

- 5 Let earth no more my heart divide ;
With Christ may I be crucified :
To thee with my whole heart aspire :
Dead to the world, and all its toys,
Its idle pomp, and fading joys,
Be thou alone my one desire !

- 6 Be thou my joy, be thou my dread ;
In battle cover thou my head,
Nor earth, nor hell I then shall fear :
I then shall turn my steady face :
Want, pain defy,—enjoy disgrace,—
Glory in dissolution near.

- 7 My will be swallow'd up in thee !
Light in thy light still may I see,
Beholding thee with open face :
Call'd the full power of faith to prove.
Let all my hallow'd heart be love,
And all my spotless life be praise.

- 8 Come, Holy Ghost, all-quick'ning fire,
My consecrated heart inspire
Sprinkled with the atoning blood ;
Still to my soul thyself reveal ;
Thy mighty working may I feel,
And know that I am one with God.

HYMN 352. 6 lines, 2-6's & 4-7's.

- 1 **J**ESU, thou art our King!
 To me thy succour bring—
 Christ, the mighty One art thou;
 Help for all on thee is laid:
 This the word; I claim it now:
 Send me now the promis'd aid.
- 2 High on thy Father's throne,
 O look with pity down!
 Help, O help, attend my call,
 Captive lead captivity:
 King of glory Lord of all,
 Christ, be Lord, be King to me!
- 3 I pant to feel thy sway,
 And only thee to' obey;
 Thee my spirit gasps to meet;
 This my one, my ceaseless prayer;
 Make, O make my heart thy seat;
 O set up thy kingdom there!
- 4 Triumph and reign in me,
 And spread thy victory;
 Hell, and death, and sin control,
 Pride, and wrath, and every foe,
 All subdue; through all my soul,
 Conquering unto conquer go.

HYMN 353. 6 lines, second verse.

- 1 **O** JESUS, Source of calm repose,
 Thy like nor man, nor angel knows
 Fairest among ten thousand fair:
 E'en those whom death's sad fetters bound
 Whom thickest darkness compass'd round
 Find light and life, if thou appear.

ence of the Light Divine,
 ling planets knew to shine,
 time its ceaseless course began :
 when the appointed hour was come
 not abhor the Virgin's womb,
 God with God, was man with man.

world, sin, death, oppose in vain ;
 by thy dying, death hast slain,
 great Deliverer, and my God !
 does the old dragon rage ;
 all hell its powers engage :
 can withstand thy conquering blood

ver all, sent to fulfil
 gracious Father's sovereign will,
 thy dread sceptre will I bow :
 uteous reverence at thy feet,
 umble Mary, lo ! I sit ;
 k, Lord, thy servant heareth now.

thine image, Lord, in me ;
 and gentle may I be ;
 harms but these to thee are dear !
 er may'st thou ever find,
 de in my unruffled mind,
 faith and heaven-born peace be there

nt, a victorious mind,
 fe and all things cast behind ;
 gs forth obedient to thy call ;
 that no desire can move ;
 ble to adore, believe, and love,
 me, my Lord, my life, my All !

HYMN 354. : 8 lines 7's, 8

- 1 **E**VER fainting with desire,
For thee, O Christ, I call
Thee I restlessly require,
I want my God, my All.
Jesus, dear redeeming Lord,
I wait thy coming from above
Help me, Saviour, speak the word
And perfect me in love.
- 2 Wilt thou suffer me to go
Lamenting all my days?
Shall I never, never know
Thy sanctifying grace?
Wilt thou not thy light afford,
The darkness from my soul red
Help me, Saviour, speak the word
And perfect me in love.
- 3 Lord, if I on thee believe,
Thy perfect love impart;
With the' indwelling Spirit give
A new, a contrite heart:
If with love thy heart be stor'd,
If now o'er me thy bowels mo
Help me, Saviour, speak the word

Thou, my Life, my Treasure be,
 My Portion here below :
 Nothing would I seek but thee,
 Thee only would I know ;
 My exceeding great Reward,
 Heaven on earth, my Heaven above :
 Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
 And perfect me in love.

Grant me now the bliss to feel
 Of those that are in thee :
 Son of God, thyself reveal,
 Engrave thy name on me :
 As in heaven, be here ador'd,
 And let me now the promise prove,
 Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
 And perfect me in love.

HYMN 355. 4 lines 7's.

JESU, shall I never be
 Firmly grounded upon thee ;
 Never in thy work abide,
 Never in thy wounds reside ?

O how wavering is my mind ;
 Toss'd about with every wind ;
 O how quickly doth my heart
 From the living God depart !

Jesus, let my nature feel,
 Thou art God unchangeable ;
 JAH, JEHOVAH, great I AM,
 Speak into my soul thy Name.

Grant that every moment I
 May believe, and feel thee nigh ;
 Steadfastly behold thy face,
 'Stablish'd with abiding grace.

- 5 Plant, and root, and fix in me
All the mind that was in thee;
Settled peace I then shall find;
Jesu's is a quiet mind.
- 6 Anger I no more shall feel,
Always even, always still;
Meekly on my God reclin'd,
Jesu's is a gentle mind.
- 7 I shall suffer, and fulfil
All my Father's gracious will;
Be in all alike resign'd:
Jesu's is a patient mind.
- 8 When 'tis deeply rooted here,
Perfect love shall cast out fear:
Fear doth servile spirits bind;
Jesu's is a noble mind.
- 9 When I feel it fix'd within,
I shall have no power to sin;
How shall sin an entrance find?
Jesu's is a spotless mind.
- 10 I shall nothing know beside
Jesus, and him crucified:
Perfectly to him be join'd:
Jesu's is a loving mind.
- 11 I shall triumph evermore,
Gratefully my God adore;
God so good, so true, so kind;
Jesu's is a thankful mind.
- 12 Lowly, loving, meek, and pure,
I shall to the end endure;
Be no more to sin inclin'd;
Jesu's is a constant mind.

shall fully be restor'd
 the image of my Lord ;
 witnessing to all mankind,
 mine is a *perfect* mind.

HYMN 356.

C. M.

LORD, I believe thy every word,
 Thy every promise true ;
 O ! I wait on thee, my Lord,
 till I my strength renew.

On this feeble flesh I may
 while shew forth thy praise :
 O, support the tottering clay,
 and lengthen out my days.

As a worm as I can spread
 the common Saviour's name ;
 him who rais'd thee from the dead,
 quicken my mortal frame.

Let me live thy blood to show,
 which purges every stain ;
 gladly linger out below,
 few more years in pain.

Re me till I my strength of soul,
 till I thy love retrieve ;
 faith shall make my spirit whole,
 and perfect soundness give.

h to be heal'd thou know'st I have.
 From sin to be made clean :
 thou art from sin to save,
 from all indwelling sin.

- 7 Surely thou canst, I do not doubt,
Thou wilt thyself impart ;
The bond-woman's base son cast
And take up all my heart.
- 8 I shall my ancient strength renew
The excellence divine,
(If thou art good, if thou art true,
Throughout my soul shall shine
- 9 I shall, a weak and helpless worn
Through Jesus strengthening
Impossibilities perform,
And live from sinning free.
- 10 For this in steadfast hope I wait
Now, Lord, my soul restore ;
Now the new heavens and earth
And I shall sin no more.

HYMN 357. C.M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, the Life, the Truth, the
In whom I now believe,
As taught by thee, in faith I pray
Expecting to receive.
- 2 Thy will by me on earth be done
As by the powers above,
Who always see thee on thy throne
And glory in thy love.
- 3 I ask in confidence the grace,
That I may do thy will,
As angels who behold thy face,
And all thy words fulfil.
- 4 Surely I shall, the sinner, I
Shall serve thee without fear :
My heart no longer gives the lie
To my deceitful prayer.

When thou the work of faith hast wrought
I shall be pure within ;
Nor sin in deed, or word, or thought ;
For angels never sin.

From thee no more shall I depart ;
No more unfaithful prove ;
But love thee with a constant heart ;
For angels always love.

I all thy holy will shall prove ;
I, a weak, sinful worm,
When thee with all my heart I love,
Shall all thy law perform.

The graces of my second birth,
To me shall all be given ;
And I shall do thy will on earth,
As angels do in heaven.

HYMN 358. 8 lines, 7's & 6's.

O PEN, Lord, my inward ear,
And bid my heart rejoice !
Bid my quiet spirit hear
Thy comfortable voice :
Never in the whirlwind found,
Where earthquakes rock the place ;
Still and silent is the sound,
The whisper of thy grace.
From the world of sin and noise,
And hurry, I withdraw :
For the small and inward voice,
I wait with humble awe :
Silent am I now, and still,
Are not in thy presence move ;
To my waiting soul reveal
The secret of thy love.

- 3 Thou hast undertook for me,
 For me to death wast sold ;
 Wisdom in a mystery
 Of bleeding love unfold :
 Teach the lesson of thy cross,
 Let me die with thee to reign :
 All things let me count but loss,
 So I may thee regain.
- 4 Shew me, as my soul can bear,
 The depth of inbred sin ;
 All the unbelief declare,
 The pride that lurks within :
 Take me, whom thyself hast bought,
 Bring into captivity
 Every high aspiring thought,
 That would not stoop to thee.
- 5 Lord, my time is in thine hand,
 My soul to thee convert ;
 Thou canst make me understand,
 Though I am slow of heart ;
 Thine, in whom I live and move ;
 Thine the work, the praise is thine ;
 Thou art Wisdom, Power, and Love,
 And all thou art is mine.

HYMN 359. 8 lines, 7's & 6's.

- 1 **G**OD of Israel's faithful three,
 Who brav'd the tyrant's ire,
 Nobly scorn'd to bow the knee,
 And walk'd unhurt in fire:
 Breathe their faith into my breast,
 Arm me in this fiery hour ;
 Stand, O Son of Man, confess
 In all thy saving power !

2 For while thou, my Lord, art nigh,
 My soul disdains to fear ;
 Sin and Satan I defy,
 Still impotently near :
 Earth and hell their wars may wage,
 Calm I mark their vain design ;
 Smile to see them idly rage
 Against a child of thine.

3 Unto thee, my Help, my Hope,
 My Safeguard, and my Tower,
 Confident I still look up,
 And still receive thy power :
 All the alien's host I chase,
 Blast and scatter with mine eyes ;
 Satan comes ; I turn my face ;
 And lo ! the tempter flies !

4 Sin in me, the inbred foe,
 Awhile subsists in chains ;
 But thou all thy power shalt show,
 And slay its last remains :
 Thou hast conquer'd my desire,
 Thou shalt quench it with thy blood ;
 Fill me with a purer fire,
 And make me all like God.

HYMN 360.

C. M.

1 **F**ATHER of Jesus Christ, my Lor
 ' My Saviour, and my Head,
 I trust in thee, whose powerful word
Hath rais'd him from the dead.

- 2 Thou know'st for my offence he died,
And rose again for me ;
Fully and freely justified,
That I might live to thee.
- 3 Eternal life to all mankind
Thou hast in Jesus given ;
And all who seek, in him shall find
The happiness of heaven.
- 4 O God, thy record I believe ;
In Abraham's footsteps tread ;
And wait, expecting to receive
The Christ, the promis'd Seed.
- 5 Faith in thy power thou seest I have,
For thou this faith hast wrought ;
Dead souls thou callest from the grave,
And speakest worlds from nought.
- 6 Things that are not, as though they were,
Thou callest by their name :
Present with thee the future are,
With thee, the great I AM.
- 7 In hope, against all human hope,
Self-desperate I believe :
Thy quick'ning word shall raise me up,
Thou shalt thy Spirit give.
- 8 The thing surpasses all my thought ;
But faithful is my Lord ;
Through unbelief I stagger not,
For God hath spoke the word.
- 9 Faith, mighty faith, the promise seed,
And looks to that alone :
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries, " It shall be done ! "

- 10 To thee the glory of thy power
And faithfulness I give !
I shall in Christ, at that glad hour,
And Christ in me shall live.
- 11 Obedient faith that waits on thee,
Thou never wilt reprove ;
But thou wilt form thy Son in me,
And perfect me in love.

HYMN 361. C. M.

- 1 **M**Y God, I humbly call thee mine,
And will not quit my claim ;
Till all I have is lost in thine,
And all renew'd I am.
- 2 I hold thee with a trembling hand,
But will not let thee go,
Till steadfastly by faith I stand,
And all thy goodness know.
- 3 When shall I see the welcome hour,
That plants my God in me !
Spirit of health, and life, and power,
And perfect liberty !
- 4 Jesus, thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad ;
Then shall my feet no longer rove.
Rooted and fix'd in God.
- 5 Love only can the conquest win,
The strength of sin subdue,
(Mine own unconquerable sin,)
And form my soul anew.

- 6 Love can bow down the stubborn
The stone to flesh convert;
Softens, and melt, and pierce, as
An adamantine heart.
- 7 O that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow;
Burn up the dross of base desire
And make the mountains flow
- 8 O that it now from heaven might
And all my sins consume!
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I
Spirit of burning, come.
- 9 Refining fire, go through my heart
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter thy life through every part
And sanctify the whole.
- 10 No longer then my heart shall
While purify'd by grace:
I only for his glory burn,
And always see his face.
- 11 My steadfast soul, from falling
Shall then no longer move;
But Christ be all the world to me
And all my heart be love.

HYMN 362.

C. M.

- 1 **B**E it according to thy word
This moment let it be!
O that I now, my gracious Lord
Might lose myself in thee!

FOR FULL REDEMPTION.

- 2** Now, 'Jesus, let thy powerful death
Into my being come ;
Slay the old Adam with thy breath,
The man of sin consume.
- 3** Withhold whate'er my flesh requires :
Poison my pleasant food :
Spoil my delights, my vain desires,
My all of creature-good.
- 4** My old affections mortify ;
Nail to the cross my will ;
Daily and hourly bid me die,
Or altogether kill.
- 5** Jesus, my life, appear within,
And bruise the serpent's head :
Enter my soul, extirpate sin,
Cast out the cursed seed.
- 6** Hast thou not made me willing, Lord
Would I not die this hour ?
Then speak the killing, quick'ning w
Slay : raise me by thy power.
- 7** Slay me, and I in thee shall trust ;
With thy dead men arise ;
Awake, and sing out of the dust,
Soon as this nature dies.
- 8** O let it now make haste to die,
That mortal wound receive ;
So shall I live, and yet not I ;
But Christ in me shall live.
- 9** Be it according to thy word !
This moment let it be !
*The life I lose for thee, my Lord,
I find again in thee.*

HYMN 363. L. M.

- 1 **W**HAT! never speak one evil word;
 Or rash, or idle, or unkind?
 O how shall I, most gracious Lord,
 This mark of true perfection find?
- 3 Thy sinless mind in me reveal;
 Thy Spirit's plenitude impart!
 And all my spotless life shall tell
 The abundance of a loving heart.
- 2 Saviour, I long to testify
 The fulness of thy saving grace:
 O might thy Spirit the blood apply,
 Which bought for me the sacred peace.
- 4 Forgive, and make my nature whole;
 My inbred malady remove:
 To perfect health restore my soul
 To perfect holiness and love.

HYMN 364. 6 lines 8's.

- 1 **J**ESUS, the gift divine I know,
 The gift divine I ask of thee:
 That living water now bestow,
 Thy Spirit and thyself on me.
 Thou, Lord, of life the fountain art,
 Now let me find thee in my heart.
- 2 Thee let me drink, and thirst no more
 For drops of finite happiness;
 Spring up, O Well, in heavenly power,
 In streams of pure, perennial peace;
 In joy that none can take away,
 In life which shall for ever stay.

Father, on me the grace bestow,
 Unblamable before thy sight,
 Whence all the streams of mercy flow ;
 Mercy, thy own supreme delight,
 To me for Jesu's sake impart,
 And plant thy nature in my heart.

Thy mind throughout my life be shewn,
 While listening to the wretches' cry,
 The widows' and the orphans' groan,
 On mercy's wings I swiftly fly,
 The poor and helpless to relieve,
 My life, my all for them to give.

Thus may I shew the Spirit within,
 Which purges me from every stain,
 Unspotted from the world and sin,
 My faith's integrity maintain ;
 The truth of my religion prove,
 By perfect purity and love.

HYMN 365. 6 lines 8's, second metre.

FIRST PART.

O GOD of my salvation, hear,
 And help a sinner to draw near
 With boldness to the throne of grace ;
 Help me thy benefits to sing,
 And smile to see me feebly bring
 My humble sacrifice of praise.

I cannot praise thee as I would ;
 But thou art merciful and good :
 I know thou never wilt despise
 The day of small and feeble things,
 But bear me, till on eagles' wings,
 To all the heights of love I rise.

3 I thank thee for that gracious taste,
 (Which pride would not permit to last,)
 That touch of love, that pledge of heav'
 Surely on me my Father smil'd,
 And once I knew him reconcil'd,
 And once I felt my sins forgiven.

4 My Lord and God I then could see,
 My Saviour, who hath died for me,
 To bring the rebel near to God :
 Thou didst, thou didst thy peace impart
 Pardon was written on my heart
 In largest characters of blood.

5 Vilest of all the sons of men,
 When I to folly turn'd again,
 And sinn'd against thy light and love,
 Grace did much more than sin above,
 Amaz'd, I still forgiveness found,
 And thank'd my Advocate above.

6 Saviour, for this I thank thee now,
 My Saviour to the utmost, thou
 Hast snatch'd me from the gates of hell
 That I to all mankind may prove
 Thy free, thine everlasting love,
 Which all mankind with me may feel

7 The boundless love that found out me,
 For every soul of man is free ;
 None of thy mercy need despair !
 Patient, and pitiful, and kind,
 Thee every soul of man may find,
 And, freely sav'd, thy grace declare.

8 A vile backsliding sinner, I
 Ten thousand deaths deserve to die,
 Yet still by sovereign grace I live !

Saviour, to thee I still look up ;
I see an open door of hope,
And wait thy fulness to receive.

How shall I thank thee for the grace,
The trust I have to see thy face,
When sin shall all be purg'd away !
The night of doubts and fears is past,
The morning star appears at last,
And I shall see the perfect day.

HYMN 366.

PART SECOND.

I SOON shall hear the quick'ning voice,
Shall always pray, give thanks, rejoice,
(This is thy will, and faithful word,)
My spirit meek, my will resign'd,
Lowly as thine shall be my mind,
The servant shall be as his Lord.

Already, Lord, I feel thy power,
Preserv'd from evil every hour,
My great Preserver I proclaim :
Safety and strength in thee I have,
I find, I find thee strong to save,
And know that Jesus is thy name.

By faith I every moment stand,
Strangely upheld by thy right hand,
I my own wickedness eschew ;
A sinner I am kept from sin,
And thou shalt make me pure within,
And thou shalt form my soul anew.

Come then, and loose my stamm'ring tongue,
Teach me the new, the joyful song,
And perfect in a babe thy praise.

I want a thousand lives to' employ,
In publishing the sounds of joy,
The gospel of thy general grace.

- 5 Come, Lord, thy Spirit bids thee on
Give me thyself, and take me home
Be now the glorious earnest giver
The counsel of thy grace fulfil;
Thy kingdom come, thy perfect will
Be done on earth, as 'tis in heaven

HYMN 367. S. M.

- 1 **O** COME, and dwell in me,
Spirit of power within !
And bring the glorious liberty
From sorrow, fear, and sin.
The seed of sin's disease,
Spirit of health remove,
Spirit of finish'd holiness,
Spirit of perfect love.
- 2 Hasten the joyful day,
Which shall my sins consume ;
When old things shall be past away,
And all things new become.
The' original offence
Out of my soul erase ;
Enter thyself, and drive it hence,
And take up all the place.
- 3 I want the witness, Lord,
That all I do is right,
According to thy will and word,
Well-pleasing in thy sight.
I ask no higher state ;
Indulge me but in this ;
And soon or later then translate
To my eternal bliss.

HYMN 368. 8 lines, 7's & 6's.

FATHER, see this living clod,
 This spark of heavenly fire!
 See my soul, the breath of God,
 Doth after God aspire;
 Let it still to heaven ascend,
 I I my principle rejoin;
 Blended with my glorious end,
 And lost in love divine.

Lord, if thou from me hast broke
 The power of outward sin;
 Burst this Babylonish yoke,
 And make me free within:
 Bid my inbred sin depart,
 And I thy utmost word shall prove,
 Upright both in life and heart,
 And perfected in love.

God of all-sufficient grace,
 My God in Christ thou art:
 Bid me walk before thy face,
 Till I am pure in heart:
 Will transform'd by faith divine,
 Gain that perfect love unknown,
 Bright in all thine image shine,
 By putting on thy Son.

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 In council join'd again,
 To restore thine image, lost
 By frail, apostate man:
 O might I thy form express,
 Ough faith begotten from above,
 Tapt with real holiness,
 And fill'd with perfect love.

HYMN 369. L. M.

- 1 **O** GOD, most merciful and true,
Thy nature to my soul impart;
'Stablish with me the cov'nant new,
And write perfection on my heart.
- 2 To real holiness restor'd,
O let me gain my Saviour's mind!
And in the knowledge of my Lord,
Fulness of life eternal find.
- 3 Remember, Lord, my sins no more,
That them I may no more forget;
But sunk in guiltless shame, adore,
With speechless wonder at thy feet.
- 4 O'erwhelm'd with thy stupendous gra
I shall not in thy presence move;
But breathe unutterable praise,
And rapturous awe, and silent love.
- 5 Then every murmuring thought and v
Expires, in sweet confusion lost:
I cannot of my cross complain,
I cannot of my goodness boast.
- 6 Pardon'd for all that I have done,
My mouth as in the dust I hide;
And glory give to God alone,
My God for ever pacified.

HYMN 370. C. M.

- 1 **D**EEPEN the wound thy hands h
made,
In this weak, helpless soul;
Till mercy, with its balmy aid,
Descend to make me whole.

FOR FULL REDEMPTION.

3

- 2** The sharpness of thy two-edg'd sword
Enable me to' endure :
Till bold to say, My hallowing Lord
Hath wrought a perfect cure.
- 3** I see the' exceeding broad command,
Which all contains in one ;
Enlarge my heart to understand
The mystery unknown.
- 4** O that with all thy saints I might
By sweet experience prove
What is the length, and breadth, and heig
And depth of perfect love !

HYMN 371. 8 lines 8's.

- 1** **W**HAT now is my object and aim ?
What now is my hope and desire
To follow the heavenly Lamb,
And after his image aspire :
My hope is all centred in thee ;
I trust to recover thy love ;
On earth thy salvation to see,
And then to enjoy it above.
- 2** I thirst for a life-giving God,
A God that on Calvary died ;
A fountain of water and blood,
That gushed from Immanuel's side !
I gasp for the streams of thy love,
The spirit of rapture unknown ;
And then to re-drink it above,
Eternally fresh from the throne.

HYMN 372. 8 lines, 7's & 6's.

GIVE me the' enlarg'd desire,
 And open, Lord, my soul,
 Thy own fulness to require,
 And comprehend the whole :
 Stretch my faith's capacity
 Wider and yet wider still ;
 Then with all that is in thee,
 My soul for ever fill !

HYMN 373. 8 lines 8's.

- 1 **J**ESU, thy boundless love to me
 No thought can reach, no tongue
 O knit my thankful heart to thee, [declares
 And reign without a rival there :
 Thine wholly, thine alone I am ;
 Be thou alone my constant flame.
- 2 O grant that nothing in my soul
 May dwell, but thy pure love alone :
 O may thy love possess me whole,
 My joy, my treasure, and my crown
 Strange flames far from my heart remove
 My every act, word, thought, be love.
- 3 O Love, how cheering is thy ray !
 All pain before thy presence flies :
 Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away
 Where'er thy healing beams arise :
 O Jesus, nothing may I see,
 Nothing desire or seek but thee !
- 4 Unwearied may I this pursue,
 Dauntless to the high prize aspire :
 Hourly within my soul renew
 This holy flame, this heavenly fire ;
 And day and night be all my care
 To guard that sacred treasure there.

- 5 My Saviour, thou thy love to me
In shame, in want, in pain hast shew'd :
For me, on the accursed tree,
Thou pouredst forth thy guiltless blood :
Thy wounds upon my heart impress,
Nor aught shall the lov'd stamp efface.
- 6 More hard than marble is my heart,
And foul with sins of deepest stain :
But thou the mighty Saviour art,
Nor flow'd thy cleansing blood in vain ;
Ah, soften, melt this rock, and may
Thy blood wash all these stains away !
- 7 O that I, as a little child,
May follow thee, and never rest,
Till sweetly thou hast breath'd thy mild
And lowly mind into my breast ;
Nor ever may we parted be,
Till I become one spirit with thee.
- 8 Still let thy love point out my way ;
How wond'rous things thy love hath
wrought,
Still lead me, lest I go astray ;
Direct my work, inspire my thought ;
And if I fall, soon may I hear
Thy voice, and know that love is near.
- 9 In suffering be thy love my peace ;
In weakness be thy love my power ;
And when the storm of life shall cease,
Jesus, in that important hour,
In death as life be thou my guide,
And save me, who for me hast died.

HYMN 374.

6 lines 8's.

- 1 **C**OME, Holy Ghost, all-quick'ning fire,
Come, and in me delight to rest;
Drawn by the lure of strong desire,
O come, and consecrate my breast!
The temple of my soul prepare,
And fix thy sacred presence there!
- 2 If now thy influence I feel,
If now in thee begin to live,
Still to my heart thyself reveal;
Give me thyself, for ever give:
A point my good, a drop my store,
Eager I ask, I pant for more.
- 3 Eager for thee I ask and pant,
So strong the principle divine
Carries me out with sweet constraint,
Till all my hallow'd soul is thine:
Plung'd in the Godhead's deepest sea,
And lost in thy immensity.
- 4 My peace, my life, my comfort thou,
My treasure, and my all thou art!
True witness of my sonship, now,
Engraving pardon on my heart,
Seal of my sins in Christ forgiven,
Earnest of love, and pledge of heaven.
- 5 Come, then, my God, mark out thine heir,
Of heaven a larger earnest give!
With clearer light thy witness bear;
More sensibly within me live:
Let all my powers thine entrance feel,
And deeper stamp thyself the seal!

HYMN 205.

6 lines 8's.

- 1 **S**AVIOUR from sin, I wait to prove
That Jesus is thy healing name ;
To lose, when perfected in love,
Whate'er I have, or can, or am :
I stay me on thy faithful word,
The servant shall be as his Lord.
- 2 Answer that gracious end in me
For which thy precious life was given :
Redeem from all iniquity,
Restore, and make me meet for heav'n !
Unless thou purge my every stain,
Thy suffering and my faith are vain.
- 3 Didst thou not in the flesh appear,
Sin to condemn, and man to save ?
That perfect love might cast out fear ?
That I thy mind in me might have ?
In holiness shew forth thy praise,
And serve thee all my spotless days ?
- 4 Didst thou not die that I might live
No longer to myself, but thee ?
Might body, soul, and spirit give
To him who gave himself for me ?
Come then, my Master and my God,
Take the dear purchase of thy blood.
- 5 Thy own peculiar servant claim,
For thy own truth and mercy's sake ;
Hallow in me thy glorious name ;
Me for thine own this moment take,
And change and thoroughly purify :
Thine only may I live and die.

HYMN 376. 6 lines 8's.

- 1 **I** WANT the spirit of power within,
Of love, and of a healthful mind,
Of power to conquer inbred sin,
Of love to thee and all mankind ;
Of health, that pain and death defies,
Most vigorous when the body dies.
- 2 When shall I hear the inward voice,
Which only faithful souls can hear?
Pardon, and peace, and heavenly joys
Attend the promis'd Comforter:
O come, and righteousness divine,
And Christ, and all with Christ, are mine
- 3 O that the Comforter would come !
Nor visit as a transient guest ;
But fix in me his constant home,
And keep possession of my breast ;
And make my soul his lov'd abode,
The temple of indwelling God !
- 4 Come, Holy Ghost, my heart inspire !
Attest that I am born again ;
Come, and baptize me now with fire,
Nor let thy former gifts be vain ;
I cannot rest in sins forgiven ;
Where is the earnest of my heaven ?
- 5 Where the indubitable seal,
That ascertains the kingdom mine ;
The powerful stamp I long to feel,
The signature of love divine !
O shed it in my heart abroad,
Fullness of love, of heaven, of God !

HYMN 377.

6 lines 8's.

ATHER of everlasting Grace,
 Thy goodness and thy truth we praise,
 Thy goodness and thy truth we prove ;
 Thy hast in honour of thy Son,
 Thy gift unspeakable sent down,
 Thy Spirit of life, and pow'r, and love.

Thou art the Spirit of thy Son,
 Thou make the depths of Godhead known,
 Thou make us share the life divine :
 Thou him the sprinkled blood t' apply,
 Thou him our souls to sanctify,
 And shew, and seal us ever thine.

Thou hall we pray, and never cease,
 Thou hall we thankfully confess
 Thy wisdom, truth, and power, and love !
 Thy joy unspeakable adore,
 Thy bless and praise thee evermore,
 And serve thee as thy hosts above.

Thou added to that heavenly choir,
 Thou raise our songs of triumph higher,
 And praise thee in a bolder strain ;
 Thou soar the first-born seraph's flight,
 Thou sing with all our friends in light
 Thy everlasting love to man.

HYMN 378.

6 lines 8's.

WHAT shall I do my God to love;
 My Saviour and the world's to
 praise?

Thy love bowels of compassion move
 O me and all the fallen race !
 Thy love mercy is divinely free
 To all the fallen race, and me !

- 2 I long to know, and to make known,
The heights and depths of love divine ;
The kindness thou to me hast shewn,
Whose every sin was counted thine ;
My Lord for me resign'd his breath ;
He died to save my soul from death.
- 3 How shall I thank thee for the grace
On me and all mankind bestow'd ?
O that my every breath were praise !
O that my heart were fill'd with God !
My heart would then with love o'erflow,
And all my life thy glory show.
- 4 See me, O Lord, athirst and faint !
Me, weary of forbearing, see !
And let me feel thy love's constraint,
And freely give up all for thee !
True in the fiery trial prove,
And pay thee back thy dying love.

HYMN 379.

6 lines 8's.

- 1 **O** LOVE, I languish at thy stay :
I pine for thee with ling'ring smart !
Weary and faint through long delay :
When wilt thou come into my heart ;
From sin and sorrow set me free,
And swallow up my soul in thee !
- 2 Come, O thou universal Good !
Balm of the wounded conscience, come !
The hungry, dying spirit's food,
The weary, wand'ring pilgrim's home ;
Haven to take the shipwreck'd in,
My everlasting rest from sin !

thou, O Love, whate'er I want :
 support my feebleness of mind ;
 revive the thirsty soul, the faint
 revive, illuminate the blind ;
 mournful cheer, the drooping lead,
 heal the sick, and raise the dead.

O my comfort and delight !
 strength and health, my shield and
 sun !
 boast and confidence, and might,
 joy, my glory, and my crown :
 gospel hope, my calling's prize ;
 tree of life, my paradise.

secret of the Lord thou art,
 the mystery so long unknown,
 met in a pure and perfect heart !
 the name inscrib'd on the white stone :
 life divine, the little leav'n,
 precious pearl, my present heaven.

HYMN 380. 6 lines 8's.

RISENERS of hope, lift up your heads,
 The day of liberty draws near ;
 ye, who on the serpent treads,
 all soon in your behalf appear :
 Lord will to his temple come,
 prepare your hearts to make him room.

I shall find, whom in his word
 myself hath caus'd to put your trust.
 Father of our dying Lord
 ever to his promise just ;
 faithful, if we our sins confess,
 cleanse from all unrighteousness.

- 3 Yes, Lord, we must believe thee kind,
Thou never canst unfaithful prove :
Surely we shall thy mercy find ;
Who ask, shall all receive thy love ;
Nor canst thou it to me deny ;
I ask, the chief of sinners, I !
- 4 O ye of fearful hearts, be strong :
Your downcast hands and eyes lift up !
Ye shall not be forgotten long :
Hope to the end, in Jesus hope !
Tell him, ye wait his grace to prove :
And cannot fail, if God is love !
- 5 Pris'ners of hope, be strong, be bold ;
Cast off your doubts, disdain to fear !
Dare to believe : on Christ lay hold !
Wrestle with Christ in mighty prayer !
Tell him, " We will not let thee go,
" Till we thy name, thy nature know."
- 6 Hast thou not died to purge our sin,
And rose, thy death for us to plead ?
To write thy law of love within
Our hearts, and make us free indeed !
That we our Eden might regain,
Thou diedst, and could'st not die in vain.
- 7 Lord, we believe, and wait the hour,
Which all thy great salvation brings !
The Spirit of love, and health, and power,
Shall come and make us priests and kings ;
Thou wilt perform thy faithful word,
" The servant shall be as his Lord."
- 8 The promise stands for ever true,
And we stand in thine image true,

Partakers of a nature pure,
Holy, angelical, divine ;
In spirit join'd to thee, the Son,
As thou art with thy Father one.

HYMN 381.

4 lines 7's.

- 1 **W**HEN, my Saviour, shall I be
Perfectly resign'd to thee?

Poor and vile in my own eyes,
Only in thy wisdom wise!

- 2 Only thee content to know,
Ignorant of all below ?
Only guided by thy light ;
Only mighty in thy might ?

- 3 So I may the Spirit know,
Let him as he listeth blow :
Let the manner be unknown,
So I may with thee be one.

- 4 Fully in my life express
All the heights of holiness ;
Sweetly let my spirit prove
All the depths of humble love.

HYMN 382.

8 lines 7's & 6's.

FIRST PART.

- 1 **O** GREAT mountain, who art thou ?
Immense, immovable !
High as heaven aspires thy brow,
Thy foot sinks deep as hell !
Thee, alas, I long have known ;
Long have felt thee fixt within ;
Still beneath thy weight I groan ;
Thou art Indwelling Sin.

- 2 Thou art darkness in my mind
Perverseness in my will ;
Love inordinate and blind,
That always cleaves to ill :
Every passion's wild excess ;
Anger, lust, and pride thou art :
'Thou art sin, and sinfulness,
And unbelief of heart.
- 3 Not by human might or power,
Canst thou be mov'd from hence :
But thou shalt flow down before
Divine Omnipotence :
My Zerubbabel is near ;
I have not believ'd in vain :
'Thou, when Jesus doth appear,
Shalt sink into a plain.
- 4 Christ, the Head, the Corner-Stone,
Shall be brought forth in me :
Glory be to Christ alone !
His grace shall set me free :
I shall shout my Saviour's name ;
Him I evermore shall praise :
All the work of grace proclaim,
Of sanctifying grace.
- 5 Christ hath the foundation laid,
And Christ shall build me up :
Surely I shall soon be made
Partaker of my hope :
Author of my faith he is,
He its *Finisher* shall be ;
Perfect love shall seal me his
To all eternity.

HYMN 383.

SECOND PART.

- 1 **W**HO hath slighted or contemn'd
The day of feeble things?
I shall be by grace redeem'd;
'Tis grace salvation brings:
Ready now my Saviour stands:
Him I now rejoice to see
With the plummet in his hands,
To build and finish me.
- 2 I right early shall awake
And see the perfect day;
Soon the Lamb of God shall take
My inbred sin away;
When to me my Lord shall come,
Sin for ever shall depart;
Jesus takes up all the room
In a believing heart.
- 3 Son of God, arise, arise,
And to thy temple come!
Look, and with thy flaming eyes,
The man of sin consume;
Slay him with thy Spirit, Lord,
Reign thou in my heart alone:
Speak the sanctifying word,
And seal me all thine own.

HYMN 384. C. M.

- 1 **I** KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me;
A token of his love he gives,
A pledge of liberty.
- 2 I find him lifting up my head,
He brings salvation near;
His presence makes me free indeed,
And he will soon appear.

- 3 He wills that I should holy be !
 What can withstand his will ?
 The counsel of his grace in me
 He surely shall fulfil.
- 4 Jesus, I hang upon thy word ;
 I stedfastly believe
 Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
 And to thyself receive.
- 5 Joyful in hope, my spirit soars,
 To meet thee from above :
 Thy goodness thankfully adores ;
 And sure I *taste* thy love.
- 6 Thy love I soon expect to find,
 In all its *depth* and *height* :
 To comprehend th' Eternal Mind,
 And grasp the Infinite.
- 7 When God is mine, and I am his,
 Of paradise possess,
 I taste unutterable bliss,
 And everlasting rest.
- 8 The bliss of those that fully dwell,
 Fully in thee believe,
 'Tis more than angel-tongues can tell,
 Or angel-minds conceive.
- 9 Thou only know'st who didst obtain,
 And die to make it known ;
 The great salvation now explain,
 And perfect us in one.

HYMN 385. 8 lines 8's & 7's.

- 1 **L**OVE divine, all loves excelling,
 Joy of heaven, to earth come down
 Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
 All thy faithful mercies crown

- Jesus, thou art all compassion ;
Pure unbounded love thou art ;
Visit us with thy salvation ;
Enter every trembling heart.
- 2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit,
Into every troubled breast ;
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find that second Rest :
Take away our bent to sinning,
Alpha and Omega be,
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.
- 3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy grace receive ;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave ;
Thee we would be always blessing ;
Serve thee as thy hosts above ;
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.
- 4 Finish, then, thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be ;
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restor'd in thee :
Chang'd from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place :
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise !

HYMN 306. L. M.

- 1 **A**RM of the Lord, awake, awake !
Thine own immortal strength put on !
With terror cloth'd, hell's kingdom shake !
And cast thy foes with fury down !

FOR FULL REDEMPTION:

As in the ancient days appear;
The sacred annals speak thy fame;
Be now omnipotently near,
To endless ages still the same.
Thy arm, Lord, is not shorten'd now;
It wants not now the power to save:
Still present with thy people, thou
Bear'st them through life's departed
wave.

4 By death and hell pursu'd in vain,
To thee the ransom'd seed shall come;
Shouting their heavenly Sion gam,
And pass through death triumphant home.

5 The pain of life shall there be o'er,
The anguish and distracting care:
There sighing grief shall weep no more,
And sin shall never enter there.

6 Where pure, essential joy is found, [raise,
The Lord's redeem'd their heads shall
With everlasting gladness crown'd,
And fill'd with love, and lost in praise.

HYMN 387. S. M.

1 **P**RIS'NERS of hope, arise,
And see your Lord appear,
Lo! on the wings of love he flies,
And brings redemption near.
Redemption through his blood
He calls you to receive:

"Look unto me, the pardoning God;
"Believe," he cries, "believe!"

2 The reconciling word
We thankfully embrace;
Rejoice in our redeeming Lord,
A blood-bespinked race.

We yield to be set free;
 Thy counsel we approve;
 Salvation, praise ascribe to thee,
 And glory in thy love.

3 Jesus, to thee we look,
 Till sav'd from sin's remains:
 Reject the inbred tyrant's yoke,
 And cast away his chains.
 Our nature shall no more
 O'er us dominion have:
 By faith we apprehend the power
 Which shall for ever save.

HYMN 388.

L. M.

- 1 **O** THAT my load of sin were gone!
 O that I could at last submit!
 At Jesu's feet to lay it down,
 To lay my soul at Jesu's feet!
- 2 When shall mine eyes behold the Lamb?
 The God of my salvation see?
 Weary, O Lord, thou know'st I am:

Yet still I cannot come to thee.

- 3 Rest for my soul I long to find:
 Saviour of ALL, if mine thou art,
 Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
 And stamp thine image on my heart.
- 4 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
 And fully set my spirit free:
 I cannot rest till pure within,
 Till I am wholly lost in thee.
- 5 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,
 Thy light and way hidden prove:
 The cross all stain'd with hallow'd blood,
 The labour of thy dying love.

- 6 I would, but thou must give the pow'r,
 My heart from every sin release :
 Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
 And fill me with thy perfect peace.
- 7 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
 Nor let thy chariot wheels delay ;
 Appear, in my poor heart appear !
 My God, my Saviour, come away !

HYMN 389. C. M.

- 1 **O** JESUS, at thy feet we wait,
 Till thou shalt bid us rise,
 Restor'd to our unsinning state,
 To love's sweet paradise.
- 2 Saviour from sin, we thee receive,
 From all indwelling sin ;
 Thy blood, we steadfastly believe,
 Shall make us throughly clean.
- 3 Since thou would'st have us free From sin.
 And pure as those above :
 Make haste to bring thy nature in,
 And perfect us in love.
- 4 The counsel of thy love fulfil :
 Come quickly, gracious Lord !
 Be it according to thy *will*,
 According to thy *word*.
- 5 According to our faith in thee
 Let it to us be done :
 O that we all thy face might see,
 And know as we are known !
- 6 O that the perfect grace were given,
 The love diffus'd abroad ;
 O that our hearts were all a heaven,
 For ever fill'd with God.

HYMN 390 6 lines 7's.

- 1 **S**INCE the Son hath made me free,
Let me taste my liberty !
Thee behold with open face,
Triumph in thy saving grace !
Thy great will delight to prove,
Glory in thy perfect love.
- 2 Abba, Father, hear thy child,
Late in Jesus reconcil'd ;
Hear, and all the graces show'r,
All the joy, and peace, and pow'r ;
All my Saviour asks above,
All the life, and heaven of love.
- 3 Lord, I will not let thee go,
Till the blessing thou bestow :
Hear my Advocate divine !
Lo ! to his my suit I join ;
Join'd to his, it cannot fail :
Bless me ; for I will prevail.
- 4 Heav'nly Father, Life divine,
Change my nature into thine !
Move, and spread throughout my soul,
Actuate, and fill the whole !
Be it I no longer now
Living in the flesh, but thou.
- 5 Holy Ghost, no more delay !
Come, and in thy temples stay !
Now thine inward witness bear,
Strong, and permanent, and clear :
Spring of Life, thyself impart ;
Rise eternal in my heart !

- Descend,
- 4 Purge me from every sin,
My idols all be cast aside,
Cleanse me from every sinful thought,
From all the filth of self and pride.
 - 5 Give me a new, a perfect heart,
From doubt, and fear, and sorrow free
The mind which was in Christ impart,
And let my spirit cleave to thee.
 - 6 O take this heart of stone away !
Thy sway it doth not, cannot own :
In me no longer let it stay ;
O take away this heart of stone !
 - 7 O that I now, from sin releas'd,
Thy word may to the utmost prove
Enter into the promis'd rest,
The Canaan of thy perfect love.

HYMN 392.

SECOND PART.

1 **F**ATHER, supply my every want
Sustain the life thyself hast

FOR FULL REDEMPTION.

Oh ! grant the never-failing bread
The manna that comes down from

2 The gracious fruits of righteousness
Thy blessings' unexhausted store
In me abundantly increase,
Nor ever let me hunger more.

3 Let me no more in deep complain
" My leanness, O my leanness,
Alone consum'd with pining want
Of all my Father's children I.

4 The painful thirst, the fond desire
Thy joyous presence shall remove
But my full soul shall still require
A whole eternity of love.

HYMN 393.

THIRD PART.

1 **H**OLY, and true, and righteous
I want to prove thy perfect love
Be mindful of thy gracious word,
And stamp me with thy Spirit's

2 Open my faith's interior eye ;
Display thy glory from above ;
And all I am shall sink and die,
Lost in astonishment and love.

3 Confound, o'erpower me by thy glory
I would be by myself abhorred ;
All might, all majesty, all praise,
All glory be to Christ my Lord.

4 Now let me gain perfection's height
Now let me into nothing fall !
As less than nothing in thy sight,
And feel that Christ is all in all

HYMN 394. 6 lines 8's.

- 1 **O** GOD of our forefathers, hear,
 And make thy faithful mercies known
 To thee, through Jesus, we draw near,
 Thy suffering, well-beloved Son;
 In whom thy smiling face we see,
 In whom thou art well pleas'd with me.
- 2 With solemn faith we offer up,
 Andspread before thy glorious eyes,
 That only ground of all our hope,
 That precious bleeding Sacrifice,
 Which brings thy grace on sinners down
 And perfects all our souls in one.
- 3 Acceptance through his only name,
 Forgiveness in his blood we have;
 But more abundant life we claim,
 Through him who died our souls to save
 To sanctify us by his blood,
 And fill with all the life of God.
- 4 Father, behold thy dying Son,
 And hear the blood that speaks above,
 On us let all thy grace be shewn:
 Peace, righteousness, and joy, and love
 Thy kingdom come to every heart,
 And all thou hast, and all thou art.

HYMN 395. L. M.

- 1 **O** GOD, to whom in flesh reveal'd,
 The helpless all for succour came,
 The sick to be reliev'd and heal'd,
 And found salvation in thy name.
- 2 With publicans and harlots, I
 In these thy Spirit's gospel-days,
 To thee, the sinner's Friend, draw nigh,
 And humbly sue for saving grace.

sceat me helpless and distress,
ble, and faint, and blind, and poor ;
y, I come to thee for rest,
I sick of sin, implore a cure.

n's incurable disease,
n, Jesus, thou alone canst heal ;
e me with thy power and peace,
I pardon on my conscience seal.

h, a word, a look from thee,
turn my heart, and make it clean ;
the foul, inbred leprosy,
save me from my bosom-sin.

if thou wilt, I do believe,
u canst the saving grace impart ;
canst this instant now forgive,
stamp thine image on my heart.

art, which now to thee I raise,
ow thou canst this moment cleanse ;
eepest stains of sin efface,
drive the evil spirit hence.

According to thy word ;
omplish now thy work in me ;
t my soul, to health restor'd,
ote its little *all* to thee.

HYMN 396. L. M.

'THOU, whom once they flock'd to
hear,
words to hear, thy power to feel ;
the sinners to draw near,
graciously receive us still.
That be whole, thyself hast said,
need of a physician have ;
am sick, and want thine aid,
wait thine utmost power to save.

- 3 Thy power, and truth, and love divine
The same from age to age endure
A word, a gracious word of thine,
The most inveterate plague can cure
- 4 Helpless, howe'er, my spirit lies,
(And long hath languish'd) at the
A word of thine shall make it rise,
And speak me in a moment whole.
- 5 Eighteen, or eight and thirty years,
Or thousands, are alike to thee :
Soon as thy saving grace appears,
My plague is gone ; my heart is free
- 6 Make this the acceptable hour !
Come, O my soul's Physician, thou
Display thy sanctifying pow'r,
And shew me thy salvation now.

HYMN 397. L. M.

- 1 **J**ESU, thy far-extended fame,
My drooping soul exalts to thee
Thy name, thy all-restoring name,
Is music in a sinner's ear.
- 2 Sinners of old thou didst receive,
With comfortable words and kind,
Their sorrows cheer, their wants relieve,
Heal the diseas'd, and cure the blind.
- 3 And art thou not the Saviour still,
In every place and age the same,
Hast thou forgot thy gracious skill,
Or lost the virtue of thy name?
- 4 Faith in thy changeless name I have
The good, the kind Physician, thou
Art able now our souls to save,
Art willing to restore them new.

- 5** Though seventeen hundred years be past,
 Since thou didst in the flesh appear,
 Thy tender mercies ever last :
 And still thy healing power it here !
- 6** Wouldst thou the body's health restore,
 And not regard the sin-sick soul,
 The sin-sick soul thou lov'st much more,
 And surely thou wilt make it whole.
- 7** All my disease, my every sin,
 To thee, O Jesus, I confess :
 In pardon, Lord, my cure begin,
 And perfect it in holiness.
- 8** That token of thine utmost good,
 Now, Saviour, now on me bestow ;
 And purge my conscience with thy blood,
 And wash my nature white as snow.

HYMN 398. 4 lines 7's.

- 1** **S**AVIOUR of the sin-sick soul,
 Give me faith to make me whole !
 Finish thy great work of grace,
 Cut it short in righteousness.
- 2** Speak the second time, " Be clean !"
 Take away my inbred sin :
 Every stumbling-block remove ;
 Cast it out by perfect love.
- 3** Nothing less will I require,
 Nothing more can I desire ;
 None but Christ to me be giv'n !
 None but Christ in earth or heav'n.
- 4** O that I might now decrease !
 O that all I am might cease !
 Let me into nothing fall,
 Let my Lord be *all in all*.

HYMN 399. 8 lines 7's.

- 1 **L**IGHT of life, seraphic fire,
Love divine, thyself impart ;
Every fainting soul inspire,
Shine in every drooping heart !
Every mournful sinner cheer,
Scatter all our guilty gloom !
Son of God, appear, appear ;
To thy human temples come.
- 2 Come, in this accepted hour ;
Bring thy heavenly kingdom in !
Fill us with the glorious power,
Rooting out the seeds of sin :
Nothing more can we require,
We will covet nothing less ;
Be thou all our hearts desire,
All our joy, and all our peace !

HYMN 400. 4 Lines 7's.

- 1 **J**ESUS comes with all his grace,
Comes to save a fallen race ;
Object of our glorious hope,
Jesus comes to lift us up !
- 2 Let the living stones cry out ;
Let the sons of Abraham shout ;
Praise we all our lowly King ;
Give him thanks ; rejoice and sing.
- 3 He hath our salvation wrought ;
He our captive souls hath bought ;
He hath reconcil'd to God ;
He hath wash'd us in his blood

- 5 We are now his lawful right ;
Walk as children of the light ;
We shall soon obtain the grace,
Pure in heart to see his face.
- 6 We shall gain our calling's prize ;
After God we all shall rise,
Fill'd with joy, and love, and peace,
Perfected in holiness.
- 7 Let us then rejoice in hope,
Steadily to Christ look up :
Trust to be redeem'd from sin,
Wait, till he appear within.
- 8 Fools and madmen let us be,
Yet is our sure trust in thee ;
Faithful is the promis'd word,
We shall all be as our Lord.
- 8 Hasten, Lord, the perfect day :
Let thy every servant say,

"I have now obtain'd the pow'r,

"Born of God, to sin no more."

HYMN 401. 6 Lines 8's.

- 1 **A**LL things are possible to him
That can in Jesu's name believe :
Lord, I no more thy truth blaspheme,
Thy truth I lovingly receive ;
I can, I do believe in thee,
All things are possible to me.
- 2 The most impossible of all
Is that I e'er from sin should cease ;
Yet shall it be, I know it shall ;
Jesus, look to thy faithfulness !
If nothing is too hard for thee,
All things are possible to me.

- 3 Though earth and hell the word give
The word of God can never fail
The Lamb shall take my sins away
'Tis *certain*, though *impossible*;
The thing impossible shall be;
All things are possible to me.
- 4 When thou the work of faith hast wrought
I here shall in thine image shine
Nor sin in deed, or word, or thought
Let men exclaim, and fiends revile
They cannot break the firm decree
All things are possible to me.
- 5 Thy mouth, O Lord, hath spoke, hath said
That I shall serve thee without stain
Shall find the Pearl which others seek
Holy, and pure, and perfect here
The servant as his Lord shall be;
All things are possible to me.
- 6 All things are possible to God,
To Christ, the power of God in me
To me, when I am all renew'd,
When I in Christ am form'd anew
And witness from all sin set free,
All things are possible to me.

HYMN 402. 8 lines 7's & 8's

- 1 **O** MIGHT I this moment cease
From ev'ry work of mine;
Find the perfect holiness,
The righteousness divine!
Let me thy salvation see;
Let me do thy perfect will;
Live in glorious liberty,
And all thy fulness feel.

- 2 O cut short thy work, and make
 Me now a creature new ;
 For thy truth and mercy's sake,
 The gracious wonder shew :
 Call me forth thy witness, Lord,
 Let my life declare thy power ;
 To thy perfect love restor'd,
 O let me sin no more !
- 3 Fain would I the truth proclaim ;
 That makes me free indeed ;
 Glorify my Saviour's Name,
 And all its virtues spread :
 Jesus all our wants relieves,
 Jesus, mighty to redeem,
 Saves, and to the utmost saves,
 All those that come to him.
- 4 Perfect then thy mighty pow'r
 In a weak, sinful worm !
 All my sins destroy, devour,
 And all my soul transform !
 Now apply thy Spirit's seal !
 O come quickly from above !
 Empty me of sin, and fill
 With all the life of love.

HYMN 403. C. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, I believe a rest remains,
 To all thy people known ;
 A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
 And thou art lov'd alone :
- 2 A rest where all our soul's desire
 Is fixt on things above ;
 Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
 Cast out by perfect love.

- 3 O that I now the rest might know,
Believe, and enter in :
Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin.
- 4 Remove this hardness from my heart,
This unbelief remove :
To me the rest of faith impart,
The Sabbath of thy love.
- 5 I would be thine, thou know'st I would
And have thee all my own ;
Thee,—O my all-sufficient Good !
I want,—and thee alone.
- 6 Thy name to me, thy nature grant ;
This, only this be giv'n ;
Nothing besides my God I want ;
Nothing in earth or heav'n.
- 7 Come, O my Saviour, come away ;
Into my soul descend :
No longer from thy creature stay,
My Author, and my End.
- 8 The bliss thou hast for me prepar'd,
No longer be delay'd ;
Come, my exceeding great reward,
For whom I first was made.
- 9 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
And seal me thine abode :
Let all I am in thee be lost ;
Let all be lost in God.

HYMN 404. 1. 2. 3. & 4.

- 1 O GLORIOUS hope of perfect love,
It lifts me up to things above ;
It bears on eagle's wing,
It gives my ravish'd soul a rest,
And makes me for some minutes free
With Jesu's priests and kings.

icing now in earnest hope,
 nd, and from the mountain-top
 See all the land below :
 rs of milk and honey rise,
 all the fruits of Paradise,
 In endless plenty grow.

ad of corn, and wine, and oil,
 ur'd with God's peculiar smile,
 With every blessing blest ;
 re dwells the Lord our Righteousness,
 keeps his own in perfect peace,
 And everlasting rest.

at I might at once go up !
 nore on this side Jordan stop,
 But now the land possess :
 s moment end my legal years :
 ows, and sins, and doubts, and fears,
 A howling wilderness.

r, O my Joshua, bring me in !
 t out thy foes ; the inbred sin,
 The carnal mind remove ;
 : purchase of thy death divide ;
 : O ! with all the sanctified,
 Give me a lot of love !

HYMN 405.

C. M.

JOYFUL sound of gospel-grace,
 Christ shall in me appear ;
 ven I, shall see his face ;
 shall be holy here.
 s heart shall be his constant home,
 hear his Spirit's cry :
 urely," he saith, " I quickly come ;"
 le saith, who cannot lie.

- 3 The glorious crown o
To me reach'd out
Conqueror through h
And wear it as my
- 4 The promis'd land fr
I now exult to see
My hope is full (O g
Of immortality.
- 5 He visits now the ho
He shakes his futu
O would'st thou, Lor
Into thy temple co
- 6 With me, I know, I
But this cannot su
Unless thou plantest
A constant paradis
- 7 My earth thou wat'r
But make it all a
Spring up, O well, I
Spring up within i
- 8 Come, O my God, d
Fill all this mighty
Thou only canst my
Come, O my God,
- 9 Fulfil, fulfil my long
Large as infinity:
Give, give me all my
All, all that is in t

HYMN 406.

- 1 **W**HAT is our co
But inward
For this to Jesus I h
I calmly wait for t
- 2 I wait, till he shall t
Shall life and pow

- Give me the faith that casts out sin,
And purifies the heart.
- 3 This is the dear redeeming grace,
For every sinner free ;
Surely it shall on me take place,
The chief of sinners, me.
- 4 From all iniquity, from all,
He shall my soul redeem ;
In Jesus I believe, and shall
Believe myself to him.
- 5 When Jesus makes my heart his home,
My sin shall all depart ;
And, lo ! he saith, " I quickly come
" To fill and rule thy heart !"
- 6 Be it according to thy word,
Redeem me from all sin :
My heart would now receive thee, Lord ;
Come in, my Lord, come in !

HYMN 407. 8 lines 7's & 6's

- 1 **N**ONE is like Jeshurun's God,
So great, so strong, so high :
Lo ! he spreads his wings abroad,
He rides upon the sky.
Israel is his first-born son :
God, the Almighty God, is thine ;
See him to thy help come down,
The excellence divine.
- 2 Thee, the great Jehovah deigns
To succour and defend ;
Thee, th' eternal God sustains,
Thy Maker and thy Friend :
Israel, what hast thou to dread ?
Safe from all impending arms,
Round thee and beneath are spread
The everlasting Arms.

3 God is thine; disdain to fear
The enemy within :
God shall in thy flesh appear,
And make an end of sin :
God the man of sin shall slay,
Fill thee with triumphant joy ;
God shall thrust him out, and say,
“ Destroy them all, destroy ! ”

4 All the struggle then is o'er,
And wars and fightings cease :
Israel then shall sin no more,
But dwell in perfect peace.
All his enemies are gone ;
Sin shall have in him no part :
Israel now shall dwell alone,
With Jesus in his heart.

5 In a land of corn and wine
His lot shall be below ;
Comforts there, and blessings join,
And milk and honey flow :
Jacob's well is in his soul :
Gracious dews his heavens distil ;
Fill his soul, already full,
And shall for ever fill.

6 Blest, O Israel, art thou ;
What people is like thee ?
Sav'd from sin, by Jesus, now
Thou art, and still shalt be.
Jesus is thy seven-fold shield,
Jesus is thy flaming sword :
Earth, and hell, and sin shall yield
To God's almighty Word.

HYMN 408.

L. M.

- 1 **H**E wills that I should holy be ;
 That holiness I long to feel ;
 That full divine conformity
 To all my Saviour's righteous will.
- 2 See, Lord, the travail of thy soul
 Accomplish'd in the change of mine ;
 And plunge me, every whit made whole,
 In all the depths of love divine !
- 3 On thee, O God, my soul is stay'd,
 And waits to prove thine utmost will :
 The promise by thy mercy made,
 Thou canst, thou wilt in me fulfil.
- 4 No more I stagger at thy pow'r,
 Or doubt thy truth, which cannot move
 Hasten the long-expected hour,
 And bless me with thy perfect love.
- 5 Jesus, thy loving Spirit alone
 Can lead me forth, and make me free ;
 Burst every bond through which I groan,
 And set my heart at liberty.
- 6 Now let thy Spirit bring me in,
 And give thy servant to possess
 The land of rest from inbred sin,
 The land of perfect holiness.
- Lord, I believe thy power the same ;
 The same thy truth and grace endure :
 And in thy blessed hands I am,
 And trust thee for a perfect cure.
- C**ome, Saviour, come, and make me whole
 Entirely all my sins remove ;
To perfect health restore my soul,
To perfect holiness and love.

HYMN 409.

C. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, my Lord, I cry to thee,
Against the spirit unclean :
I want a constant liberty,
A perfect rest from sin.
- 2 Expel the fiend out of my heart
By love's almighty power ;
Now, now command him to depart,
And never enter more.
- 3 Thy killing and thy quick'ning pow'
Jesus, in me display ;
The life of nature, from this hour,
My pride and passion slay.
- 4 Then, then, my utmost Saviour, rais'
My soul with saints above,
To serve thy will, and spread thy pr'
And sing thy perfect love.

This moment I thy truth confess ;
This moment I receive
The heavenly gift, the dew of grace
And by thy mercy live.

- 6 The next, and every moment, Lord,
On me thy Spirit pour ;
And bless me, who believe thee,
With that last glorious show'r !

HYMN 410.

S. M.

- 1 **F**AATHER, I dare believe
Thou merciful and true,
Thou wilt my guilty soul forgive,
My fallen soul renew.

Come, then, for Jesu's sake,
And bid my heart be clean ;
An end of all my troubles make,
An end of all my sin.

2 I will, through grace, I will,
I do return to thee :

Take, empy it, O Lord, and fill
My heart with purity !

For power I humbly pray,
Thy kingdom now restore
To-day, while it is call'd to-day,
And I shall sin no more.

3 I cannot wash my heart
But by believing thee ;
And waiting for thy blood t' impart
The spotless purity.

While at thy cross I lie,
Jesus, thy grace bestow,
Now thy all-cleansing blood apply,
And I am white as snow.

HYMN 411. 6 Lines 7's.

1 **W**HY not now, my God, my God,

Ready if thou always art,
Make in me thy mean abode,

Take possession of my heart:

If thou canst so greatly bow,
Friend of sinners, why not now ?

2 God of love, in this thy day,

For thyself to thee I cry:

Dying, if thou still delay,

Must I not for ever die ?

Enter now thy poorest home:

Now, my utmost Saviour, come !

HYMN 412. L. M.

- 1 **T**HOU God that answerest by fire,
On thee in Jesu's name we call,
Fulfil our faithful heart's desire,
And let on us thy Spirit fall.
- 2 Bound on the altar of thy cross
Our old offending nature lies ;
Now, for the honour of thy cause,
Come, and consume the sacrifice !
- 3 Consume our lusts as rotten wood ;
Consume our stony hearts within :
Consume the dust, the serpent's food,
And dry up all the streams of sin.
- 4 Its body totally destroy !
Thyself *the Lord, the God*, approve !
And fill our hearts with holy joy,
And fervent zeal, and perfect love.
- 5 O that the fire from heaven might fall ;
Our sins its ready victims find ;
Seize on our sins, and burn up all,
Nor leave the least remains behind.
- 6 Then shall our prostrate souls adore ;
The Lord, He is the God, confess :

He is the God of saving power !

He is the God of hallowing grace !

HYMN 413. 8 lines 7's, 6's, & 1-8.

- 1 **O**NCE thou didst on earth appear,
For all mankind t' atone ;
Now be manifested here,
And bid our sin be gone !
Come, and by thy presence chase
Its nature, with its guilt and power ;
Jesus, show thy open face,
And sin shall be no more.

- 2 Thou who didst so greatly stoop
To a poor virgin's womb,
Here thy mean abode take up,
To me, my Saviour, come!
Come, and satan's works destroy,
And let me all thy Godhead prove,
Fill'd with peace and heav'nly joy,
And pure, eternal love.
- 3 Then my soul, with strange delight,
Shall comprehend and feel,
What the length, and breadth, and height,
Of love unspeakable :
Then I shall the secret know,
Which angels would search out in vain,
God was man, and serv'd below,
That man with God might reign.
- 4 Father, Son, and Spirit, come,
And with thine own abide :
Holy Ghost, to make thee room,
Our hearts we open wide :
Thee, and only thee request,
To every asking sinner giv'n ;
Come, our life, and peace, and rest,
Our all in earth and heaven.

HYMN 414. 8 lines 7's & 6's.

- 1 **N**OW, ev'n now, I yield, I yield,
With all my sin to part,
Jesus, speak my pardon word,
And purify my heart.
Purge the love of sin away,
Then I into nothing fall!
Then I see the perfect day,
And Christ is all in all.

R. 6

- 1 Jesus, now our hearts inspire
 With that pure love of thine ;
 Kindle now the heavenly fire,
 To brighten and refine ;
 Purify our faith like gold ;
 All the dross of sin remove :
 Quench our spirits down, and mould
 Into thy perfect love.

HYMN 415. C. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS hath died that I might
 Might live to God alone ;
 In him eternal life receive,
 And be in spirit one.
- 2 Saviour, I thank thee for the grace
 The gift unspeakable ;
 And wait with arms of faith t' em
 And all thy love to feel.
- 3 My soul breaks out in strong desire
 The perfect bliss to prove ;
 My longing heart is all on fire
 To be dissolv'd in love.
- Give me thyself : from every bond
 From every wish set free ;
 Let all I am in thee be lost ;
 But give thyself to me.
- Thy gifts, alas, cannot suffice,
 Unless thyself be giv'n :
 Thy presence makes my paradise,
 And where thou art is heav'n !

HYMN 416. C. M.

- 1 **A**SK the gift of righteousness
 The sin-subduing power ;
 Power to believe, and go in peace
 And never grieve thee more

- 2 I ask the blood-bought pardon seal'd,
The liberty from sin;
The grace infus'd, the love reveal'd,
The kingdom fixt within.
- 3 Thou hear'st me for salvation pray:
Thou see'st my heart's desire:
Made ready in thy powerful day,
Thy fulness I require.
- 4 My vehement soul cries out oppress,
Impatient to be freed:
Nor can I, Lord, nor will I rest,
Till I am sav'd indeed.

5 **Art thou not able to convert?**
Art thou not willing too?
To change this old rebellious heart,
To conquer and renew?

6 **Thou canst, thou wilt, I dare believe,**
So arm me with thy power,
That I to sin may never cleave,
May never feel it more.

HYMN 417. C. M.

- 1 **C**OME, O my God, the promise seal,
This mountain sin remove:
Now in my gasping soul reveal
The virtue of thy love.
- 2 I want thy life, thy parity,
Thy righteousness brought in;
I ask, desire, and trust in thee,
To be redeem'd from sin.

- 3 For this, as taught by thee, I pray
And can no longer doubt ;
Remove from hence, to sin I say
Be cast this moment out.
- 4 Anger, and sloth, desire and pride
This moment be subdu'd ;
Be cast into the crimson tide
Of my Redeemer's blood.
- 5 Saviour, to thee my soul looks
My present Saviour thou :
In all the confidence of hope
I claim the blessing now.
- 6 'Tis done ; thou dost this moment
With full salvation bless ;
Redemption through thy blood
And spotless love and peace.

SECTION VIII.

For Believers Saved.

HYMN 418. 8 lines 7's.

- 1 **G**OD, who didst so dearly love
These wretched souls of men
Help us thee to glorify,
With all our ransom'd powers
Ours they are not, Lord, but thine
Oh ! let the vessels of thy grace,
Body, soul, and spirit join
In our Redeemer's praise !
- 2 True and faithful witness, thou
O Jesus, we receive
Fullness of the Deity,
In all thy people live !

First begotten from the dead,
 Call forth thy living witnesses :
 King of saints, thine empire spread
 O'er all the ransom'd race.

3 Grace, the fountain of all good,
 Ye happy saints receive,
 With the streams of peace o'erflow'd,
 With all that God can give ;
 He who is, and was, in peace,
 And grace, and plenitude of power,
 Comes, your favoured souls to bless,
 And never leave you more.

4 Let the Spirit before his throne,
 Mysterious One and Sev'n,
 In his various gifts sent down,
 Be to the churches giv'n ;
 Let the pure, seraphic joy,
 From Jesus Christ, the Just, descend ;
 Holiness without alloy,
 And bliss that ne'er shall end.

HYMN 419. L. M.

1 **Q**UICKEN'D with our immortal **He**
 Who daily, Lord, ascend with **the**
 Redeem'd from sin, and free indeed,
 We taste our glorious liberty.

2 Say'd from the fear of hell and death,
 With joy we seek the things above :
 And all thy saints the spirit breathe,
 Of power, sobriety, and love.

3 **P**ower o'er the world, the fiend, and sin,
 We through thy gracious Spirit feel :
~~Full power the victory to win,~~
 And answer all thy righteous will.

- 1 Pure love to God thy members find,
Pure love to every soul of man ;
And in thy sober, spotless mind,
Saviour our heaven on earth we gain.

HYMN 420.

C. M.

Resurrection.

- 1 **Y**E faithful souls, who Jesus know,
If risen indeed with him ye are,
Superior to the joys below,
His resurrection's pow'r declare.
- 2 Your faith by holy tempers prove ;
By actions shew your sins forgiv'n !
And seek the glorious things above,
And follow Christ, your Head, to heav'n
- 3 There your exalted Saviour see,
Seated at God's right hand again,
In all his Father's majesty,
In everlasting pomp to reign.
- 4 To him continually aspire,
Contending for your native place ;
And emulate the angel-choir,
And only live to love and praise.
- 5 For who by faith your Lord receive,
Ye nothing seek or want beside :
Dead to the world and sin ye live ;
Your creature-love is crucified.
- 6 Your real life with Christ conceal'd,
Deep in the Father's bosom lies :
And glorious as your Head reveal'd,
Ye soon shall meet him in the skies.

HYMN 421. S. M.

I THE good fight have fought !"
 O when shall I declare ?
 The vict'ry by my Saviour got,
 I long with Paul to share.
 O may I triumph so,
 When all my warfare's past :
 And dying, find my latest foe,
 Under my feet at last
 This blessed word be mine,
 Just as the port is gain'd,
 Kept by the power of grace divine,
 " I have the faith maintain'd :"
 The Apostles of my Lord,
 To whom it first was giv'n,
 They could not speak a greater word,
 Nor all the saints in heav'n.

HYMN 422. L. M.

LET not the wise their wisdom boast ;
 The mighty glory in his might :
 The rich in flatt'ring riches trust,
 Which take their everlasting flight.
 The rush of numerous years bears down
 The most gigantic strength of man ;
 And where is all his wisdom gone,
 When dust he turns to dust again
 One only gift can justify
 The boasting soul that knows his God ;
 When Jesus doth his blood apply,
 I glory in his sprinkled blood.
 The Lord my Righteousness I praise,
 I triumph in the love divine,
 The wisdom, wealth, and strength of grace,
 In Christ to endless ages mine.

1 **W**HO can worthy call
Thy love unsearchable !
Love that made thee condescend
Our curse and death to feel ;
Thou, the great, eternal God,
Who didst thyself our ransom pay,
Hast, with thy own precious blood,
Wash'd all our sins away.

2 By the Spirit of our Head
Anointed priests and kings,
Conqu'rors of the world, we tread
On all created things ;
Sit in heavenly places down,
While yet we in the flesh remain :
Now partakers of thy throne,
Before thy Father reign.

3 In thy members here beneath,
The Intercessor prays :
Here we in the Spirit breathe
The quintessence of praise ;
Offer up our all to God :
And God beholds, with gracious eye,
First the purchase of thy blood
And then our Sacrifice.

4 Jesus, let thy kingdom come
(Inspir'd by thee we pray,)
Previous to the general doom
The everlasting day :
Take possession of thine own
And let us then our Saviour see
Glorious on thy heavenly throne
To all eternity.

HYMN 424. 8 lines :

- 1 **T**HOSE who climb thy hill
A general blessing mail
Let the world their influence
Their gospel-grace partake
Grace to help in time of need,
Pour out on sinners from above,
All thy Spirit's fulness shed,
In showers of heavenly love
- 2 Make our earthly souls a field,
Which God delights to bless
Let us in due season yield
The fruits of righteousness :
Make us trees of paradise,
Which more and more thy power
shew,
Deeper sink, and higher rise,
And to perfection grow.

HYMN 425. L. M.

- 1 **T**HE voice that speaks Jehovah
The still small voice I long to hear
O might it now my Lord proclaim
And fill my soul with holy cheer
- 2 Asham'd I must for ever be,
Asham'd the God of love to see,
If saints and prophets hide their face
And angels tremble while they gaze

HYMN 426. S. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, in the strength of grace
With a glad heart and free,
Myself, my residue of days,
I consecrate to thee.

FOR BELIEVERS SAVED.

Thy ransom'd servant, I
Restore to thee thy own ;
And from this moment live or die
To serve my God alone.

HYMN 427. 8 lines 7's.

GOD of all redeeming grace,
By thy pardoning love compell'd,
Up to thee our souls we raise,
Up to thee our bodies yield ;
Thou our sacrifice receive,
Acceptable through thy Son,
While to thee alone we live,
While we die to thee alone.

2 Meet it is, and just, and right,
That we should be wholly thine,
In thy only will delight,
In thy blessed service join :
O that every work and word
Might proclaim how good thou art
" Holiness unto the Lord,"
Still be written on our heart.

HYMN 428. C. M.

1 **L**ET him to whom we now belong
His sovereign right assert,
And take up every thankful song,
And every loving heart.

2 He justly claims us for his own,
Who bought us with a price ;
The Christian lives to Christ alone
To Christ alone he dies !

3 Jesus, thine own at last receive,
Fulfil our hearts' desire,
And let us to thy glory live,
And in thy cause expire.

- 4 Our souls and bodies we resign ·
With joy we render thee
Our all, no longer ours, but thine,
To all eternity.

HYMN 429. 6 lines 8's.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the servant of the Lord !
I wait thy guiding eye to feel,
To hear and keep thy every word,
To prove and do thy perfect will ;
Joyful from my own works to cease,
Glad to fulfil all righteousness.
- 2 Me, if thy grace vouchsafe to use,
Meanest of all thy creatures, me !
The deed, the time, the manner choose,
Let all my fruit be found of thee ;
Let all my works in thee be wrought,
By thee to full perfection brought.
- 3 My every weak, though good design,
O'er-rule, or change, as seems thee meet ;
Jesu, let all my work be thine !
Thy work, O Lord, is all complete,
And pleasing in thy Father's sight ;
Thou only hast done all things right.
- 4 Here then to thee thy own I leave ;
Mould as thou wilt thy passive clay :
But let me all thy stamp receive ;
But let me all thy words obey :
Serve with a single heart and eye,
And to thy glory live and die.

HYMN 430.

6 lines 7's.

- 1 **F**ATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the celestial host,
Let thy will on earth be done;
Praise by all to thee be giv'n,
Glorious Lord of earth and heav'n!
- 2 Vilest of the sinful race,
Lo! I answer to thy call:
Meanest vessel of thy grace,
Grace divinely free for all;
Lo! I come to do thy will,
All thy counsel to fulfil.
- 3 If so poor a worm as I
May to thy great glory live,
All my actions sanctify,
All my words and thoughts receive
Claim me for thy service, claim
All I have, and all I am.
- 4 Take my soul and body's pow'rs;
Take my memory, mind, and will
All my goods, and all my hours,
All I know, and all I feel;
All I think, or speak, or do:
Take my heart—but make it new.
- 5 Now, my God, thine own I am,
Now I give thee back thine own
Freedom, friends, and health, and
Consecrate to thee alone:
Thine I live, thrice happy I!
Happier still if thine I die.
- 6 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in Three, and Three in One,

As by the celestial host,
 Let thy will on earth be done ;
 Praise by all to thee be giv'n,
 Glorious Lord of earth and heaven !

HYMN 431. 6 lines 8's.

1 **O** GOD, what offering shall I give,
 To thee, the Lord of earth and skies ?
 My spirit, soul, and flesh receive,
 A holy, living sacrifice ;
 Small as it is, 'tis all my store ;
 More should'st thou have, if I had more.

2 Now then, my God, thou hast my soul :
 No longer mine, but thine I am :
 Guard thou thine own, possess it whole !
 Cheer it with hope, with love inflame !
 Thou hast my spirit ; there display
 Thy glory to the perfect day.

3 Thou hast my flesh, thy hallow'd shrine,
 Devoted solely to thy will :
 Here let thy light for ever shine :
 This house still let thy presence fill ;
 O Source of Life,—live, dwell, and move
 In me, till all my life be love !

4 O never in these veils of shame,
 (Sad fruits of sin,) my glorying be !
 Clothe with salvation, through thy name,

**My soul, and let me put on thee !
 Be living faith my costly dress,
 And my best robe thy righteousness.**

• **Send down thy likeness from above,
 And let this my adorning be :
 Clothe me with wisdom, patience, love,
 With lowliness and purity.**

FOR BELIEVERS SAVED.

Gold and pearls more precious far,
Brighter than the morning-star.

Arm me with thy Spirit's might,
For I am call'd by thy great name,
Let all my thoughts unite,
All my works be thou the aim :
Love attend me all my days,
My sole business be thy praise !

HYMN 432. C. M.

GATHER, into thy hands alone
I have my all restor'd ;
All, thy property I own ;
The steward of the Lord.

Hereafter none can take away
My life, or goods, or fame ;
Ready at thy demand to lay
Them down, I always am.

Confiding in thy only love,
Through Jesus strengthening me,
I wait thy faithfulness to prove,
And give back all to thee.

4 Take when thou wilt into thy hands,
And as thou wilt require ;
Resume, by the Chaldean bands,
Or the devouring fire.

5 Determin'd all thy will to' obey,
Thy blessings I restore ;
Give, Lord, or take thy gifts away,
I praise thee evermore.

HYMN 433. 6 lines 8's.

IVE me the faith which can remove ;
And sink the mountain to a plain ;
me the childlike praying love,
hich longs to build thy house again :
love let it my heart o'erpow'r,
all my simple soul devour.

nt an even, strong desire,
want a calmly-fervent zeal,
ave poor souls out of the fire,
snatch them from the verge of hell,
turn them to a pardoning God,
quench the brands in Jesu's blood.

uld the precious time redeem,
id longer live for this alone,
pend, and to be spent for them,
ho have not yet my Saviour known ;
y on these my mission prove,
only breathe, to breathe thy love.

talents, gifts, and graces, Lord,
to thy blessed hands receive ;
let me live to preach thy word ;
id let me to thy glory live ;
every sacred moment spend
ublishing the sinner's Friend.

rge, inflame, and fill my heart
ith boundless charity divine !
all I all my strength exert,
I love them with a zeal like thine ;
lead them to thy open side,
leep for whom their Shepherd died.

434. 4 lines 7's.

8, all-atoning Lamb,
me, and only thine, I am :
body, spirit, soul ;
ou possess the whole.

ny one thing needful be,
ever cleave to thee ;
choose the better part ;
e give thee all my heart.

r than the sons of men,
ot let me turn again :
e the Fountain-head of bliss,
op to creature-happiness.

om have I on earth below ?
ee, and only Thee, I know :
hom have I in heaven but Thee ?
hou art All in All to me.

All my treasure is above :
All my riches is thy love :
Who the worth of love can tell ?
Infinite, unsearchable !

3 Thou, O love, my portion art :
Lord, thou know'st my simple heart :
Other comforts I despise ;
Love be all my paradise.

7 Nothing else can I require ;
Love fills up my whole desire ;
All thy other gifts remove,
Still thou giv'st me all in love.

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HYMN 435. C. M.

- F**ATHER, to thee my soul I lift,
 My soul on thee depends ;
 Convinc'd that every perfect gift
 From thee alone descends.
- 2 Mercy and grace are thine alone,
 And power, and wisdom too ;
 Without the Spirit of thy Son,
 We nothing good can do.
- 3 We cannot speak one useful word,
 One holy thought conceive ;
 Unless, in answer to our Lord,
 Thyself the blessing give.
- 4 His blood demands the purchas'd grace :
 His blood's availing plea
 Obtain'd the help for all our race,
 And sends it down to me.
- 5 Thou all our works in us hast wrought,
 Our good is all divine :
 The praise of every virtuous thought,
 And righteous word, is thine.
- 6 From thee, through Jesus, we receive
 The power on thee to call ;
 In whom we are, and move, and live,
 Our God is ALL in ALL.

HYMN 436. S. M.

- J**ESU, my Truth, my Way,
 My sure, unerring Light,
 In thee my feeble steps I stay,
 Which thou wilt guide aright.
- My Wisdom and my Guide,
 My Counsellor thou art,
 Never let me leave thy side,
 Or from thy paths depart.

3 I lift my eyes to thee,
Thou gracious bleeding Lamb;
That I may now enlighten'd be,
And never put to shame.

4 Never will I remove
Out of thy hands my cause;
But rest in thy redeeming love,
And hang upon thy cross.

5 Teach me the happy art
In all things to depend
On thee; O never, Lord, depart,
But love me to the end!

6 Still stir me up to strive
With thee in strength divine;
And every moment, Lord, revive
This fainting soul of mine.

7 Persist to save my soul,
Throughout the fiery hour,
Till I am every whit made whole,
And shew forth all thy pow'r.

8 Through fire and water bring
Into the wealthy place:
And teach me the new song to sing
When perfected in grace!

9 O make me all like thee,
Before I hence remove!
Settle, confirm, and 'stablish me,
And build me up in love.

10 Let me thy witness live,
When sin is all destroy'd;
And then my spotless soul receive,
And take me home to God.

HYMN 437. L. M.

- 1 **O** GOD, my God, my All thou art !
Ere shines the dawn of rising day,
Thy sovereign light within my heart,
Thy all-enlivening power display.
- 2 For thee my thirsty soul doth pant,
While in this desert land I live ;
And hungry as I am, and faint,
Thy love alone can comfort give.
- 3 In a dry land, behold I place
My whole desire on thee, O Lord,
And more I joy to gain thy grace,
Than all earth's treasures can afford.
- 4 More dear than life itself, thy Love
My heart and tongue shall still employ ;
And to declare thy praise will prove
My peace, my glory, and my joy.
- 5 In blessing thee with grateful songs,
My happy life shall glide away :
The praise that to thy name belongs,
Hourly with lifted hands I'll pay.
- 6 Abundant sweetness while I sing,
Thy love, my ravish'd heart o'erflows ;
Secure in thee, my God and King,
Of glory that no period knows.
- 7 Thy name, O God, upon my bed,
Dwells on my lips, and fires my thought :
With trembling awe, in midnight shade,
I muse on all thy hands have wrought.
- 8 In all I do I feel thine aid ;
Therefore thy greatness will I sing,
O God, who bid'st my heart be glad,
Beneath the shadow of thy wing!

- My soul draws nigh and cleaves to thee:
Then let or earth or hell assail,
Thy mighty hand shall set me free;
For whom thou sav'st, he ne'er shall fail.

HYMN 438. 12 lines 8's.

- O** GOD of peace and pardoning love,
Whose bowels of compassion move
To every sinful child of man;
Jesus, our Shepherd great and good,
Who dying bought us with his blood,
Thou hast brought back to life again.
His blood to all our souls apply;
(His blood alone can sanctify,
Which first did for our sins atone;)
The cov'nant of redemption seal;
The depth of love, of God reveal,
And speak us perfected in one.
- 2 O might our every work and word
Express the tempers of our Lord,
The nature of our Head above;
His Spirit send into our hearts,
Engraving on our inmost parts
The living law of holiest love.
Then shall we do, with pure delight,
Whate'er is pleasing in thy sight,
As vessels of thy richest grace!
And having thy whole counsel done,
To thee and thy co-equal Son
Ascribe the everlasting praise.

HYMN 439. 12 lines 8's.

- T**HY power and saving truth to show,
A warfare at thy charge I go;
Strong in the Lord, and thy great might;

FOR BELIEVERS SAVED.

Gladly take up the hallow'd cross,
And suffering all things for thy cause,
Beneath thy bloody banner fight.
A spectacle to fiends and men,
To all their fierce or cool disdain
With calmest pity I submit:
Determin'd nought to know beside
My Jesus; and him crucified,
I tread the world beneath my feet.

2 Superior to their smile or frown,
On all their goods my soul looks down,
Their pleasures, wealth, and pow'r,
state :

The man that dares their god despise,
The Christian,—he alone is wise;
The Christian,—he alone is great.

O God, let all my life declare
How happy all thy servants are;
How far above these earthly things:
How pure, when wash'd in Jesu's blood
How intimately one with God,
A heaven-born race of Priests and Kin

3 For this alone I live below,
The power of godliness to shew,
The wonders wrought by Jesu's Name
that I might but faithful prove!

Witness to all thy pardoning love
And point them to the' atoning Lamb

Let me to every creature cry,
The poor and rich, the low and high,
" Believe, and feel thy sins forgiv'n!
" Damn'd, till by Jesus sav'd, thou art
" Till Jesu's blood hath wash'd thy he
" Thou canst not find the gate of hea

4 FOR BELIEVERS INTERCEDING.

HYMN 440. 12 lines 8's.

THOU, Jesu, thou my breast inspire,
And touch my lips with hallow'd fire,
And loose a stamm'ring infant's tongue ;
Prepare the vessel of thy grace ;
Adorn me with the robes of praise,
And mercy shall be all my song ;
Mercy for all who know not God ;
Mercy for all in Jesu's blood ;
Mercy that earth and heaven transcends ;
Love that o'erwhelms the saints in light :
The length, and breadth, and depth, and
height

Of love divine, which never ends.
A faithful witness of thy grace,
Well may I fill the allotted space,
And answer all thy great design ;
Walk in the works by thee prepar'd,
And find annex'd the vast reward,
The crown of righteousness divine.
When I have liv'd to thee alone,
Pronounce the welcome word, " Well
done !"

And let me take my place above ;
Enter into my Master's joy,
And all eternity employ

In praise, and ecstasy, and love.

SECTION IX.

For Believers Interceding.

HYMN 441. 6 lines 8's.

LET God, who comforts the distress,
Let Israel's Consolation hear ;
Hear, Holy Ghost, our joint request,
And shew thyself the Comforter ;
And swell the unutterable groan,
And breathe our wishes to the throne !

- 2 We weep for those that weep below,
 And breathe for the afflicted sigh;
 The various forms of human woe
 Excite our saddest sympathy:
 Fill every heart with mournful care,
 And draw out all our soul in prayer.

- 3 We wrestle for the ruin'd race,
 By sin eternally undone,
 Unless thou magnify thy grace,
 And make thy richest mercy known;
 And make thy vanquish'd rebels find
 Pardon in Christ for all mankind.

- 4 Father of everlasting Love,
 To every soul thy Son reveal,
 Our guilt and sufferings to remove,
 Our deep, original wound to heal:
 And bid the fallen race arise,
 And turn our earth to paradise.

HYMN 442.

6 lines 8's.

- 1 **O**UR earth we now lament to see
 With floods of wickedness o'erflow'd,
 With violence, wrong, and cruelty,
 One wide-extended field of blood,
 Where men like fiends each other tear,
 In all the hellish rage of war.
- 2 As listed on Abaddon's side,
 They mangle their own flesh, and slay:
 Tophet is mov'd, and opens wide
 Its mouth for its enormous prey;
 And myriads sink beneath the grave,
 And plunge into the flaming wave.

The nations of the earth constrain
To follow after peace, and prize
The blessings of thy righteous reign
The joys of unity to prove,
The paradise of perfect love !

HYMN 443. 6 lines 8's.

For the Mahometans.

- 1 **S**UN of unclouded Righteousness,
With healing in thy wings arise
A sad benighted world to bless,
Which now in sin and error lies,
Wrapt in Egyptian night profound,
With chains of hellish darkness bound
- 2 The smoke of the infernal cave,
Which half the Christian world o'erspread
Disperse, thou heavenly Light, and send
The souls by that Impostor led,
The Arab thief, as Satan bold,
Who quite destroy'd thy Asian fold.
- 3 O might the Blood of Sprinkling cry

Thy universal claim maintain,
And Lord of the creation reign!

HYMN 444. 6 lines 8's.

For the Heathen.

LORD over all, if thou hast made,
Hast ransom'd every soul of man,
Why is the grace so long delay'd?

Why unfulfill'd the saving plan?
The bliss for Adam's race design'd,
When will it reach to all mankind?

Art thou the God of Jews alone,
And not the God of Gentiles too?

To Gentiles make thy goodness known;

Thy judgments to the nations shew:

Awake them by the Gospel-call:

Light of the world, illumine all!

The servile progeny of Ham

Seize as the purchase of thy blood;

Let all the heathen know thy name:

From idols to the living God

The dark Americans convert,

And shine in every Pagan heart!

As light'ning launch'd from East to West,

The coming of thy kingdom be:

To thee, by angel-hosts confest,

Bow every soul and every knee;

Thy glory let all flesh behold!

And then fill up thy heavenly fold.

HYMN 445. 6 lines 8's.

O COME, thou radiant Morning-star,
Again in human darkness shine!
Arise resplendent from afar!

Assert thy royalty divine!

Thy sway o'er all the earth maintain,
And now begin thy glorious reign.

FOR BELIEVERS INTERCOURSE.

kingdom, Lord, we long to see :
Thy sceptre o'er the nations shake ;
Direct that final monarchy,
From thy possession take ;
(for thou didst their ransom And)
Purchas'd souls of all mankind.
Let thy chosen ones appear,
And valiantly the truth maintain !
Lead thy gracious kingdom here ;
On the rebel sons of men ;
Them with faith divinely bold,
Force the world into thy fold !

HYMN 446. C. M.

Jesus, the word of mercy give,
And let it swiftly run ;
Let the priests themselves believe,
And put salvation on.
'D with the Spirit of Holiness,
By all thy people prove
Plenitude of gospel-grace,
The joy of perfect love.
Let all thy lovers shine,
As glorious as the sun ;
Bright with borrow'd rays divine,
Their glorious circuit run.
And the reach of mortals, spread
Their light where'er they go,
Heavenly influences shed
All the world below.
Angels may they run their race,
Vaulting in their might :
Rising luminaries chase
The gloom of hellish night.

the bright Sun of Righteousness,
 Their healing wings display;
 And let their lustre still increase
 Unto the perfect day.

HYMN 447. D. S. M.

MESSIAH, Prince of Peace,
 Where men each other tear,
 Here war is learn'd, they must confess,
 Thy kingdom is not there:
 No, prompted by thy foe,
 Delight in human blood;
 Pollyen is their king, we know,
 And satan is their god.

It shall he still devour
 The souls redeem'd by thee?
 Sus, stir up thy glorious pow'r,
 And end the apostasy!
 Come, Saviour, from above,
 O'er all our hearts to reign;
 And plant the kingdom of thy love
 In every heart of man.

When shall we exercise
 The hellish art no more,
 While thou our long-lost paradise
 Dost with thyself restore,
 Fightings and wars shall cease,
 And, in thy Spirit giv'n,
 Be joy, and everlasting peace.
 Shall turn our earth to heav'n.

R BELIEVERS INTERCEDING.

N 448. 8 lines 7's, 6's, & 1-8.

INCE of universal peace,
Destroy the enmity:

ar jars and discords cease,
te us all in thee:

as wild beasts we are,
l vanquish'd by thy mercy's pow'r,

, like wolves, each other tear,
nd their own flesh devour.

if thou pronounce the word
hat forms our souls again,

re and harmony restor'd
Throughout our earth shall reign:

hen thy wond'rous love they feel,
The human savages are tame;

avenous wolves and leopards dwell,
And stable with the lamb.

that now, with pardon blest,
We each might each embrace;

Quietly together rest,
And feed upon thy grace!

Like our sinless parents live;
Great Shepherd, make thy good

known:
All into thy fold receive,

And keep us ever one.

HYMN 449. 8 lines 7's, 6's, &

1 **H**APPY day of union sweet!
O when shall it appear!

When shall all thy people meet
In amity sincere!

Tear each other's flesh no more,
But kindly think and speak the

All express the meek'ning pow'r
And spirit of the Lamb!

With ripe, millennial love.

HYMN 450. S.M.

For the Jews.

MESSIAH, full of grace,
Redeem'd by thee, we plead
The promise made to Abraham's race
To souls for ages dead.

Their bones as quite dried up,
Throughout the vale appear :
Cut off and lost their last faint hope,
To see thy kingdom here.

Open their graves, and bring
The outcasts forth, to own
Thou art their Lord, their God, and K
Their true Anointed One.

To save the race forlorn,
Thy glorious arm display !
And shew the world a nation born,

FOR DELIVERERS AND DELIVERED

casts from thee, and scatter'd wide,
Through every nation under heaven,
Aspheming whom they crucified,
Unsav'd, unpitied, unforgiven ;
Standed like Cain, they bear their load,
Abhorr'd of men, and curs'd of God.

But hast thou finally forsook,
For ever cast thy own away ?
Wilt thou not bid the murderer's look
On him they pierc'd, and weep, and pray
Yes, gracious Lord, thy word is past :
All Israel shall be sav'd at last.
Come, then, thou great Deliverer, come
The veil from Jacob's heart remove ;
Receive thy ancient people home !
That, quicken'd by thy dying love,
The world may their reception find,
Life from the dead for all mankind.

HYMN 452. S. M.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY God of Love,
Set up the attracting sign,
And summon whom thou dost approve
For messengers divine :
From favour'd Abraham's Seed
The new Apostles choose,
In isles and continents to spread
The dead-reviving news.
- 2 Them, snatch'd out of the flame,
Through every nation send,
The true Messiah to proclaim,
The universal Friend ;
That all, the God unknown,
May learn of Jews to adore,
And see thy glory in thy Son,
Till time shall be no more.

Let the chosen band,
 Right now their brethren bring;
 I, gather'd out of every land,
 Present to Zion's King!
 All the ancient race
 Nations be left behind;
 At each, impell'd by secret grace,
 His way to Canaan find.

We know it must be done,
 For God hath spoke the word;
 Israel shall the Saviour own,
 To their first state restor'd:
 Built by his command,
 Jerusalem shall rise;
 Her temple on Moriah stand
 Again, and touch the skies.

And then thy servants forth,
 To call the Hebrews home;
 From East, and West, and South, and
 North,

Let all the wanderers come:
 Where'er in lands unknown
 The fugitives remain,
 And every creature help them on,
 Thy Holy Mount to gain.

An offering to their Lord,
 There let them all be seen,
 Wrinkled with water and with blood,
 In soul and body clean:
 With Israel's myriads seal'd,
 Let all the nations meet,
 And shew the mystery fulfill'd,
 Thy family complete.

For England.

- 1 **S**INNERS, the call obey,
The latest call of grace;
The day is come, the vengeful day,
Of a devoted race:
Devils and men combine
To plague the faithless seed,
And phials, full of wrath divine,
Are bursting on your head.
- 2 Enter into the Rock,
Ye trembling slaves of sin,
The Rock of your salvation, struck
And cleft to take you in:
To shelter the distress
He did the cross endure;
Enter into the clefts, and rest
In Jesu's wounds secure.
- 3 Jesus, to thee we fly
From the devouring sword;
Our city of defence is nigh;
Our help is in the Lord.
Or if the scourge o'erflow,
And laugh at innocence,
Thine everlasting arms, we
Shall be our soul's defence.
- 4 We in thy word believe,
And on thy promise stay
Our life, which still to thee
Shall be to us a prey:
Our life with thee we hide
Above the furious blast
And shelter'd in thy word
Till all the storms are past.

FOR BELIEVERS INTERCEDING.

5 Believing against hope,
We hang upon thy grace,
Through every low'ring cloud look up
And wait for happy days :
The days when all shall know
Their sins in Christ forgiv'n,
And walk awhile with God below,
And then fly up to heav'n.

HYMN 454. L. M.

Against Lukewarmness.

FIRST PART.

- 1 **G**OD of unspotted purity,
Us and our works canst thou behold
Justly we are abhorr'd by thee,
For we are neither hot nor cold.
- 2 We call thee Lord, thy faith profess,
But do not from our hearts obey,
In soft Laodicean ease
We sleep our useless lives away.
- 3 We live in pleasure, and are dead ;
In search of fame and wealth we live
Commanded in thy steps to tread,
We seek sometimes, but never strive
- 4 A lifeless form we still retain ;
Of this we make our empty boast,
Nor know the name we take in vain ;
The power of godliness is lost.
- 5 How long, great God, have we appear'd
Abominable in thy sight !
Better that we had never heard
Thy word, or seen the Gospel light.
- 6 Better that we had never known
The way to heaven, through saving gr
Than basely in our lives disown,

- 7 Thou rather wouldst that we were cold,
 Than seem to serve thee without zeal:
 Less guilty, if with those of old
 We worshipp'd Thor and Woden still.
- 8 Less grievous will the judgment-day
 To Sodom and Gomorrah prove,
 Than us, who cast our faith away,
 And trample on thy richest love.

HYMN 455. L. M.

SECOND PART.

- 1 **O** LET us our own works forsake,
 Ourselves, and all we have, deny;
 Thy condescending counsel take,
 And come to thee pure gold to buy.
- 2 O might we through thy grace attain
 The faith thou never wilt reprove:
 The faith that purges every stain,
 The faith that always works by love!
- 3 O might we see in this our day,
 The things belonging to our peace;
 And timely meet thee in thy way
 Of judgments, and our sins confess!
- 4 Thy fatherly chastisements own,
 With filial awe revere thy rod:
 And turn with zealous haste, and run
 Into the outstretch'd arms of God.

HYMN 456. L. M.

For the Promise of the Spirit.

FIRST PART.

- 1 **F**ATHER, if justly still we claim
 To us and ours the promise made:
 To us be graciously the same,
 And crown with living fire our head.

- 2 Our claim admit, and from above
Of holiness the Spirit show'r
Of wise discernment, humble love,
And zeal, and unity, and pow'r.
- 3 The Spirit of convincing speech,
Of power demonstrative impart :
Such as may every conscience reach,
And sound the unbelieving heart.
- 4 The Spirit of refining fire,
Searching the inmost of the mind,
To purge all fierce and foul desire,
And kindle life more pure and kind.
- 5 The Spirit of faith in this thy day,
To break the power of cancell'd sin ;
Tread down its strength, o'eturn its sway,
And still the conquest more than win.
- 6 The Spirit breathe of inward life,
Which in our hearts thy laws may write,
Then grief expires, and pain, and strife :
'Tis nature all,—and all delight.

HYMN 457. L. M.

SECOND PART.

- 1 **O**N all the earth thy Spirit shower,
The earth in righteousness renew :
Thy kingdom come, and hell's o'erpower,
And to thy sceptre all subdue.
- 2 Like mighty winds or torrents fierce,
Let it th' opposers all o'eturn ;
And every law of sin reverse,
That faith and love may make all one.
- 3 Yea, let thy Spirit in every place
Its richer energy declare ;
While lovely tempers, fruits of grace,
The kingdom of thy Christ prepare.

- 1 **A**UTHOR of faith, we seek
For all who feel thy work
Confirm, and strengthen them in
And bring thy feeblest children
- 2 Thou seest their wants, thou knowest
names,
Be mindful of thy youngest children
Be tender of the new-born lamb
And gently in thy bosom bear
- 3 The lion roaring for his prey,
With ravening wolves on every side
Watch over them to tear and slay
If found one moment from thy side
- 4 Satan his thousand arts essays,
His agents all their powers exert
To blast the blooming work of grace
The heavenly offspring to desert
- 5 Baffle the crooked serpent's skill
And turn his sharpest darts aside
Hide from their eyes the devilish
O save them from the demon
- 6 In safety lead thy little flock,
From hell, the world, and sin
And set their feet upon the rock
And make in thee their going in

HYMN 459.

S. M.

For the Fallen.

- 1 **S**HEPHERD of Israel, hear
Our supplicating cry;
And gather in the souls sincere,
That from their brethren fly

FOR BELIEVERS INTERCEDED

2 Scatter'd through devious
Collect thy feeble flock ;

And join by thine atoning grace
And hide them in the Rock

3 O wouldst thou end the sto
That keeps us still apart !

The thing impossible perform,
And make us of one heart.

4 One spirit and one mind,
The same that was in thee :

O might we all again be join'd
In perfect harmony.

5 Jesus, at thy command,
We know it shall be done :

Take the two sticks into thy har
The two shall then be one :

6 One body and one fold,
We then shall sweetly prove

And live in thee, like them of old
The life of spotless love.

HYMN 460. D. S. M

1 **G**OD of all power and g
Set up the bloody sig
And gather those that seek thy f
And by thy Spirit join.

The few remaining sheep,
In Britain's pastures bred,

United to each other keep,
United to their Head.

2 The soul transforming word
In us, ev'n us, fulfil:

Join to thyself, our common Lov
And all thy servants seal.

FOR BELIEVERS INTERCEDING.

Confer the grace unknown,
The mystic charity,
Thou art with the Father One,
Unite us all in thee.
O shall the world believe
Our record, Lord, and thine;
And all with thankful hearts receive
The Messenger divine:
Sent from his throne above,
To Adam's offspring giv'n,
O join and perfect us in love,
And take us up to heav'n.

HYMN 461. 6 lines 8's.

- 1 SAVIOUR, to thee we humbly cry,
The brethren we have lost, restore
Recall them by thy pitying eye,
Retrieve them from the tempter's power
By thy victorious blood cast down,
Nor suffer him to take their crown.
- 2 Beguil'd, alas! by satan's art,
We see them now far off remov'd,
The burden of our bleeding heart,
The souls whom once in thee we love!
Whom still we love with grief and pain
And weep for their return in vain.
- 3 In vain, till thou the power bestow
The double pow'r of quick'ning
And make the happy sinners know
Their tempter, with his angel-fiend
Who leads them captive at his will
Captive, but happy sinners still!
- 4 O would'st thou break the fatal snare
Of carnal self-security;
And let them feel the wrath they deserve
And let them groan their warfare

Robb'd of their false pernicious peace,
Stript of their fancied righteousness.

- 5 The men of careless lives, who deem
Thy righteousness accounted theirs,
Awake out of the soothing dream ;
Alarm their souls with humble fears :
Thou jealous God, stir up thy power,
And let them sleep in sin no more.
- 6 Long as the guilt of sin shall last,
Them in their misery detain,
Hold their licentious spirits fast,
Bind them with their own nature's chain
Nor ever let the wanderers rest,
Till lodg'd again in Jesu's breast.

HYMN 462.

L. M.

- 1 **O** LET the prisoner's mournful cries,
As incense in thy sight appear :
Their humble wailings pierce the skies,
If haply they may feel thee near.
- 2 The captive exiles make their moans,
From sin impatient to be free :
Call home, call home thy banish'd ones
Lead captive their captivity !
- 3 Shew them the blood that bought their peace
The anchor of their steadfast hope ;
And bid their guilty terrors cease,
And bring the ransom'd prisoners up.
- 4 Out of the deep regard their cries,
The fallen raise, the mourners cheer ;
O Sun of Righteousness, arise,
And scatter all their doubt and fear !
- 5 **P**ity the day of feeble things ;
O gather every halting soul !
And drop salvation from thy wings,
And make the contrite sinner whole.

- 6 Stand by them in the fiery hour,
 Their feebleness of mind defend !
 And in their weakness shew thy power,
 And make them patient to the end.
- 7 O satisfy their soul in drought !
 Give them thy saving health to see,
 And let thy mercy find them out ;
 And let thy mercy reach to me.
- 8 Hast thou the work of grace begun,
 And brought them to the birth in vain,
 O let thy children see the sun ;
 Let all their souls be born again.
- 9 Relieve the souls whose cross we bear,
 For whom thy suffering members mourn
 Answer our faith's effectual prayer ;
 Bid every struggling child be born !

HYMN 463. 6 lines 7's.

- 1 **L**AMB of God, who bear'st away
 All the sins of all mankind,
 Bow a nation to thy sway ;
 While we may acceptance find,
 Let us thankfully embrace
 The last offers of thy grace.
- 2 Thou thy messengers hath sent,
 Joyful tidings to proclaim,
 Willing we should all repent,
 Know salvation in thy Name,
 Feel our sins by grace forgiven,
 Find in thee the way to heaven.
- 3 Jesus, roll away the stone ;
 Good Physician, shew thy art !
 Make thy healing virtue known,
 Break the unbelieving heart :

FOR BELIEVERS 1

By thy bloody cross
Tell them, "I have

- 4 Let thy dying love
Those who disregard
Sink the mountain top
Bring the pride of
Soften the obdurate
Melt the rebels with

HYMN 464. 8 lines

- 1 **J**ESUS, from thy home
Thy dwelling in
Fill our Church with
Our want of faith supply
Faith our strong protection
And godliness with all it
'Stablish our posterity
Till time shall be no more
- 2 Let the Spirit of grace
Our re-converted land
Let the least and greatest
And bow to thy command
Wisdom, pure religion
Our King's peculiar treasure
Blest with piety sincere
Inspir'd with humble

HYMN 465.

For the 1

YEARS INCECEDING.

er, appear, appear,
ervant fight;
anagerent here,

servant fight;
sat viceregent here,
e his right.
and pray

e his right,
 s of faith and prayer
 a to thy throne ;
 wn peculiar care,
 anointed one.
 on his face ;

anointed one.
look upon his face ;
pavilion spread ;
of angels

look upon
pavilion spread;
all troops of angels place
is sacred head.
all who dare oppos

is sacred head,
from all who dare oppose
steal and thee ;
from secret foes,

from thee;
and from secret foes,
and perfidy!
for his ruin seek

ree and perfidy!
 whoe'er his ruin seek,
 friends convert:
 bargains' neck;

his adversaries' neck,
in his people's heart.

his adversar
in his people's heart.
or conscience sake rever
nan of thy right hand :
thyne image her

man of thy right hand:
and love thine image here,
bless his mild command.
Let the blessing give

and love that
bless his mild command.
only didst the blessing give;
glory, Lord, be thine:
thankful joy receive

glory, Lord, be thine :
all with thankful joy receive
the benefit divine.
Thee in him obey,

nose, who thee in him obey,
 he Spirit of grace impart;
 his sacred burden lay

those who flee
the Spirit of grace impart,
dear, his sacred burden lay
In every loyal heart.

On every pray, and never cease,
Defend him, Lord, defend:
His throne in righteousness

"Defend him, Lord, defend him,
"Stablish his throne in righteousness,
"And save him to the end!"

FOR BELIEVERS INTERCESSION

HYMN 466. 4 lines 8's

1 **A** NATION God delights to
Can all our raging foes
Or hurt whom they surround
Hid from the general scourge
Nor see the bloody waste of war
Nor hear the trumpet's sound

2 O might we, Lord, the grace
By labouring for the rest of love
The soul-composing power
Bless us with that internal peace
And all the fruits of righteousness
Till time shall be no more.

HYMN 467. L. M.

For Parents.

1 **F**ATHER of all, by whom
For whom was made what we
Who hath entrusted to our care
A candidate for glorious bliss

2 Poor worms of earth, for help
For grace to guide what grace
We ask for wisdom from on high
To train our infant up for heaven

3 We tremble at the danger near
And crowds of wretched parents
Who, blindly fond, their children
In tempers far as hell from heaven

4 Themselves the slaves of sense
Their babes who pamper and
And make the helpless infants
To Murderer-Moloch through

- 5 O let us not the demon please :
 Our offspring to destruction doom !
 Strengthen a sin-sick soul's disease,
 Or damn him from his mother's womb
- 6 Rather this hour resume his breath,
 From selfishness and pride to save ;
 By death prevent the second death,
 And hide him in the silent grave.
- 7 Or if thou grant a longer date,
 With resolute wisdom us endue,
 To point him out his lost estate,
 His dire apostasy to shew :
- 8 To time our every smile or frown,
 To mark the bounds of good and ill :
 And beat the pride of nature down,
 And bend or break his rising will.
- 9 Him let us tend severely kind,
 As guardians of his giddy youth ;
 As set to form his tender mind,
 By principles of virtuous truth ;
- 10 To fit his soul for heavenly grace :
 Discharge the Christian parent's part ;
 And keep him till thy love takes place,
 And Jesus rises in his heart.

HYMN 468. C. M.

- 1 **G**OD only wise, almighty, good,
 Send forth thy truth and light,
 To point us out the narrow road,
 And guide our steps aright :
- 2 To steer our dangerous course between
 The rocks on either hand :
 And fix us in the golden mean,
 And bring our charge to land.

- 3 Made apt by thy sufficient grace,
To teach as taught by thee,
We come to train in all thy ways
Our rising progeny.
- 4 Their selfish will in time subdue,
And mortify their pride :
And lend their youth a sacred clew
To find the Crucified.
- 5 We would in every step look up,
By thy example taught,
To' alarm their fear, excite their hope,
And rectify their thought.
- 6 We would persuade their heart to' obey,
With mildest zeal proceed ;
And never take the harsher way,
When love will do the deed.
- 7 For this we ask, in faith sincere,
The wisdom from above,
To touch their hearts with filial fear,
And pure ingenuous love :
- 8 To watch their will, to sense inclin'd,
Withhold their hurtful food :
And gently bend their tender mind,
And draw their souls to God.

HYMN 469. C. M.

- 1 **F**ATHER of Lights, thy needful aid
To us that ask impart ;
Mistrustful of ourselves, afraid
Of our own treacherous heart.
- 2 O'erwhelm'd with justest fear, again
To thee for help we call :
Where many mightier have been slain,
By thee unsav'd we fall.

- 3 Unless restrain'd by grace we are,
In vain the snare we see :
We see, and rush into the snare
Of blind idolatry.
- 4 We plunge ourselves in endless woe,
Our helpless infants sell :
Resist the light, and side with those
Who send their babes to hell.
- 5 Ah ! what avails superior light,
Without superior love ?
We see the truth, we judge aright,
And wisdom's ways approve :
- 6 We mark the idolizing throng,
Their cruel fondness blame :
Their children's souls we know the wrong
And we shall do the same.
- 7 In spite of our resolves, we fear :
Our own infirmity ;
And tremble at the trial near,
And cry, O God, to thee !
- 8 We soon shall do what we condemn,
And down the current borne,
With shame confess our nature's stream
Too strong for us to turn.
- 9 Our only help in danger's hour,
Our only strength thou art !
Above the world, and satan's power,
And greater than our heart.
- 10 Us from ourselves thou canst secure,
In nature's slippery ways ;
And make our feeble footsteps sure
By thy sufficient grace.

- 11 If on thy promis'd grace alone
We faithfully depend,
Thou surely wilt preserve thy own,
And keep them to the end.
- 12 Wilt keep us tenderly discreet,
To guard what thou hast giv'n ;
And bring our child with us to meet
At thy right hand in heav'n.

HYMN 470. L. M.

For Masters.

- 1 **M**ASTER supreme, I look to thee
For grace and wisdom from above.
Vested with thy authority,
Endue me with thy patient love ;
- 2 That, taught according to thy will,
'To rule my family aright,
I may the' appointed charge fulfil,
With all my heart, and all my might
- 3 Inferiors, as a sacred trust,
I from the sov'reign Lord receive,
That what is suitable and just,
Impartial I to all may give.
- 4 O'erlook them with a guardian eye ;
From vice and wickedness restrain :
Mistakes and lesser faults pass by,
And govern with a looser rein.
- 5 'The servant faithfully discreet,
Gentle to him, and good, and mild.
Him I would tenderly entreat,
And scarce distinguish from a child.
- 6 Yet let me not my place forsake,
The' occasion of his stumbling prove.
The servant to my bosom take,
Or mar him by familiar love.

- 7 Order, if some invert, confound,
 Their Lord's authority betray,
 I hearken to the gospel sound,
 And trace the providential way.
- 8 As far from abjectness as pride,
 With condescending dignity,
 Jesus, I make thy word my guide,
 And keep the post assign'd by thee.
- 9 O could I emulate the zeal
 Thou dost to thy poor servants be
 The troubles, griefs, and burden free
 Of souls entrusted to my care :
- 10 In daily prayer to God commend
 The souls whom Christ expi-
 And think how soon my sway may
 And all be equal in the grave !

HYMN 471. 4 lines 8's & 2's

- 1 **H**OW shall I walk my God to please
 And spread content and happiness
 O'er all beneath my care ?
 A pattern to my household give,
 And as a guardian angel live,
 As Jesu's messenger ?
- 2 The opposite extremes I see,
 Remissness and severity,
 And know not how to shun
 The precipice on either hand,
 While on the narrow path I stand,
 And dread to venture on.
- 3 Shall I through indolence supine,
 Neglect, betray my charge divine,
 My delegated power ?

From my Lord receive,
 Whom I an obedient heart give.
 At that tremendous hour!

Lord over all, and God most high!
 Jesus, to thee for help I fly,
 For constant power and grace;
 What taught by thy good Spirit and led,
 May with confidence proceed,
 And all thy footsteps trace.

Teach me thy first lesson now!
 And, while to thy sweet yoke I bow,
 Thy easy service prove:
 Softly and meek in heart, I see
 He sits of governing like thee,
 Is governing by love.

HYMN 472. 4 lines 8's & 3-8's.

[AND my house will serve the Lord;
 But first obedient to his word
 I must myself appear;
 My actions, words, and tempers show,
 That if my heavenly Master know,
 And serve with heart sincere.

Must the fair example set;
 From those that on my pleasure wait
 The stumbling-block remove;
 Their duty by my life explain,
 And still in all my works maintain
 The dignity of love.

Easy to be entreated, mild,
 Quickly appear'd and reconcil'd,
 A follower of my God:
 T 3

FOR BELIEVERS INTERCEDING.

A saint indeed I long to be,
And lead my faithful family
In the celestial road.

Lord, if thou didst the wish infuse,
A vessel fitted for thy use

Into thy hands receive;
Work in me both to will and do,
And shew them how believers true
And real Christians live.

5 With all-sufficient grace supply,
And, lo! I come to testify

The wonders of thy name!
Which saves from sin, the world, and
Whose virtue every heart may feel
And every tongue proclaim.

6 A sinner, sav'd myself from sin,
I come my family to win,

To preach their sins forgiv'n
Children, and wife, and servants
And through the paths of pleasure
Conduct them all to heaven

HYMN 473.

-6 lines

For Children.

1 **C**OME, Father, Son, and
To whom we for our chi-

The good desir'd and wanted
Out of thy richest grace

The sacred discipline be giv'n
To train and bring them up

2 Answer on them the end of
Our cares, and pains, and

On them recover'd from the
Stamp'd with the humble

rais'd by the merits of their Lord,
To all their Paradise restore'd.

- 3 Error and ignorance remove,
Their blindness both of heart and mind ;
Give them the wisdom from above,
Spotless, and peaceable, and kind :
In knowledge pure their minds renew ;
And store with thoughts divinely true.
- 4 Learning's redundant part and vain
Be here cut off, and cast aside ;
But let them, Lord, the substance gain,
In every solid truth abide :
Swiftly acquire, and ne'er forego,
The knowledge fit for man to know.
- 5 Unite the pair so long disjoin'd,
Knowledge and vital Piety :
Learning and Holiness combin'd,
And Truth and Love let all men see
In those, whom up to thee we give,
Thine, wholly thine, to die and live.
- 6 Father, accept them through thy Son,
And ever by thy Spirit guide !
Thy wisdom in their lives be shewn,
Thy name confest and glorified ;
Thy power and love diffus'd abroad,
Till all the earth is fill'd with God.

HYMN 474. 6 lines 8's.

- 1 **C**APTAIN of our salvation, take
The souls we here present to thee,
And fit for thy great service make
These heirs of immortality :

- 2 Unspotted from the world and pure
 Preserve them for thy glorious
 Accustom'd daily to endure
 The welcome burden of thy cross
 Inur'd to toil and patient pain,
 Till all thy perfect mind they gain
- 3 Our sons henceforth be wholly thine
 And serve and love thee all their time
 Infuse the principle divine
 In all who here expect thy grace
 Let each improve the grace bestow'd
 Rise every child a man of God.
- 4 Train up thy hardy soldiers, Lord
 In all their Captain's steps to tread
 Or send them to proclaim thy word
 Thy gospel through the world to lead
 Freely as they receive to give,
 And preach the death by which we live

HYMN 475. 6 Lines 8½

- 1 **B**UT who sufficient is to lead,
 And execute the vast design
 How can our arduous task succeed
 When earth and hell their forces join
 The meanest instruments to' quail
 Which thou hast ever us'd below?
- 2 *Mountains, alas! on mountains rise
 To make our utmost efforts vain*

The work our feeble strength defies,
And all the helps and hopes of man ;
Our utter impotence we see ;
But nothing is too hard for thee !

The things impossible to men,
Thou canst for thine own people do ;
Thy strength be in our weakness seen ;
Thy wisdom in our folly shew !
Prevent, accompany, and bless,
And crown the whole with full success.

Unless the power of heavenly grace,
The wisdom of the Deity,
Direct and govern all our ways,
And all our works be wrought in thee ;
Our blasted works we know shall fail,
And earth and hell at last prevail.

But, O almighty God of love,
Into thy hands the matter take ;
The mountain-obstacles remove ;
For thine own truth and mercy's sake
Fulfil in ours thy own design,
And prove the work entirely thine.

HYMN 476. L. M.

At the Baptism of Adults.

COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Honour the means ordain'd by thee ;
Make good our apostolic boast,
And own thy glorious ministry.

We now thy promis'd presence claim ;
Sent to disciple all mankind ;
Sent to baptize into thy name ;
We now thy promis'd presence find.

- the gift unspeakable impart,
And bless the ordinance divine.
- 5 Eternal Spirit, descend from high,
Baptizer of our spirits, thou !
The sacramental seal apply,
And witness with the water now !
- 6 O that the souls baptiz'd herein,
May now thy truth and mercy feel:
May rise and wash away their sin !
Come, Holy Ghost, their pardon seal !

HYMN 477. 8 lines 7's, 6's, & 1-8.

- 1 **F**ATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
In solemn power come down !
Present with thy heavenly host,
Thine ordinance to crown :
See a sinful worm of earth ;

**Bless to him the cleansing word !
Plunge him, by a second birth,
Into the depths of God.**

- 2 Let the promis'd inward grace
Accompany thy sign ;
On *his* new-born soul impress
The character divine !
Father, all thy name reveal !
Jesus, all thy name impart !
Holy Ghost, renew and dwell
For ever in his heart !

PART V.

Section 1. For the Society at Meeting.

HYMN 478.

S. M.

- 1 **A**ND are we yet alive,
And see each other's face?
Glory and praise to Jesus give!
For his redeeming grace:
Preserv'd by power divine
To full salvation here,
Again in Jesu's praise we join,
And in his sight appear.
- 2 What troubles have we seen!
What conflicts have we past!
Fightings without, and fears within
Since we assembled last.
But out of all the Lord
Hath brought us by his love;
And still he doth his help afford,
And hides our life above.
- 3 Then let us make our boast,
Of his redeeming pow'r,
Which saves us to the uttermost,
Till we can sin no more:
Let us take up the cross,
Till we the crown obtain;
And gladly reckon all things loss,
So we may Jesus gain.

HYMN 479.

8 lines 7's.

PEACE be on this house bestow'd,
Peace on all that here reside:
Let the unknown peace of God
With the man of Peace abide.

Let the Spirit now come down,
 Let the blessing now take place;
 Son of Peace, receive thy crown,
 Fulness of the Gospel Grace.

- 2 Christ, my Master and my Lord,
 Let me thy forerunner be;
 O be mindful of thy word,
 Visit them and visit me;
 To this house and all herein,
 Now let thy salvation come;
 Save our souls from inbred sin;
 Make us thy eternal home!

- 3 Let us never, never rest,
 Till the promise is fulfill'd;
 Till we are of thee possess'd,
 Pardon'd, sanctify'd, and seal'd;
 Till we all, in love renew'd,
 Find the pearl that Adam lost:
 Temples of the living God,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN 480.

- 1 **G**LORY be to God above,
 God from whom all blessing
 Make we mention of his love,
 Publish we his praise below:
 Call'd together by his grace,
 We are met in Jesu's name;
 See with joy each other's face,
 Followers of the bleeding Lamb.
- 2 Let us then sweet counsel take,
 How to make our calling sure
 Our election how to make,
 Past the reach of hell secure.

Build we each the other up ;
 Pray we for our faith's increase ;
 Solid comfort, settled hope,
 Constant joy, and lasting peace.
 3 More and more let love abound :
 Let us never, never rest,
 Till we are in Jesus found,
 Of our paradise possess !
 He removes the flaming sword,
 Calls us back, from Eden driv'n :
 To his image here restor'd,
 Soon he takes us up to heav'n !

HYMN 481. 4 lines 10's & 11's.

1 **A**LL thanks to the Lamb, Who gives us
 to meet,
 His love we proclaim, His praises repeat :
 We own him Our Jesus, Continually near,
 To pardon and bless us, And perfect us here.
 2 In him we have peace, In him we have power,
 Preserv'd by his grace Throughout the dark
 hour ;
 In all our temptation He keeps us to prove
 His utmost salvation, His fulness of love.
 3 Thro' pride and desire, Unhurt we have gone,
 Through water and fire, In him we went on ;
 The world and the devil, Thro' him we o'er-
 came,
 Our Jesus from evil, For ever the same.
 4 When we would have spurn'd His mercy
 and grace,
 To Egypt return'd, And fled from his face ;
 He hinder'd our flying, (His goodness to show)
 And stopt us by crying, " Will ye also go ?"
 5 **O** what shall we do, Our Saviour to love !
 To make us anew, Come, Lord, from above !

FOR THE SOCIETY AT MEETING.

fruit of thy passion, Thy holiness give;
us the salvation Of all that believe.
Come, Jesus, and loose The stammerer's
tongue,
And teach even us The spiritual song:
us without ceasing Give thanks for thy
grace,
And glory, and blessing, And honour, and
praise.

Pronounce the glad word, And bid us be free
h! hast thou not, Lord, A blessing for me
The peace thou hast giv'n, This moment impart
And open thy heaven, O Love, in my heart

HYMN 482.

S. M.

1 SAVIOUR of sinful men,
Thy goodness we proclaim,
Which brings us here to meet again,
And triumph in thy name;
Thy mighty name hath been
Our Safeguard and our Tower:
Hath sav'd us from the world and sin,
And all the accuser's pow'r.

2 Jesus, take all the praise,
That still on earth we live;
Unspotted in so foul a place,
And innocently grieve:
We shall from Sodom flee,
When perfected in love;
And haste to better company,
Who wait for us above.

3 Awhile in flesh'disjoin'd,
Our friends that went before,
We soon in paradise shall find,
And meet to part no more.

A yon thrice happy seat,
 fasting for us they are :
 you shalt there a husband meet ;
 and I a parent there !

What a mighty change
 all Jesu's suff'ers know !
 o'er the happy plains they range,
 incapable of woe !
 O ill-requited love
 all there our spirits wound :
 in ingratitude above :
 O sin in heaven is found.

Here all our griefs are spent !
 here all our sorrows end !
 not there the fall lament
 of a departed friend !
 brother dead to God,
 by sin, alas ! undone :
 here there, in passion loud,
 cries, " O my son, my son !"

O slightest touch of pain,
 or sorrow's least alloy,
 do late our rest, or stain
 the purity of joy :
 that eternal day
 no clouds or tempests rise ;
 gushing tears are wip'd away
 or ever from our eyes.

HYMN 483. 6 lines 8's.

ESU, to thee our hearts we lift :
 'May all our hearts with love o'erflow ;)
 thanks for thy continued gift,
 at still thy precious name we know !
 In our sense of sin forgiv'n,
 wait for all our inward heav'n.

FOR THE SOCIETY AT MEETING.

What mighty troubles hast thou sh
Thy feeble, tempted followers ha
We have through fire and water g
But saw thee on the floods app
But felt thee present in the flame,
And shouted our Deliverer's nam

When stronger souls their faith f
And lull'd in worldly, hellish
Leap'd desperate from their Guar
And headlong plung'd in sins
Thy strength was in our weakn
And still it guards and keeps th

4 All are not lost, or wander'd be
All have not left thy Church
There are who suffer for thy s
Enjoy thy glorious infamy
Esteem the scandal of the cro
And only seek divine applause

5 Thou who hast kept us to th

O keep us faithful to the
When rob'd with majesty an
Our Jesus shall from hea
His friends and confessors:
And seat us on his glorious

HYMN 484.

1 **A**PPPOINTED by thee
name,
And meekly agree, To fo
To trace thy example, Th
And constantly trample

pain,
2 Rejoicing in hope, We
And daily take up The pl
In doing and bearing
We still are preparing

Jesus, appear! No longer delay,
sanctify here, And bear us away :
The end of our meeting On earth let us see,
triumphantly sitting In glory with thee !

HYMN 485. S. M.

JESU, we look to thee,
Thy promis'd presence claim ;
In the midst of us shalt be,
Assembled in thy name :
Thy name salvation is,
Which here we come to prove :
Thy name is life, and health, and peace,
And everlasting love.

Not in the name of pride,
Or selfishness we meet ;
In nature's paths we turn aside ;
And worldly thoughts forget.
We meet the grace to take,
Which thou hast freely given :
We meet on earth for thy dear sake,
That we may meet in heaven.

Present we know thou art ;
But, O, thyself reveal !
Lord, let every bounding heart
The mighty comfort feel !
O may thy quick'ning voice
The death of sin remove ;
Bid our inmost souls rejoice,
In hope of perfect love !

HYMN 486. C. M.

SEE, Jesus, thy disciples see,
The promis'd blessing give !
In thy name, we look to thee,
Expecting to receive.

- 2 Thee we expect, our Father,
Who in thy name are joined;
We wait according to thy word
Thee in the midst to find.
- 3 With us thou art assembled,
But oh! thyself reveal!
Son of the living God, appear!
Let us thy presence feel.
- 4 Breathe on us, Lord, in this our need,
And these dry bones shall live;
Speak peace into our hearts, O Lord,
"The Holy Ghost receive."
- 5 Whom now we seek, O may we see
Jesus, the Crucified;
Show us thy bleeding hands and feet,
Thou who for us hast died.
- 6 Cause us the record to receive
Speak, and the tokens show,
"O be not faithless, but believe,
"In Me, who died for you!"

HYMN 487. 8 lines 7's

- 1 **T**WO are better far than one
For counsel or for fight;
How can one be warm alone,
Or serve his God aright?
Join we then our hearts and hands
Each to love provoke his friend.

THE SOCIETY GIVING THANKS. 455

ed our footsteps slip,
by mutual prayer.
gain hath made us one,
ins our unity :
he Corner-Stone,
m we all agree ;
of one common Lord,
one heart and mind ;
break a threefold cord,
whom God hath join'd ?
with us might prove
lowship of saints !
ply'd in Jesu's love,
every member wants :
our high-calling's prize,
is on earth forgiv'n,
his whole image rise,
et our Head in heav'n.

MON II.—*Giving Thanks.*

HYMN 488.

Happy are we, Who in Jesus agree,
expect his return from above !
er his vine, And delightfully join
praise of his excellent love.
sant and sweet, In his name when
e meet,
ruit to our spiritual taste ;
queting here, On angelical cheer,
e joys that eternally last.
y him, We drink of the stream,
owing in bliss from the throne ;
as belete, We the Spirit receive
ceeds from the Father and Son.

4 The unspeakable grace he o
 race,
 And the spirit of faith he i
Then, then we conceive How i
 live,
 By the kingdom of God in
5 True believers have seen The S
 As his head he on Calvary
We shall see him again, When
 bright train,
 He descends on the lumin
6 We remember the word Of
 Lord,
 When he went to prepare
" I will come in that day, And
 away,
 " And admit to a sight of
7 With earnest desire, After th
 And long thy appearing to
Till our souls thou receive In t
 live,
 And be perfectly happy in
8 Come, Lord, from the skies,
 us to rise,
 Ready made for the man
 With our Head to ascend, And
 In a rapture of heavenly l

HYMN 489. 6 lines

1 **H**OW good and pleasant
 When brethren cordia
 And kindly think and spe
 A family of faith and love,
 Combin'd to seek the things
 And spread the common S
2 The God of grace, who all
 Who in our unity delights,

es our intercourse to bless ;
 with refreshing show'rs,
 of his blessing pours,
 is our minds in perfect peace.
 precious Corner-Stone,
 separably one,
 ou didst by thy Spirit join :
 n thy Spirit live,
 church the pattern give
 mity divine.
 o each other cleave,
 y plenitude receive,
 supplies of hallowing grace ;
 ffect man we rise,
 r kindred in the skies,
 prepar'd our heavenly place.

490. 4 lines 6's & 2-8's.

LD, how a good a thing
 to dwell in peace ;
 ising to our King,
 uit of righteousness,
 ren all in one agree,
 s the joys of unity !
 are sweetly join'd,
 followers of the Lamb,)
 n heart and mind,
 ink and speak the same ;
 ove together dwell ;
 t is unspeakable.
 nity takes place,
 ys of heaven we prove ;
 ie gospel-grace,
 iction from above,
 on all believers shed,
 r swift from Christ our Head.

- 4 Where unity is found,
The sweet anointing grace
Extends to all around,
And consecrates the place ;
To every waiting soul it comes,
And fills it with divine perfume.
- 5 Jesus, our great High-Priest,
For us the gift receiv'd ;
For us and all the rest,
Who have in him believ'd :
Forth from our Head the blessing
And all his seamless coat o'erflows.
- 6 On all his chosen ones
The precious oil comes down :
It runs, and as it runs,
It ever will run on,
Even to his skirts, (the meanest na-
That longs to love the bleeding La-
- 7 From Aaron's beard it rolls,
(Those nearest to his face)
The humble, trembling souls,
Who humbly sue for grace :
I know the grace for all is free,
For, lo ! it reaches now to me.
- 8 Grace every morning new,
And every night we feel
The soft, refreshing dew,
That falls on Hermon's hill !
On Zion it doth sweetly fall ;
The grace of one descends on all.
- 9 Even now our Lord doth pour,
The blessing from above,
A kindly, gracious shower
Of heart-reviving love ;

The former and the latter rain,
The love of God and love of man.

In him when brethren join,
And follow after peace,
The fellowship divine,
He promises to bless ;
His choicest graces to bestow,
Where two or three are met below.
The riches of his grace
In fellowship are giv'n,
To Sion's chosen race,
The citizens of heaven.
He fills them with the choicest store,
He gives them life for evermore.

HYMN 491. 4 lines 6's & 2-9's.

COME away to the skies, My beloved
arise,
And rejoice in the day thou wast born ;
On this festival day, Come exulting away,
And with singing to Sion return.
We have laid up our love, And our treasure
above,
Though our bodies continue below :
The redeem'd of our Lord, We remember
his word,
And with singing to Paradise go.
With singing we praise, The original grace,
By our heavenly Father bestow'd ;
Our being receive From his bounty, and live
To the honour and glory of God.
For thy glory we are Created to share
Both the nature and kingdom divine ;
Created again, That our souls may remain
In time and eternity thine.

- Till we meet at the feast
6 There, there at his feet We
 meet,
 And be parted in body n
 We shall sing to our lyre
 venly choirs,
 And our Saviour in glor
7 Hallelujah we sing, To our
 And his rapturous prais
 To the Lamb that was
 again,
 Sing all heaven, and fa
8 In assurance of hope, We
 Till his banner unfurl'd
 From our graves we sh
 out, "It is he!"
 And fly up to acknowle
 HYMN 492.

1 **W**HAT shall we offer
 Poor nothings!
 grace?

- Fain would we his great
 And worthily set forth
2 Great object of our growi
 To whom our more tha
 Open the Fountain from
 And let it our full souls
3 So shall our lives thy pov
 Thy grace for every sin
 Till all mankind shall lea
 Shall all stretch out th
4 Open a door which earth
 May strive to shut, b

Let thy word richly in us dwell,
 And let our gracious fruit remain.
 O multiply the sower's seed !
 And fruit we every hour shall bear !
 Throughout the world thy gospel spread ;
 Thy everlasting truth declare.
 We all in perfect love renew'd,
 Shall know the greatness of thy pow'r ;
 Stand in the temple of our God,
 As pillars, and go out no more..

HYMN 493. 6 lines 8's.

THE people that in darkness lay,
 The confines of eternal night,
 We, we have seen a gospel-day,
 The glorious beams of heavenly light ;
 His Spirit on our hearts hath shone,
 And shew'd the Father in the Son.
 Father of everlasting grace,
 Thou hast in us thy arm reveal'd,
 Hast multiplied the faithful race,
 Who, conscious of their pardon seal'd,
 Of joy unspeakable possess,
 Anticipate their heavenly rest.
 In tears who sow'd, in joy we reap,
 And praise thy goodness all day long ;
 Him in our eye of faith we keep,
 Who gives us our triumphal song,
 And doth his spoils to all divide,
 A lot among the sanctified.
 Thou hast our bonds in sunder broke,
 Took all our load of guilt away :
 From sin, the world, and satan's yoke,
 (Like Israel sav'd in Midian's day,)
 Redeem'd us by our conquering Lord,
 Our Gideon, and his Spirit's sword,

462 FOR THE SOCIETY GIVING THANKS.

- 5 Not like the warring sons of men,
 With shouts and garments roll'd in blood
 Our Captain doth the fight maintain ;
 But, lo ! the burning Spirit of God
 Kindles in each a sacred fire :
 And all our sins as smoke expire !

HYMN 494. 6 lines 8's.

- 1 **L**O! God is here ! let us adore,
 And own how dreadful is this place
 Let all within us feel his pow'r,
 And silent bow before his face !
 Who know his pow'r, his grace who prove
 Serve him with awe, with rev'rence love
- 2 Lo! God is here ! him day and night
 The' united choirs of angels sing ;
 To him, enthron'd above all height,
 Heavn's host their noblest praises bring
 Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,
 Who praise thee with a stammering tongue
- 3 Gladly the toys of earth we leave,
 Wealth, pleasure fame, for thee alone
 To thee our will, soul, flesh, we give :
 O take, O seal them for thine own :
 Thou art the God, thou art the Lord ;
 Be thou by all thy works ador'd.
- 4 Being of beings ! may our praise
 Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill
 Still may we stand before thy face,
 Still hear and do thy sovereign will :
 To thee may all our thoughts arise,
 Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice.
- 5 In thee we move : all things of thee
 Are full, thou Source and Life of all

- 8 His passion alone The foundation we own
And pardon we claim,
And eternal redemption in Jesus's name.

HYMN 496. 4 lines 10's.

- 1 **T**HE earth is the Lord's, And all it contains ;
The truth of his word For ever remains ;
The saints have a mountain Of blessing him,
His grace is the fountain, His peace is the stream. [know
2 To him our request We now have made
Who sees what is best For each of his own
Our heathenish care, We cast it aside ;
He heareth the prayer, And he will provide
3 The modest and meek The earth shall possess ;

The kingdom who seek Of Jesus's grace
The pow'r of his Spirit Shall joyfully own
And all things inherit, In virtue of one.

HYMN 497. 4 lines 6's & 2-8's.

- 1 **C**OME, all whome'er have set,
Your faces Sion-ward,
In Jesus let us meet,
And praise our common Lord ;
In Jesus let us still go on,
Till all appear before his throne.
2 Nearer and nearer still,
We to our country come :
To that celestial hill,
The weary pilgrim's home ;
The New Jerusalem above,
The seat of everlasting love.
3 The ransom'd sons of God,
All earthly things we scorn ;
And to our high abode,
With songs of praise return ;

FOR THE SOCIETY GIVING THANKS. 465

From strength to strength, we still proceed,
With crowns of joy upon our head.

4 The peace and joy of faith,
Each moment may we feel :
Redeem'd from sin and wrath,
From earth, and death, and hell,
We to our Father's house repair,
To meet our elder Brother there.

5 Our Brother, Saviour, Head,
Our all in all is he ;
And in his steps who tread,
We soon his face shall see ;
Shall see him with our glorious friends,
And then in heaven our journey ends.

HYMN 498. 3 lines 5's & 1-11.

1 COME, let us anew, Our journey pursue,
With vigour arise,
And press to our permanent place in the skies.

2 Of heavenly birth, Tho' wandering on earth,
This is not our place,
But strangers and pilgrims ourselves we
confess.

3 At Jesus's call, We gave up our all ;
And still we forego,
For Jesus's sake our enjoyments below.

4 No longing we find For the country behind ;
But onward we move,
And still we are seeking a country above :

5 A country of joy, Without any alloy,
We thither repair ;

Our hearts and our treasure already are there.

6 We march hand in hand To Immanuel's
land ;

No matter what cheer

We meet with on earth : for eternity's here.

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7 The rougher our way, The shorter our stay ;
The tempests that rise
Shall gloriously hurry our souls to the skies.
8 The fiercer the blast, The sooner 'tis past ;
The troubles that come,
Shall come to our rescue, and hasten us home.

HYMN 499.

1 **C**OME, let us ascend, My companion
and friend,
To a taste of the banquet above ;
If thy heart be as mine, If for Jesus it pine,
Come up into the chariot of love.
2 Whoin Jesus confide, We are bold to outride
The storms of affliction beneath ;
With the prophet we soar To the heavenly
shore,
And outfly all the arrows of death.
3 By faith we are come To our permanent
home,
By hope we the rapture improve :
By love we still rise, And look down on the
skies,
For the heaven of heavens is love.
4 Who on earth can conceive, How happy we
live,
In the palace of God the great King ?
What a concert of praise, When our Jesus's
grace,
The whole heavenly company sing !
5 What a rapturous song, When the glorified
throng,
In the spirit of harmony join :
*Join all the glad choirs, Hearts, voices, and
lyres ;
And the burden is " Mercy divine !"*

6 Hallelujah they cry, to the King of the sky,
To the great everlasting I AM ;
To the Lamb that was slain, And that liveth
again,
Hallelujah to God and the Lamb !

7 The Lamb on the throne, Lo ! he dwells
with his own,
And to rivers of pleasure he leads !
With his mercy's full blaze, With the sight
of his face
Our beatified spirits he feeds.

8 Our foreheads proclaim His ineffable name,
Our bodies his glory display :
A day without night We feast in his sight,
And eternity seems as a day !

HYMN 500. C. M.

1 **A**LL praise to our redeeming Lord,
Who joins us by his grace,
And bids us each to each restor'd,
Together seek his face.

2 He bids us build each other up ;
And gather'd into one,
To our high calling's glorious hope,
We hand in hand go on.

3 The gift which he on one bestows,
We all delight to prove,
The grace through every vessel flows,
In purest streams of love.

4 Even now we think and speak the same,
And cordially agree,
Concentred all through Jesu's Name
In perfect harmony.

- 5 We all partake the joy of one,
The common peace we feel :
A peace to sensual minds unknown,
A joy unspeakable.
- 6 And if our fellowship below
In Jesus be so sweet,
What heights of rapture shall we know
When round his throne we meet !

SECTION III.

Praying.

HYMN 501. C. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, great Shepherd of the she
To thee for help we fly :
Thy little flock in safety keep ;
For, oh ! the wolf is nigh.
- 2 He comes, of hellish malice full,
To scatter, tear, and slay :
He seizes every straggling soul,
As his own lawful prey.
- 3 Us into thy protection take,
And gather with thy arm ;
Unless the fold we first forsake,
The wolf can never harm.
- 4 We laugh to scorn his cruel pow'r,
While by our Shepherd's side :
The sheep he never can devour,
Unless he first divide.

5 O do not suffer him to part,
The souls that here agree ;
But make us of one mind and heart,
And keep us one in thee !

6 Together let us sweetly live,
Together let us die :
And each a starry crown receive,
And reign above the sky.

HYMN 502. C. M.

1 COME, thou omniscient Son of Man,
Display thy sifting power :
Come with thy Spirit's winnowing fan,
And throughly purge thy floor.

2 The chaff of sin, the' accursed thing,
Far from our souls be driv'n !
The wheat into thy garner bring,
And lay us up for heav'n.

3 Look through us with thy eyes of flame,
The clouds and darkness chase ;
And tell me what by sin I am,
And what I am by grace.

4 Whate'er offends thy glorious eyes,
Far from our hearts remove :
As dust before the whirlwind flies,
Disperse it by thy love.

5 Then let us all thy fulness know,
From every sin set free ;
Sav'd to the utmost,—sav'd below,
And perfectly like thee.

O did it all depart,

**2 When to the right or left we stray,
Leave us not comfortless;
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace!**

**3 Help us to help each other, Let
Each other's cross to bear,
Let each his friendly aid afford
And feel his brother's care.**

**4 Help us to build each other up
Our little stock improve;
Increase our faith, confirm our love,
And perfect us in love.**

**5 Up unto thee our living Head,
Let us in all things grow,
Till thou hast made us free from sin
And spotless here below.**

**6 Then when the mighty work is done
Receive thy ready bride:
Give us in heaven a happy lot
With all the sanctified.**

HYMN 504. C.

**1 JESUS, united by thy grace
And each to each endeared
With confidence we seek thy face
And know our prayer is heard**

Still let us own our common Lord,
And bear thine easy yoke ;
A band of love, a threefold cord,
Which never can be broke.

Make us into one spirit drink ;
Baptize into thy name ;
And let us always kindly think,
And sweetly speak the same.

Touch'd by the loadstone of thy love,
Let all our hearts agree ;
And ever tow'rds each other move,
And ever move tow'rds thee.

To thee inseparably join'd,
Let all our spirits cleave ;
O may we all the loving mind
That was in thee receive !

This is the bond of perfectness,
The spotless charity ;
O let us (still we pray) possess
The mind that was in thee !

Grant this, and then from all below
Insensibly remove :
Our souls the change shall scarcely know,
Made perfect first in love !

With ease our souls thro' death shall glide
Into their paradise ;
And thence on wings of angels ride
Triumphant through the skies.

- 9 Yet when the fullest joy is giv'n,
The same delight we prove,
In earth, in paradise, in heav'n,
Our all in all is Love.

HYMN 505. L. M.

- 1 **U**NCHANGEABLE, almighty Lord,
Our souls upon thy truth we stay;
Accomplish now thy faithful word,
And give, O give us all one way!
- 2 O let us all join hand in hand,
Who seek redemption in thy blood;
Fast in one mind and spirit stand,
And build the temple of our God.
- 3 Thou only canst our wills controul,
Our wild unruly passions bind;
Tame the old Adam in our soul,
And make us of one heart and mind.
- 4 Speak but the reconciling word,
The winds shall cease, the waves subside:
We all shall praise our common Lord,
Our Jesus, and him crucified.
- 5 Giver of peace and unity, ☩
Send down thy mild, pacific Dove;
We all shall then in one agree,
And breathe the spirit of thy love.
- 6 We all shall think and speak the same,
Delightful lesson of thy grace:
One undivided Christ proclaim,
And jointly glory in thy praise.
- 7 O let us take a softer mould:
Blended and gather'd unto thee;
Under one Shepherd make one fold,
Where all is love and harmony.

ard things own eternal prayer,
nd send a peaceful answer down;
us thy Father's name declare;
nite and perfect us in one!

hall the world believe and know,
hat God hath sent thee from above,
en thou art seen in us below,
nd every soul displays thy love.

HYMN 506. 8 lines 7's & 6's.

FATHER of our dying Lord,
Remember us for good;
alfit his faithful word,
nd hear his speaking blood:
e us that for which he prays;
r, glorify thy Son!
w his truth, and power, and grace,
nd send the Promise down.

e and faithful Witness, thou,
Christ, the Spirit give:
it thou not receiv'd him now,
'hat we might now receive?
thou not our living Head?
ife to all thy limbs impart:
d thy love, thy Spirit shed
n every waiting heart.

y Ghost, the Comforter,
he gift of Jesus, come;
ws our heart to find thee near;
nd swells to make thee room;
sent with us thee we feel,
ome, O come, and in us be!
h us, in us, live and dwell,
o all eternity.

HYMN 507.

- 1 **S**AVIOUR of all, to thee we bow,
And own thee faithful to thy word;
We hear thy voice, and open now
Our hearts to entertain our Lord.
- 2 Come in, come in, thou heavenly Guest
Delight in what thyself hast giv'n;
On thy own gifts and graces feast,
And make the contrite heart thy hear
- 3 Smell the sweet odour of our prayers,
Our sacrifice of praise approve;
And treasure up our gracious tears,
Who rest in thy redeeming love.
- 4 Beneath thy shadow let us sit,
Call us thy friends, and love, and b
And bid us freely drink and eat
Thy dainties, and be satisfied.
- 5 O let us on thy fulness feed:
And eat thy flesh, and drink thy
Jesus, thy blood is drink indeed,
Jesus, thy flesh is angels' food.
- 6 The heavenly manna faith imparts
Faith makes thy fulness all our
We feed upon thee in our hearts,
And find that heaven and thou

HYMN 508.

4 lines 7

- 1 **G**OD of love, that hear'st the
Kindly for thy people care
Who on thee alone depend:
Love us, save us to the end.
- 2 Save us in the prosperous hour,
From the flattering tempter's pe
From his unsuspected wiles,
From the world's pernicious s

FOR THE SOCIETY PRAYING.

- 3 Cut off our dependance vain,
On the help of feeble man;
Every arm of flesh remove;
Stay us on thy only love!
- 4 Men of worldly, low design,
Let not these thy people join,
Poison our simplicity,
Drag us from our trust in thee.
- 5 Save us from the great and wise,
Till they sink in their own eyes,
Tame to thy yoke submit,
Lay their honour at thy feet.
- 6 Never let the world break in,
Fix a mighty gulf between;
Keep us little and unknown,
Priz'd and lov'd by God alone.
- 7 Let us still to thee look up,
Thee, thy Israel's Strength and F
Nothing know, or seek beside
Jesus, and him crucified.
- 8 Far above all earthly things,
Look we down on earthly kings!
Taste our glorious liberty;
Find our happy all in thee!

HYMN 509. 4 lines 7's.

- 1 **J**ESUS, Lord, we look to thee
Let us in thy name agree:
Shew thyself the Prince of Peace
Bid our jars for ever cease.
- 2 By thy reconciling love,
Every stumbling-block remove;
Each to each unite, endear,
Come, and spread thy banner here
- 3 **M**ake us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful and kind:

**Lowly, meek, in thought and
Altogether like our Lord.**

**4 Let us for each other care,
Each the other's burden bear,
To thy church the pattern give
Show how true believers live.**

**5 Free from anger and from pride
Let us thus in God abide:
All the depths of love express,
All the heights of holiness!**

**6 Let us then with joy remove
To the family above:
On the wings of angels fly;
Shew how true believers die.**

HYMN 510. 4 lines 6's

**1 THOU God of truth and love
We seek thy perfect way
Ready thy choice to' approve,
Thy providence to' obey;
Enter into thy wise design,
And sweetly lose our will in thine**

**2 Why hast thou cast our lot.
In the same age and place?
And why together brought
To see each other's face?
To join with softest sympathy,
And mix our friendly souls in thine**

**3 Didst thou not make us one,
That we might one remain,
Together travel on,
And bear each other's pain;
Till all thy utmost goodness prove
And rise renew'd in perfect love**

- 4 Surely thou didst unite
 Our kindred spirits here,
 That all hereafter might
 Before thy throne appear :
 Meet at the marriage of the Lamb,
 And all thy glorious love proclaim.
- 5 Then let us ever bear
 The blessed end in view,
 And join with mutual care,
 To fight our passage through ;
 And kindly help each other on,
 Till all receive the starry crown.
- 6 O may thy Spirit seal
 Our souls unto that day !
 With all thy fulness fill,
 And then transport away !
 Away to our eternal rest,
 Away to our Redeemer's breast !

HYMN 511. 6 lines 8's.

- 1 **F**ORGIVE us, for thy mercy's sake,
 Our multitude of sins forgive !
 And for thy own possession take,
 And bid us to thy glory live :
 Live in thy sight, and gladly prove
 Our faith, by our obedient love.
- 2 The cov'nant of forgiveness seal,
 And all thy mighty wonders show !
 Our inbred enemies expel,
 And conquering them to conquer go ;
 Till all of pride and wrath be slain,
 And not one evil thought remain !
- 3 O put it in our inward parts,
 The living law of perfect love !
 Write the new precept on our hearts,
 We shall not then from thee remove,

Who in thy glorious image sit
Thy people, and for ever thine

HYMN 512. 6 lines

- 1 **C**ENTRE of our hopes thou
End of our enlarg'd desire
Stamp thine image on our hearts
Fill us now with heavenly fire
Cemented by love divine,
Seal our souls for ever thine !
- 2 All our works in thee be wrought
Levell'd at one common aim
Every word, and every thought
Purge in the refining flame :
Lead us through the paths of piety
On to perfect holiness.
- 3 Let us altogether rise,
To thy glorious life restor'd ;
Here regain our paradise,
Here prepare to meet our Lord
Here enjoy the earnest giv'n :
Travel hand in hand to heav'n !

HYMN 513. 6 lines

- 1 **J**ESUS, with kindest pity see
The souls that would be free
If now accepted in thy sight,
Thou dost our upright hearts delight
Allow us ev'n on earth to prove
The noblest joys of heavenly love
- 2 Before thy glorious eyes we stand
The wish which doth from thee demand
Our love from earthly dross refine
Holy, angelical, divine,
Thee, its great Author, let it praise
And back to the pure fountain

†

- 3 A drop of that unbounded sea,
O Lord, resorb it into thee!
While all our souls, with restless strife,
Spring up into eternal life:
And lost in endless raptures prove
Thy whole immensity of love.
- 4 A spark of that ethereal fire,
Still let it to its source aspire:
To thee in every wish return,
Intensely for thy glory burn:
While all our souls fly up to thee,
And blaze through all eternity.

HYMN 514. 4 lines 7's.

- 1 **F**ATHER, at thy footstool see
Those who now are one in thee:
Draw us by thy grace alone:
Give, O give us to thy Son.
- 2 Jesus, friend of human kind,
Let us in thy name be join'd;
Each to each unite and bless,
Keep us still in perfect peace.
- 3 Heavenly, all-alluring Dove,
Shed thy overshadowing love:
Love, the sealing grace impart,
Dwell within our single heart.
- 4 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be to us what Adam lost:
Let us in thine image rise;
Give us back our paradise.

HYMN 515. 8 lines 7's.

The Communion of Saints.

- 1 **F**ATHER, Son, and Spirit hear
Faith's effectual fervent prayer;
Hear, and our petitions seal,
Let us now the answer feel.

FOR THE SOCIETY PRAYING.

Still our fellowship increase ;
Knit us in the bond of peace ;
Join our new-born spirits, join-
Each to each, and all to thee.

Build us in one body up,
Call'd in one high-calling's hope :
One the Spirit whom we claim,
One the pure baptismal flame :
One the faith, and common Lord,
One the Father lives ador'd,
Over, through, and in us all,
God incomprehensible.

3 One with God, the source of bliss,
Ground of our communion this :
Life of all that live below,
Let thine emanations flow ;
Rise eternal in our heart ;
Thou our long-sought Eden art :
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be to us what Adam lost.

HYMN 516. 8 lines 7's.

1 **O** THER ground can no lay,
Jesus takes our sins away :
Jesus the foundation is,
This shall stand, and only this :
Fitly fram'd in him we are,
All the building rises fair :
Let it to a temple rise,
Worthy him who fills the skies.
2 Husband of thy church below,
Christ, if thee our Lord we know,
Unto thee betroth'd in love,
Always let us faithful prove :
Never rob thee of our heart,
Never give the creature part.

Only thou possess the whole ;
Take our body, spirit, soul.

- 3 Steadfast let us cleave to thee ;
Love, the mystic union be ;
Union to the world unknown,
Join'd to God in spirit one ;
Wait we till the Spouse shall come,
Till the Lamb shall take us home :
For his heav'n the Bride prepare,
Solemnize our nuptials there.

HYMN 517. 4 lines 7's.

- 1 **C**HRIST, our Head, gone up on high
Be thou in thy Spirit nigh,
Advocate with God, give ear
To thine own effectual pray'r !
- 2 One the Father is with thee :
Knit us in like unity :
Make us, O uniting Son,
One,—as Thou and He are one.
- 3 Still, O Lord, (for thine we are,)
Still to us his name declare :
Thy revealing Spirit give,
Whom the world cannot receive.
Fill us with the Father's love ;
Never from our souls remove :
Dwell in us, and we shall be
Thine to all eternity.

HYMN 518. 4 lines 7's.

- 1 **C**HRIST, from whom all blessings flow
Perfecting the saints below,
Hear us, who thy nature share,
Who thy mystic body are.
- 2 Join us, in one spirit join,
Let us still receive of thine :

Still for more on thee we call,
Thou who fillest all in all !

3 Closer knit to thee, our Head ;
Nourish us, O Christ, and feed ;
Let us daily growth receive,
More and more in Jesus live.

4 Jesus, we thy members are :
Cherish us with kindest care :
Of thy flesh, and of thy bone ;
Love, for ever love thine own !

5 Move, and actuate, and guide :
Divers gifts to each divide :
Plac'd according to thy will,
Let us all our work fulfil.

6 Never from our office move :
Needful to each other prove !
Use the grace on each bestow'd,
Temper'd by the art of God.

7 Sweetly may we all agree,
Touch'd with softest sympathy ;
Kindly for each other care ;
Every member feel its share.

8 Wounded by the grief one,
Now let all the members groan :
Honour'd if one member is,
All partake the common bliss.

9 Many are we now and one,
We who Jesus have put on :
There is neither bond nor free,
Male nor female, Lord, in thee !

10 Love, like death, hath all destroy'd,
Render'd all distinctions void !
Names, and sects, and parties fall :
Thou, O Christ, art all in all !

THE LOVE FEAST.

THE LOVE FEAST.

THE LOVE FEAST.

- 1 **C**OME, and let us sweetly join,
Christ to praise in hymns divine !
Give we all with one accord,
Glory to our common Lord ;
Hands, and hearts, and voices raise ;
Sing as in the ancient days ;
Antedate the joys above,
Celebrate the feast of love.
- 2 **Strive** we, in affection strive ;
Let the purer flame revive ;
Such as in the martyrs glow'd,
Dying champions for their God :
We like them may live and love ;
Call'd we are their joys to prove ;
Sav'd with them from future wrath ;
Partners of like precious faith.
- 3 **Sing** we then in Jesu's name,
Now as yesterday the same ;
One in every time and place,
Full for all of truth and grace :
We for Christ, our Master, stand,
Lights in a benighted land :
We our dying Lord confess,
We are Jesu's witnesses.
- 4 **Witnesses** that Christ hath died :
We with him are crucified :
Christ hath burst the bands of death :
We his quick'ning Spirit breathe :
Christ is now gone up on high ;
Thither all our wishes fly :
Sits at God's right hand above ;
There with him we reign in love !

SECOND PART.

COME, thou high and lofty Lord!
Lowly, meek, incarnate Word;
Humbly stoop to earth again;
Come, and visit abject man!
Jesus, dear expected guest,
Thou art bidden to the feast:
For thyself our hearts prepare:
Come, and sit, and banquet there!

2 Jesus, we thy promise claim:
We are met in thy great name:
In the midst do thou appear,
Manifest thy presence here!
Sanctify us, Lord, and bless;
Breathe thy Spirit, give thy peace;
Thou thyself within us move:
Make our Feast a Feast of Love.

3 Let the fruits of grace abound;
Let us in thy bowels sound;
Faith, and love, and joy increase,
Temperance and gentleness;
Plant in us thy humble mind,
Patient, pitiful, and kind:
Meek and lowly let us be,
Full of goodness, full of thee.

4 Make us all in thee complete;
Make us all for glory meet:
Meet to' appear before thy sight,
Partners with the saints in light.
Call, O call us each by name,
To the marriage of the Lamb:
Let us lean upon thy breast,
Love be there our endless feast!

HYMN 521. 8 lines 7½.

THIRD PART.

[ET us join, ('tis God commands,)
 ▲ Let us join our hearts and hands :
 elp to gain our calling's hope :
 uild we each the other up :
 od his blessings shall dispense ;
 od shall crown his ordinance ;
 eet in his appointed ways ;
 ourish us with social grace.
 et us then as brethren love,
 aithfully his gifts improve :
 arry on the earnest strife,
 alk in holiness of life ;
 ill forget the things behind,
 ollow Christ in heart and mind :
 ow'rd the mark unwearied press,
 ize the crown of righteousness :
 ead we thus for faith alone,
 ith which by our works is shown :
 od it is who justifies :
 ily faith the grace applies :
 ctive faith that lives within,
 onquers earth, and hell, and sin ;
 nctifies, and makes us whole,
 rms the Saviour in the soul.
 et us for this faith contend ;
 re salvation is its end :
 ear'n already is begun,
 verlasting life is won.
 ily let us persevere,
 ll we see our Lord appear ;
 ever from the Rock remove,
 v'd by faith, which works by love.

FOR THE SOCIETY AT THE LOVE-FEAST.

HYMN 522.

8 lines 7's.

FOURTH PART.

PARTNERS of a glorious hope,
Lift your hearts and voices up:
Jointly let us rise and sing,
Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King:
Monuments of Jesu's grace,
Speak we by our lives his praise:
Walk in him we have receiv'd;
Shew we not in vain believ'd.

2 While we walk with God in light,
God our hearts doth still unite;
Dearest fellowship we prove,
Fellowship in Jesu's love:
Sweetly each with each combin'd,
In the bonds of duty join'd,
Feels the cleansing blood applied,
Daily feels that Christ hath died.

3 Still, O Lord, our faith increase;
Cleanse from all unrighteousness:
'Thee the' unholy cannot see:
Make, O make us meet for thee;
Every vile affection kill;
Root out every seed of ill;
Utterly abolish sin;
Write thy law of love within.

4 Hence may all our actions flow,
Love the proof that Christ we know:
Mutual love the token be,
Lord, that we belong to thee:
Love, thine image, love impart!
Stamp it on our face and heart!
Only love to us be giv'n!
Lord, we ask no other heav'n!

HYMN 523. L. M.

O THOU, our Husband, Brother, Friend,
Behold a cloud of incense rise !
The prayers of saints to heaven ascend,
Grateful, accepted Sacrifice !
Regard our prayers for Sion's peace :
Shed in our hearts thy love abroad :
Thy gifts abundantly increase :
Enlarge, and fill us all with God.
Before thy sheep, great Shepherd, go,
And guide into thy perfect will ;
Cause us thy hallow'd name to know,
The work of faith in us fulfil.
Help us to make our calling sure ;
O let us all be saints indeed !
And pure as thou thyself art pure ;
Conform'd in all things to our Head.
Take the dear purchase of thy blood ;
Thy blood shall wash us white as snow ;
Present us sanctified to God,
And perfected in love below.
That blood which cleanses from all sin,
That efficacious blood apply ;
And wash, and make us wholly clean,
And change, and thoroughly sanctify.
From all iniquity redeem,
Cleanse by the water and the word :
And free from every spot of blame,
And make the servant as his Lord !

HYMN 524. 6 lines 8's.

O UR friendship sanctify and guide,
Unmixt with selfishness and pride.
Thy glory be our single aim !

In all our intercourse below,
 Still let us in thy footsteps go,
 And never meet but in thy name.
 Fix on thyself our single eye ;
 Still let us on thyself rely,

For all the help that each conveys :
 The help as from thy hand receive,
 And still to thee all glory give,
 All thanks, all might, all love, all praise

- 2 Whate'er thou dost on one bestow,
 Let each the double blessing know,
 Let each the common burden bear ;
 In comforts and in griefs agree,
 And wrestle for his friends with thee,
 In all the omnipotence of prayer.

Our mutual prayer accept and seal ;
 In all thy glorious self reveal ;

All with the fire of love baptize :
 Thy kingdom in our souls restore ;
 And keep till we can sin no more,
 Till all in thy whole image rise.

- 3 Witnesses of the all-cleansing blood,
 Long may we work the works of God,
 And do thy will like those above :
 Together spread the gospel-sound,
 And scatter peace on all around,
 And joy, and happiness, and love.
 True yoke-fellows, by love compelled,
 To labour in the gospel-field,
 Our all let us delight to spend,
 In gathering in thy lambs and sheep,
 Assur'd that thou our souls wilt keep,
 Wilt keep us faithful to the end.

HYMN 525. 6 lines 8's.

JESU, thou great redeeming Lord,
 The kingdom of thy peace restore'd,

- Let all thy followers receive,
And happy in thy Spirit live :
Retain the grace through thee bestow'd,
The favour and the peace of God.
- 2 Give all thy saints to find in thee
The fulness of the Deity :
His nature, life, and mind to prove,
In perfect holiness and love :
Fountain of Grace, thyself make known
With God and man for ever one.
- 3 Still with and in thy people dwell :
Thy gracious plenitude reveal :
Till coming with thy heavenly train,
We eye to eye behold the man :
And share thy majesty divine,
And mount our thrones encircling thine

HYMN 526. 4 lines 8's & 2-6's.

- 1 **E**XCEPT the Lord conduct the plan,
The best concerted schemes are vain,
And never can succeed :
We spend our wretched strength for nought,
But if our works in thee be wrought,
They shall be blest indeed.
- 2 Lord, if thou didst thyself inspire
Our souls with this intense desire,
Thy goodness to proclaim ;
Thy glory if we now intend,
O let our deed begin and end
Complete in Jesu's name !
- 3 In Jesu's name behold we meet,
Far from an evil world retreat,
And all its frantic ways ;
One only thing resolv'd to know,
And square our useful lives below,
By reason and by grace.

FOR THE SOCIETY AT THE LOVE-FEAST.

in the tombs we pine to dwell,
in the dark monastic cell,
By vows and grates confin'd ;
freely to all ourselves we give,
constrain'd by Jesu's love to live
The servants of mankind.

Now, Jesus, now thy love impart,
To govern each devoted heart,
And fit us for thy will :
Deep founded in the truth of grace,
Build up thy rising Church, and place
The city on the hill.

O let our faith and love abound,
O let our lives to all around
With purest lustre shine :
That all around our works may see,
And give the glory, Lord, to thee,
The heavenly light divine.

HYMN 527. . . . 4 lines 8's & 2-6's.

1 **C**OME, wisdom, power, and grace divine,
Come, Jesus, in thy name to join
A happy chosen band ;
Who fain would prove thine utmost will,
And all thy righteous laws fulfil,
In love's benign command.

2 If pure essential love thou art,
Thy nature into every heart,
Thy loving self inspire :
Bid all our simple souls be one,
United in a bond unknown,
Baptiz'd with heavenly fire.

3 Still may we to our centre tend,
To spread thy praise our common end
To help each other on :

Companions through the wilderness ;
To share a moment's pain, and seize
An everlasting crown.

Jesus, our tender'd souls prepare !
Infuse the softest, social care,
The warmest charity ;
The bowels of our bleeding Lamb,
The virtues of thy wond'rous name,
The heart that was in thee.

Supply what every member wants ;
To sound the fellowship of saints,
Thy Spirit, Lord, supply ;
So shall we all thy love receive,
Together to thy glory live,
And to thy glory die.

HYMN 528. . . 4 lines 8's & 2-6's.

- O** SAVIOUR, cast a gracious smile !
Our gloomy guilt, and selfish guile,
And shy distrust remove :
The true simplicity impart,
To fashion every passive heart,
And mould it into love.
- 2 Our naked hearts to thee we raise ;
Whate'er obstructs the work of grace,
For ever drive it hence :
Exert thy all-subduing power,
And each regenerate soul restore
To child-like innocence.
- 3 Soon as in thee we gain a part,
Our spirit purg'd from nature's art
Appears, by grace forgiv'n ;

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8 lines 1's.

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thy servants here,
thy place above,
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of faith and charity:
of love on man besto
intercourse with Go

- 3 Early in the temple meet,
 Let us still our Saviour greet;
 Nightly to the mount repair;
 Join our praying Pattern there.
 There by wrestling faith obtain
 Power to work for God again;
 Power his image to retrieve,
 Power, like thee, our Lord, to live.
- 4 Vessels, instruments of grace,
 Pass we thus our happy days,
 'Twixt the mount and multitude,
 Doing or receiving good:
 Glad to pray and labour on,
 Till our earthly course is run:
 Till we on the sacred tree,
 Bow the head and die like thee.

HYMN 530. 8 lines 8's & 7's

- 1 **C**OME, thou all-inspiring Spirit,
 Into every longing heart!
 Bought for us by Jesu's merit,
 Now thy blissful self impart:
 Sign our uncontested pardon,
 Wash us in the atoning blood!
 Make our hearts a water'd garden,
 Fill our spotless souls with God.
- 2 If thou gav'st th' enlarg'd desire,
 Which for thee we ever feel,
 Now our panting souls inspire,
 Now our cancell'd sin reveal:
 Claim us for thy habitation;
 Dwell within our hallow'd breast:
 Seal us heirs of full salvation,
 Fitted for our heavenly rest.

- 3 Give us quietly to tarry,
 Till for all thy glory meet ;
 Waiting, like attentive Mary,
 Happy at the Saviour's feet ;
 Keep us from the world unspotted,
 From all earthly passions free ;
 Wholly to thyself devoted ;
 Fixt to live and die for thee.
- 4 Wrestling on in mighty prayer,
 Lord, we will not let thee go,
 Till thou all thy mind declare,
 All thy grace on us bestow ;
 Peace, the seal of sin forgiven,
 Joy and perfect love impart,
 Present, everlasting heaven :
 All thou hast, and all thou art !

HYMN 531. 8 lines 7's & 6's.

- 1 CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
 That famous Plant thou art ;
 Tree of Life eternal rise,
 In every longing heart !
 Bid us find the food in thee,
 For which our deathless spirits pine,
 Fed with immortality,
 And fill'd with love divine.
- 2 Long we have our burden borne,
 Our own unfaithfulness,
 Object of the heathen's scorn,
 Who mock'd our scanty grace :
 Jesus, our reproach remove ;
 Let sin no more thy people shame !
 Shew us rooted in thy love,
 In life and death the same.

- 3 In thy spotless people show
 Thy power and constancy :
 Give us thus to feel and know
 Our fellowship with thee :
 Give us all thy mind to express,
 And blameless in our Lord to' abide,
 Transcripts of thy holiness,
 Thy fair unspotted bride.

HYMN 532. C. M.

- 1 **C**OME, let us use the grace divine,
 And all with one accord,
 In a perpetual *Covenant* join
 Ourselves to **CHRIST** the **LORD**.
- 2 Give up ourselves, through Jesu's pow'r,
 His name to glorify :
 And promise in this sacred hour,
 For God to *live* and *die*.
- 3 The *Covenant* we this moment make,
 Be ever kept in mind :
 We will no more our God forsake,
 Or cast his words behind.
- 4 We never will throw off his fear,
 Who hears our solemn vow :
 And if thou art well-pleas'd to hear,
 Come down, and meet us now !
- 5 Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Let all our hearts receive ;
 Present with the celestial host,
 The peaceful answer give !
- 6 To each the *Covenant* blood apply,
 Which takes our sins away ;
 And register our names on high,
 And keep us to that day .

SECTION IV.

*At Parting.*HYMN 533. *4 lines 6's & 2-8's.*

- L**ORD, we thy will obey,
 And in thy pleasure rest;
 We, only we, can say,
 "Whatever is, is best:"
 Joyful to meet, willing to part,
 Convinc'd we still are one in heart.
- 2 Hereby we sweetly know,
 Our love proceeds from thee,
 We let each other go,
 From every creature free;
 And cry, in answer to thy call,
 "Thou art, O Christ, our all in all!"
- 3 Our Husband, Brother, Friend,
 Our Counsellor divine!
 Thy chosen ones depend
 On no support but thine;
 Our everlasting Comforter;
 We cannot want, if thou art here.
- 4 Still let us, gracious Lord,
 Sit loose to all below:
 And to thy love restor'd,
 No other portion know!
 Stand fast in glorious liberty,
 And live and die wrapt up in thee!

HYMN 534.

C. M.

- 1 **B**LEST be the dear uniting love,
 That will not let us part:
 Our bodies may far off remove,
 We still are one in heart!

FOR THE SOCIETY AT EASTING:

Join'd in one spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints us to tread,
And still in Jesu's footsteps tread,
And show his praise below.

O may we ever walk in him!
And nothing know beside;
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified.

Closer and closer let us cleave
To his belov'd embrace;
Expect his fulness to receive,
And grace to answer grace.

Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart;
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death can part.

But let us hasten to the day,
Which shall our flesh restore,
When death shall all be done away,
And bodies part no more!

HYMN 536. D. S. M.

AND let our bodies part,
To different climes repair,
Inseparably join'd in heart
The friends of Jesus are:
Jesus, the Corner-stone,
Did first our hearts unite,
And still he keeps our spirits one,
Who walk with him in white.

O let us still proceed
In Jesu's work below:
And following our triumphant Head,
To farther conquests go.

The Vineyard of their Lord
 Before his labourers lies ;
 And, lo ! we see the vast reward
 Which waits us in the skies.

- 3 O let our heart and mind
 Continually ascend,
 That haven of repose to find,
 Where all our labours end :
 Where all our toils are o'er,
 Our suffering and our pain ;
 Who meet on that eternal shore,
 Shall never part again.
- 4 O happy, happy place,
 Where saints and angels meet !
 There we shall see each other's face,
 And all our brethren greet.
 The Church of the first-born,
 We shall with them be blest,
 And, crown'd with endless joy, return
 To our eternal rest.
- 5 With joy we shall behold,
 In yonder blest abode,
 The patriarchs and prophets old,
 And all the saints of God.
 Abraham and Isaac there,
 And Jacob shall receive
 The followers of their faith and pray'r,
 Who now in bodies live.
- 6 We shall our time beneath
 Live out in cheerful hope,
 And fearless pass the vale of death,
 And gain the mountain top.
 To gather home his own
 God shall his angels send,

FOR THE SOCIETY AT PARTING:

and bid our time on earth begin;
In death's triumph end!

HYMN 536. 4 lines G's & 2-8's.

JESUS, accept the praise
That to thy Name belongs;
Matter of all our lays,
Subject of all our songs:
Through thee we now together came,
And part exulting in thy Name.

In flesh we part awhile,
But still in spirit join'd,
To' embrace the happy toil,
Thou hast to each assign'd ;
And while we do thy blessed will,
We bear our heaven about us still.

O let us thus go on
In all thy pleasant ways,
And, arm'd with patience, run
With joy the appointed race :
Keep us and every seeking soul,
Till all attain the heavenly goal.

There we shall meet again,
When all our toils are o'er,
And death, and grief, and pain,
And parting are no more :
We shall with all our brethren rise,
And grasp thee in the flaming skies.

O happy, happy day,
That calls thy exiles home !
The heavens shall pass away,
The earth receive its doom ;
Earth we shall view, and heaven destr
And shout above the fiery void.

These
Whose nod restores -

According to his word,
His oath to sinners giv'n ;
We look to see restor'd
The ruin'd earth and heav'n ;
In a new world his truth to prove,
A world of righteousness and love.
Then let us wait the sound,
That shall our souls release,
And labour to be found
Of him in spotless peace :
In perfect holiness renew'd,
Adorn'd with Christ, and meet for God !

HYMN 537. C. M.

- 1 **G**OD of all consolation, take
The glory of thy grace ;
Thy gifts to thee we render back
In ceaseless songs of praise.
- 2 Through thee we now together came,
In singleness of heart ;
We met, O Jesus, in thy name,
And in thy name we part.
- 3 We part in body, not in mind,
Our minds continue one ;
And each to each in Jesus join'd,
We hand in hand go on.
- 4 Subsists as in us all one soul,
No power can make us twain :

And mountains rise, and oceans roll,
To sever us in vain.
Present we still in spirit are,
And intimately nigh,
While on the wings of faith and pray'r,
We each to other fly.
Jesus Christ together we
In heavenly places sit ;
Both'd with the sun, we smile to see,
The moon beneath our feet.
Our life is hid with Christ in God :
Our life shall soon appear,
And shed his glory all abroad,
In all his members here.

He heavenly treasure now we have
In a vile house of clay,
But he shall to the utmost save,
And keep us to that day.

Our souls are in his mighty hand,
And he shall keep them still ;
And you and I shall surely stand
With him on Zion's hill !

Him eye to eye we there shall see ;
Our face like his shall shine :

O what a glorious company
When saints and angels join !

O what a joyful meeting there :
In robes of white array'd,
Palms in our hands we all shall bear,
And crowns upon our head.

Then let us lawfully contend,
And fight our passage through :
Near in our faithful minds the end,
And keep the prize in view.

- 13 Then let us hasten to the day,
 When all shall be brought home.
 Come, O Redeemer, come away,
 O Jesus, quickly come.

HYMN 538. *8 lines 7's.*

- 1 **J**ESUS, soft harmonious Name,
 Every faithful heart's desire :
 See thy followers, O Lamb !
 All at once to thee aspire :
 Drawn by thy uniting grace,
 After thee we swiftly run ;
 Hand in hand we seek thy face :
 Come, and perfect us in one.

- 2 Mollify our harsher will ;
 Each to each our tempers suit,
 By thy modulating skill,
 Heart to heart, as lute to lute :
 Sweetly on our spirits move ;
 Gently touch the trembling string
 Make the harmony of love,
 Music for the King of kings !

- 3 See the souls that hang on thee ;
 Sever'd though in flesh we are,
 Join'd in spirit all agree ;
 All thy only love declare.
 Spread thy love to all around ;
 Hark ! we now our voices raise !
 Joyful consentaneous sound,
 Sweetest symphony of praise.

- 4 Jesu's praise be all our song ;
 While we Jesu's praise repeat,
 Glide our happy hours along,
 Glide with down upon their feet.

Far from sorrow, sin, and fear,
Till we take our souls above,
Live we all as angels here,
Only sing, and praise, and love.

HYMN 539. D. C. M.

LIFT up your hearts to things above,
Ye followers of the Lamb,
And join with us to praise his love,
And glorify his name :
To Jesu's name give thanks and sing,
Whose mercies never end :
Rejoice ! rejoice ! the Lord is King !
The King is now our Friend !

2 We, for his sake, count all things loss,
On earthly good look down :
And joyfully sustain the cross,
Till we receive the crown :
O let us stir each other up,
Our faith by works to' improve,
By holy, purifying hope,
And the sweet task of love.

3 Love us, though far in flesh disjoin'd,
Ye followers of the Lamb ;
And ever bear us on your mind,
Who think and speak the same :
You on our minds we ever bear,
Whoe'er to Jesus bow ;
Stretch out the arms of faith and pray'r,
And lo ! we reach you now.

4 The blessings all on you be shed,
Which God in Christ imparts ;
We pray the Spirit of our Head,
Into your faithful hearts.

Of life, and

- 5 Let all who for the Promise
The Holy Ghost receive ;
And rais'd to our unsinning state,
With God in Eden live !
Live, till the Lord in glory come,
And wait his heav'n to share :
He now is fitting up your home ;
Go on—we'll meet you there.

535
SUPPLEMENTARY HYMNS.

HYMN 540. L. M.

On Divine Worship.

- B**EFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sov'reign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And, when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 4 Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

HYMN 541. 4 lines 6's & 2-8's.

- 1 **L**ORD of the worlds above!
How pleasant and how fair,
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy earthly temples are!
To thine abode My heart aspires,
With warm desires To see my God.

ON DIVINE WORSHIP.

- O happy souls that pray,
Where God delights to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still, And happy they
Who love the way To Sion's hill.
They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each o'ercomes at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat! Thou God our King,
Shalt thither bring Our willing feet.
God is our sun and shield:
Our light and our defence;
With gifts his hands are fill'd,
We draw our blessings thence:
He shall bestow Upon our race
His saving grace And glory too.
O The Lord his people loves:
His hand no good withholds
From those his heart approves;
From holy, humble souls:
Thrice happy he, O Lord of Hosts,
Whose spirit trusts Alone in thee.

HYMN 542.

4 lines 7's.

- 1 **L**ORD and God of heavenly powers
Thine, — yet, O benignly ours;
Glorious King, let earth proclaim,
Worshippers attempt to chant thy name.
2 Thee to laud in songs divine,
Angels and archangels join;
We with them our voices raise,
Echoing thy eternal praise.

- 3 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Live, by heaven and earth ador'd !
Full of thee they ever cry,
" Glory be to God Most High !"

HYMN 543. C. M.

- 1 **B**EING of Beings, God of Love !
To thee our hearts we raise ;
Thy all-sustaining power we prove,
And glorify and thy praise.
- 2 Thine, only thine, we pant to be,
Our sacrifice receive ;
Made, and preserv'd, and sav'd by thee,
To thee ourselves we give.
- 3 Heav'nward our every wish aspires,
For all thy mercies store ;
The sole return thy love requires,
Is, that we ask for more.
- 4 For more we ask, we open then
Our hearts to' embrace thy will :
Turn, and beget us, Lord, again ;
With all thy fulness fill.
- 5 Come, Holy Ghost, the Saviour's love
Shed in our hearts abroad !
So shall we ever live and move,
And be with Christ in God.

HYMN 544. C. M.

On the Sabbath.

- 1 **T**HE Lord of Sabbath let us praise,
In concert with the blest ;
Who, joyful in harmonious lays,
Employ an endless rest.

ON THE DEATH OF CHRIST.

Lord, while we remember Thee,
e blest and pious grow ;
ymns of praise we learn to be
triumphant here below.

this glad day a brighter scene
Of glory was display'd,
God, the' eternal Word, than when
This universe was made :
e rises, who mankind has bought
With grief and pain extreme :
'Twas great to speak a world from nought :
'Twas greater to redeem.

HYMN 545. 6 lines 8's.

On the Death of Christ.

O THOU eternal Victim slain,
A sacrifice for guilty man,
By the eternal Spirit made
An offering in the sinner's stead ;
Our everlasting Priest art thou,
And plead'st thy death for sinners now.

2 Thy offering still continues new,
Thy vesture keeps its bloody hue ;
Thou stan'dst the ever-slaughter'd Lamb,
Thy priesthood still remains the same ;
Thy years, O God, can never fail,
Thy goodness is unchangeable.

3 O that our faith may never move,
But stand unshaken as thy love :
Sure evidence of things unseen,
Now let it pass the years between,
And view thee bleeding on the tree,
My God, who dies for me, for me.

HYMN 546. S. M.

On the Lord's Supper.

COME all who truly bear
The Name of Christ your Lord,
His last mysterious supper share,
And keep his kindest word :
Hereby your faith approve
In Jesus crucified :

**"In memory of my dying love,
"Do this,"—he said—and died.**

**The badge and token this,
The sure confirming seal,
That he is ours, and we are his,
The servants of his will ;
His dear peculiar ones,
The purchase of his blood ;
His blood which once for all atones,
And brings us now to God.**

**Then let us still profess
Our Master's honour'd name ;
Stand forth his faithful witnesses,
True followers of the Lamb :
In proof that such we are,
His saying we receive,
And thus to all mankind declare
We do in Christ believe.**

**Part of his church below,
We thus our right maintain,
Our living membership we show,
And in the fold remain ;
The sheep of Israel's fold,
In England's pastures fed ;
And fellowship with all we hold,
Who hold it with our Head.**

HYMN 547. 8 lines 8's & 7's.

- 1 **C**OME, thou everlasting Spirit,
 Bring to every thankful mind,
 All the Saviour's dying merit,
 All his sufferings for mankind :
 True recorder of his passion,
 Now the living faith impart ;
 Now reveal his great salvation,
 Preach his Gospel to our heart.
- 2 Come, thou witness of his dying ;
 Come, Remembrancer divine !
 Let us feel thy power applying
 Christ to every soul and mine ;
 Let us groan thine inward groaning ;
 Look on him we pierc'd, and grieve ;
 All receive the grace atoning ;
 All the sprinkled blood receive.

HYMN 548. 8 lines 7's & 6's.

- 1 **L**AMB of God, whose bleeding Love
 We now recall to mind,
 Send the answer from above,
 And let us mercy find :
 Think on us, who think on thee,
 And every struggling soul release !
 O remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace.
- 2 By thine agonizing pain,
 And bloody sweat we pray,
 By thy dying love to man,
 Take all our sins away ;
 Burst our bonds and set us free,
 From all iniquity release ;
 O remember Calvary, &c.

ON THE LORD'S SUPPER

- 3 Let thy blood, by faith applied
The sinner's pardon seal;
Speak us freely justified,
And all our sickness heal;
By thy passion on the tree,
Let all our griefs and trouble:
O remember Calvary, &c.
- 4 Never will we hence depart,
Till thou our wants relieve,
Write forgiveness on our heart,
And all thine image give!
Still our souls shall cry to thee,
Till perfected in holiness,
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

HYMN 549. C. M.

- 1 **J**ESU, at whose supreme command
We now approach to God,
Before us in thy vesture stand,
Thy vesture dipt in blood.
Obedient to thy gracious word,
We break the hallow'd bread,
Commem'rate thee, our dying Lord
And trust on thee to feed.
Now, Saviour, now thyself reveal,
And make thy nature known,
Affix thy blessed Spirit's seal,
And stamp us for thine own.
The tokens of thy dying love,
O let us all receive,
And feel the quick'ning Spirit move,
And sensibly believe.
The cup of blessing, bless'd by thee,
Let it thy blood impart:
The bread thy mystic body be,
And cheer each languid heart.

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ood is still our ransom found,
eaks salvation all around.

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3. The smoke of thy atonement here,
Darken'd the sun, and rent the veil ;
Made the new way to heaven appear,
And shew'd the great Invisible :
Well pleas'd art thou, our God, look'd down,
And calls his people to a throne.
- 4 He still respects thy sacrifice,
Its savour sweet doth always please ;
The offering smokes through earth and skies,
Diffusing life, and joy, and peace ;
To these, thy lower courts intend,
And fills them with divine perfume.
- 5 We need not now go up to heaven,
To bring the long-sought Saviour down ;
Thou art to all already given,
Thou dost even now thy banquet crown :
To every faithful soul appear,
And shew thy real presence here.

HYMN 552. 8 lines 7's, 6's, & 1-8.

- 1 **J**ESUS drinks the bitter cup,
The wine-press treads alone ;
Tears the graves and mountains up,
By his expiring groan ;
Lo ! the powers of heaven he shakes
Nature in convulsions lies ;
Earth's profoundest centre quakes ;
The great Jehovah dies !
- 2 Dies the glorious Cause of all,
The true eternal Pan ;
Falls, to raise us from our fall,
To ransom sinful man !
Well may Sol withdraw his light,
With the Sufferer sympathize ;
Leave the world in sudden night,
While his Creator dies !

Jesu's agon
The hour of death
Mourn the' astonish'd host
Silence saddens all the skies ;
Kindler of seraphic love,
The God of angels dies !

4 O my God, he dies for me,
I feel the mortal smart !
See him hanging on the tree,—
A sight that breaks my heart !
O that all to thee might turn !
Sinners, ye may love him too ;
Look on him ye pierc'd, and mourn
For one who bled for you.

5 Weep o'er your desire and hope,
With tears of humblest love :
Sing, for Jesus is gone up,
And reigns enthron'd above :
Gives our Head, to die no more
Is all to Jesus giv'n
He was before
of H

HYMN 553. 8 lines 8's.

On the Resurrection of Christ.

- 1 **H**E dies! the Friend of sinners dies!
 Lo! Salem's daughters weep around!
 A solemn darkness veils the skies,
 A sudden trembling shakes the ground:
 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
 On the dear bosom of your God:
 He shed a thousand drops for you;
 A thousand drops of richer blood.
- 2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
 The Lord of glory dies for man!
 But, lo! what sudden joys I see!
 Jesus, the dead, revives again.
- The rising God forsakes the tomb;
 The tomb in vain forbids his rise!
 Cherubic legions guard him home,
 And shout him, "Welcome to the skies!"
- 3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
 How high your great Deliverer reigns:
 Sing,—how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
 And led the monster death in chains.
 Say,—“Live for ever, wond'rous King!”
 “Born to redeem, and strong to save!”
 Then ask the monster, “Where's thy sting?”
 And “Where's thy victory, boasting grave?”

HYMN 554. L. M.

On the Ascension of Christ.

- 1 **O**UR Lord is risen from the dead;
 Our Jesus is gone up on high!
 The powers of hell are captive led;
 Dragg'd to the portals of the sky;
 There his triumphant chariot waits,
 And angels chant the solemn lay:
 Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
 Ye everlasting doors give way.

He claims
Receive the King of Glory,
Who is the King of
The Lord that all our foes o'er-
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.
His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
Ye everlasting doors give way.
Who is the King of Glory? Who?
The Lord of glorious power possess;
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all for ever blest.

HYMN 555.

4 lines 7's.
On the Second Coming of Christ

COME, Desire of Nations, come
Hasten, Lord, the general day;
Hear the Spirit and the Bride;
Come, and take us to thy side.
Thou, who hast our place prepared,
Meet for our reward;
Thou, who hast our place prepared,
Meet for our reward.

Speak the sacred number seal'd :
 Speak the mytery reveal'd.
 6 Take to thee thy royal power ;
 Reign, when sin shall be no more ;
 Reign, when death no more shall be ;
 Reign to all eternity.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HYMN 556.

8 lines 7's & 6's.

- 1 **T**WO the hills I lift mine eyes,
 The everlasting hills ;
 Streaming thence in fresh supplies,
 My soul the Spirit feels :
 Will he not his help afford ?
 Help, while yet I ask, is given :
 God comes down : the God and Lord
 That made both earth and heaven.
- 2 Faithful soul, pray always ; pray,
 And still in God confide :
 He thy feeble steps shall stay,
 Nor suffer thee to slide ;
 Lean on thy Redeemer's breast ;
 He thy quiet spirit keeps ;
 Rest in him, securely rest ;
 Thy watchman never sleeps.
- 3 Neither sin, nor earth, nor hell,
 Thy Keeper can surprise ;
 Careless slumbers cannot steal
 On his all-seeing eyes ;
 He is Israel's sure defence ;
 Israel all his care shall prove ;
 Kept by watchful providence,
 And ever-waking love.
- 4 See the Lord, thy Keeper, stand
 Omnipotently near :
 Lo ! he holds thee by thy hand.

And banishes thy fear :
 Shadows with his wings thy head ;
 Guards from all impending harms ;
 Round thee and beneath are spread
 The everlasting arms.

- 5 Christ shall bless thy going out,
 Shall bless thy coming in ;
 Kindly compass thee about,
 Till thou art sav'd from sin ;
 Like thy spotless Master, thou,
 Fill'd with wisdom, love, and power
 Holy, pure, and perfect now,
 Henceforth and evermore.

HYMN 557. 4 lines 10's.

- 1 **Y**E servants of God, Your Master
 claim,

And publish abroad His wonderful name
 The name all victorious Of Jesus extol,
 His kingdom is glorious, And rules over

- 2 The waves of the sea Have lift up
 voice,

Sore troubled that we In Jesus rejoice ;
 The floods they are roaring, But Jesus is h
 While we are adoring, He always is nea

- 3 God ruleth on high, Almighty to save
 And still he is nigh, His presence we ha
 The great congregation His triumph shall
 Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

- 4 Salvation to God, Who sits on the thr
 Let all cry aloud, And honour the Son ;
 Our Jesus's praises The angels proclaim
 Fall down on their faces, And worship
 Lamb.

- 5 Then let us adore, And give him his ;
 All glory and power, All wisdom and m
 All honour and blessing, With angels a
 And thanks never-ceasing, And infinit

MISCELLANEOUS HYMNS.

Come, Lord, and display Thy sign in th
And bear us away To mansions on high
The kingdom be given, The purchase di
And crown us in heaven Eternally thine

HYMN 558. 2 lines 5's & 1-11.

COME, Lord, from above, The m
tains remove,
Overturn all that hinders the course of thy k
My bosom inspire, Inkindle the fire.
And wrap my whole soul in the flames
desire.

I languish and pine For the comfort divin
when shall I say, my Beloved is mine?
I have chose the good part, My portion th
art,

Love, let me find thee, O God, in my hea
For this my heart sighs, Nothing else c
suffice,

W, Lord, can I purchase the pearl of gr
price?

cannot be bought, And thou know'st I ha
nought,

in action, a word, or a truly good thoug
it I hear a voice say, "Without mon
ye may

MISCELLANEOUS HYMNS.

HYMN 559. C. M.

GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
Deep in unfathomable mines,
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.
Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face.
His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,

But sweet will be the flower.
Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain:
God is his own Interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

HYMN 560.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Bid us now depart in peace;
Still on heavenly manna feeding,
Let our faith and love increase:
Fill each breast with consolation;
Up to thee our hearts we raise:
When we reach our blissful station,
Then we'll give thee noble praise.
Hallelujah!

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